









THE WORKS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE









# TWELFTH NIGHT

Act III. Scene iv.

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# THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL

VOLUME VII

WITH MANY HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.  
 DON JOHN, his bastard brother.  
 CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.  
 BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.  
 LEONATO, governor of Messina.  
 ANTONIO, his brother.  
 BALTHAZAR, a musician attendant on Don Pedro.  
 CONRADE, } followers of Don John.  
 BORACHIO, }  
 FRIAR FRANCIS.  
 DOGBERRY, a constable.  
 VERGES, a headborough.  
 OATCAKE, } two Watchmen.  
 SEACOAL, }  
 A Sexton.  
 A Boy.  
  
 HERO, daughter to Leonato  
 BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.  
 MARGARET, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.  
 URSULA, }  
 Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

### SCENE—MESSINA.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Some time in the 14th century.<sup>1</sup>

### TIME OF ACTION.

Daniel points out that according to Leonato, ii. 1. 374, 375, the time of action of this play should cover nine days, from Monday in one week to Tuesday in the next, with an interval of three days between Acts II. and III.; but, for stage purposes, the action may be supposed to take place on four consecutive days:—

Day 1: Act I. and Act II. Scenes 1 and 2.  
 Day 2: Act II. Scene 3 and Act III. Scenes 1-3.

Day 3: Act III. Scenes 4 and 5; Act IV, Act V.  
 Scenes 1, 2, and part of 3.  
 Day 4: Act V. part of Scene 3 and Scene 4.

<sup>1</sup> See note 2.

# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## • INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

This play was first printed in the year 1600. There is an entry in the Stationers' Register, under date August 4, without any year given, to the effect that *As You Like It*, *Henry V.*, *Every Man in his Humour*, and *Much Ado* are "To be staied." It is evident that this entry belongs to the year 1600, as it follows that dated May 27, 1600, which entry makes mention of "My Lord Chamberlens mens plaies." A subsequent entry, dated August 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1600, headed "And. Wise Wm. Aspley" is to register two books, the one called "*Muche Adoe about Nothinge*," and the other the Second Part of the "*History of King Henrie the iii<sup>th</sup>*," with the *Humors of Sir John Falstaffe*: wrytten by Mr. Shakespeare." Later on, in the same year, the first and only Quarto edition known of this play was printed with the following title-page: "*Much Adoe about Nothing*. As it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by V. S. [V. Simmes?] for Andrew Wise and William Aspley, 1600." It is a curious fact that we should have only one Q. edition of this play, which evidently, from the frequent allusions to it in contemporary writers, was a very popular one. It appears that when Andrew Wise assigned his copyrights, June 27<sup>th</sup>, 1603, "to Mathew Law," Aspley retained *Much Ado* and *II. Henry IV.*, which were not, apparently, printed till the publication of the First Folio in 1623, of which Aspley was one of the publishers. In his admirable Introduction to the facsimile reprint of the Quarto Mr. Daniel says: "Wise appears to have been in business from 1594 to 1602. During the years 1597-1599 he published the first two Qo. editions of each of the

three plays, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and *1st Pt. of Henry IV.*, and, in 1602, a third edition of *Richard III.* On the 25<sup>th</sup> Jan. 1603 he transferred his right in all three to Matthew Law, by whom nine subsequent editions (2 of *Richard II.*; 3 of *Richard III.*, and 4 of *Henry IV. Pt. 1*) were published prior to their appearance in the First Folio. In view of these numerous publications it is a singular but unexplained fact that no second quarto editions of two such popular plays as *Much Ado* and *2 Henry IV.* should have been issued" (p. iii.). Aspley was in business from 1599 to 1630, "his name appears on the title-page of some copies of the *Sonnets*, 1609, as the bookseller" (*ut supra*). Perhaps he was a less speculative publisher than either Wise or Matthew Law. Mr. Daniel notices the very different circumstances under which the two plays, of which he appears to have retained the copyright, appeared in F. 1. As will be seen, it is highly probable that the Folio edition of this play was printed from the Q.; but it is very doubtful, to say the least, whether the Q. of *II. Henry IV.* was used at all in the printing of the Folio.

The question as to whether the Folio was printed from a copy of the Quarto only, or with the assistance of another MS. copy of the play, is so ably discussed by Mr. Daniel, in his Introduction to the facsimile Quarto already alluded to, that I must refer those who wish to investigate the question to that work. They will find that he gives nearly all the minute differences between the Quarto and the Folio; and I think that in face of the facts which he brings forward it is quite impossible to maintain that the latter was printed from any independent MS. If we suppose that it was printed from a copy in the possession of the theatre, it is pretty

evident that the Quarto must have been printed from the same copy. As is usually the case, the Folio omits some passages which occur in the Quarto; and these possibly may be the result of alterations made, subsequent to the time when the Quarto was printed, either by the actor or by the stage manager, if there was such a person. I must venture to differ from Mr. Daniel most decidedly as to the omissions iii. 2. 33-37; iv. 2. 18-23 being the result of an accident. I believe them to have been "cuts" deliberately made; and, as I have pointed out in note 313, in the latter instance the only fault is that another sentence should have been also omitted; nor can I quite agree with him that some of the minor variations between Q. and F. 1 are the result of caprice or carelessness on the part of the printer. For instance, take the slight variation in i. 1. 314 (in Ff.):

How sweetly *do you* minister to love,

where the Quarto reads *you do*: the transposition of the words *you* and *do* is obviously an advantage to the rhythm of the line, the two *y*'s coming together in *sweetly* and *you* being avoided; and even where the alterations occur in prose passages, with very few exceptions the slight change made in the Folio is a change for the better. I am speaking now only of those alterations which Mr. Daniel has left without any mark against them. In other passages where the Folio differs from the Quarto there is no doubt, in many cases, that the variations are due to the blunders of the printers.

How is it, we may ask, that there was no independent MS. which the printers of the Folio could have consulted? Or are we to suppose that there was one, and that they were too idle or too negligent to do so? I think not. I will venture a conjecture that the state of the case was something like this. The Quarto of 1600 was printed from the theatre MS., which had been copied out in great haste, and in which several mistakes as to the names of the speakers, and not a few omissions in the stage-directions, were to be found. This stage copy, in course of time, the play being a popular one, became ragged and

torn, and in parts defective; when, in order to save trouble, a printed copy of the Quarto was used instead of making a new copy of the play in MS.; and on this copy of the Quarto a few, very few, additions were made to the stage-directions; one or two cuts were marked, cuts which, undoubtedly, had been made some time after the production of the play; and, here and there, one or two slight corrections. The fact that the mistakes in the names prefixed to the speeches have been left may, possibly, be taken as a piece of indirect evidence in favour of the supposition that this copy had not been long in use in the theatre; that is to say, it was not long before the publication of the Folio that the theatre MS. was either destroyed, or seriously defaced, or lost. This theory accounts, to a considerable extent, for the close resemblance between the text of the Folio and Quarto, and for the fact of the corrections in the latter being so few. (See notes 308, 319.)

Of internal evidence as to the date of this play there is not much. Some commentators have seen an allusion to the campaign of the Earl of Essex in Ireland in 1599 in the opening scene of this play.<sup>1</sup> In Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, which was acted, in 1600, by the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel, and published in that year, one of the principal characters is called Amorphus, and he is described in the Induction as "Amorphus, or the Deformed." That the character described by Seacorn as "a vile thief," who "goes up and down like a gentleman" (iii. 3. 134, 135), and "wears a lock" (iii. 3. 183), was in any way suggested by this character I cannot see. Amorphus, in Ben Jonson's comedy, is a gourmet, a great traveller, and a man of affectation who boasts of the female conquests he has made in his travels. It is worth remarking that, in the *Palinode* which ends the play (a kind of litany, the chorus of which is

<sup>1</sup> Chalmers, in § XII. of his "Supplemental Apology," in which he treats of the chronology of Shakespeare's dramas, says that we learn from Camden and Morison "that there were complaints of the badness of the provisions which the contractors furnished to the English army in Ireland;" and he thinks there is an allusion to this in Beatrice's speech, i. 1. 51: "You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it."

## INTRODUCTION.

"Good Mercury defend us"), Amorphus mentions several foppish affectations of dress, &c.; but, among these, he does not make any allusion to the wearing of love-locks. The passage (iii. i. 9-11):

like to favourites,  
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride  
Against that power that bred it,

is supposed to allude to Essex, who began to lose his head in the latter part of 1599; but Mr. Simpson would refer these words to Cecil. Hunter, in his *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. pp. 228-244, has a long disquisition in which he seeks to prove that, in the story of Benedick and Beatrice, Shakespeare was referring to the difficulty which was found in inducing William Herbert, the son of the second Earl of Pembroke, to marry. This is the same William Herbert who is supposed by many to be the "W. H." of the Sonnets. Hunter finds, in the attempts to bring Benedick and Beatrice together, a reference to the attempt made by Roland Whyte to bring about a marriage between William Herbert and the niece of the Lord Admiral; an attempt which was perfectly unsuccessful, as it was not till four or five years after that W. H. ultimately married one of the co-heiresses of Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Hunter's inferences seem very far-fetched; and the parallel, which he draws between Lord Herbert and Benedick, is not a very close one.

As to the sources whence Shakespeare derived the plot of this play, the device, by means of which Claudio is led to believe in the unchastity of Hero, is said to have been suggested by the story narrated by Dalinda in the fifth book of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, a translation of which was published by Sir John Harington in 1591. Dalinda is in the service of Geneva, the daughter of the King of Scots. She has for some time been carrying on an intrigue with Polynesso, the Duke of Alban, who, after some time wearying of the maid, falls in love with the mistress. Gen-

However, has given her affections to a knight called Ariodante, and Polynesso, finding his suit with the Princess does not prosper, persuades Dalinda to dress herself up in Geneva's clothes and to receive him at night in

Geneva's chamber, to which, it appears, he was in the habit of ascending by means of a ladder of ropes. Ariodante, or Ariodant as he is also called, is placed by the Duke on a spot opposite the window, from which he sees, as he thinks, Geneva receive Polynesso with every sign of affection. Lurcanio, the brother of Ariodante, is also a witness of Geneva's apparent faithlessness. Ariodante drowns himself, and Lurcanio accuses Geneva; but Rinaldo fights with Polynesso and kills him. Geneva's chastity is thus vindicated, and she is married to Ariodante, who turns out not to have been drowned after all. Spenser has made use of a very similar story in the Second Book of the *Fairy Queen*, C. 4, sts. 17-30; it is the story narrated by Phedon to Sir Guyon. Harington mentions, in the moral appended to the Fifth Book, that the same story had been related with different names by George Turberville<sup>1</sup> "some few years past."

In the Revels Accounts for 1582 there is a record to the effect that "a Historie of Ariodante and Geneuora was showed before her Majestie on Shrove Tuesdaie at night, enacted by Mr. Mulcaster's children." We do not know if Shakespeare was at all indebted to this old play. It is probable that Shakespeare had read the story of Ariosto in some one of these translations, but he was undoubtedly indebted for the main part of the story of this comedy to a novel of Bandello's, the title of which is the *Story of Timbreo of Cardona* (see Hazlitt's *Shak. Lib.* vol. iii. pt. 1, pp. 104-136). This was the 22nd novel in Bandello; a French translation of it is given in the third volume of Belleforest. In it the Signor Scipio Attellano relates how "the Signor Timbreo di Cardona, being with the King Piero of Arragon, in Messina, fell in love with Fenicia Lionata, the daughter of Lionato de' Lionati, a gentleman of Messina, and the various accidents of fortune which happened before he took her for wife." This story is told at no inconsiderable length, and with as little of the spirit of comedy as it is possible to

<sup>1</sup> In his "*Tragical Tales*, translated by Turberville in time of his troubles, out of syndry Italians," &c., 1587.



## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

conceive. Timbreo is a knight and a baron, a great favourite with the King Piero, and of very noble family. He falls in love with Fenicia, whose father is of a good family, but far from wealthy, and not holding any great position in Messina. Timbreo endeavours at first to make dishonourable love to Fenicia; she however rejects all his letters and presents, so that he at last determines to offer her marriage, which he does by deputy, through a gentleman of Messina, a friend of his; and it is very much insisted upon in the story that Timbreo is making rather a *mésalliance*. One Signor Gironde has also fallen in love with Fenicia; and, in order to break off the marriage, he devises what seems a very clumsy plot. He sends to Timbreo a young courtier, who declares that a friend of his is in the habit of visiting Fenicia at night; and, on Timbreo giving his solemn promise not to attack the supposed lover nor his informant, the latter agrees to place him where he can see the lover entering the window in Lionato's house. Gironde dresses up one of his servants, carefully perfuming him first, and then the young courtier, the perfumed servant, and another carrying a ladder, come close to where Timbreo is concealed; and he sees the supposed lover enter Lionato's house by a window, at which Fenicia sometimes sits in the daytime; but he does not see her nor any other woman. Considering that this window is in a part of the house which is not inhabited, it must be confessed that Timbreo shows himself even more credulous than Claudio, and much more so than the hero of Ariosto's story, Ariodante. The next day Timbreo sends to Lionato the same friend who had conducted his courtship, with instructions to break off the marriage on the ground that his betrothed has been false to him. Fenicia faints when the accusation is made, and afterwards falls into a swoon, in which she remains for some time, and is given up for dead by her parents and friends. It is only when her mother and aunt are beginning to lay out the body that she recovers; then she is sent away with her sister to her uncle's house some little distance from Messina. An elaborate mock funeral takes place; a coffin supposed to contain the

body of Fenicia is followed to the church by a troop of weeping friends, and an epitaph in verse is placed on her tomb by her father. This incident may have suggested to Shakespeare the third scene of the fifth act; but there is no similarity between Claudio's epitaph and that of Lionato's in the story. It is a curious point in the novel, that the conduct of Timbreo is said to have been universally condemned, and his accusations against Fenicia disbelieved, by society in Messina; while in Shakespeare's comedy every one, except her own family and Benedick, seems to believe the charge against her. After Fenicia's supposed death Gironde is tortured with remorse; and Timbreo is much agitated by doubts which should have occurred to him before he ever made such a charge against his betrothed. The most dramatic part of the novel is the portion in which Gironde takes Timbreo to the church, and, before the tomb of Fenicia, confesses his deceit, imploring the man whom he has injured to kill him. Timbreo flings away the dagger which Gironde offers him, pardons his friend, and the two immediately set about making every compensation they can for the wrong that has been done to Fenicia. Lionato forgives them both; and, in answer to Timbreo's offer to do anything in the world, however difficult, in order to prove his repentance, Lionato only asks him that, when he intends to marry he will let him know, and provided he can find Timbreo a lady who shall please him, that he will choose her for his bride. A year passes away, during which time Fenicia completes her seventeenth year. She has grown so much and become so beautiful, that scarcely any one would have recognized her for the Fenicia who was supposed to have died. Lionato now thinks the time has come for him to complete his little plot. He tells Timbreo that he has found him a bride. The latter joyfully accepts the offer. He goes to the country house where are Fenicia and her sister Belfiore, who are living with their uncle and aunt. There Timbreo espouses Fenicia, under the name of Lucilla, without recognizing her. The story at this point is considerably spun out in the novel. The aunt tells Timbreo that Lucilla is

## INTRODUCTION.

Fenicia. He humbly begs her pardon for the injury he has done her, and re-marries her under her own proper name. Gironde meanwhile has fallen in love with Belfiore, and all ends happily with a grand entertainment given by the king Piero to the two brides. It will be observed that we have nothing, in this story, of the comic element, no trace of Benedick or Beatrice; while the vile device, by which Don John succeeds in slandering Hero and breaking off the marriage with Claudio, much more resembles the corresponding incident in Ariosto than it does in Bandello's novel. But the two coincidences, first, that Timbreo and Claudio both make their proposals of marriage by deputy, and, secondly, that a servant is employed both by Gironde and Don John, are worth noticing. On the other hand, the Bastard is neither a friend of Claudio, nor is he in love with the lady whose character he injures so basely. All the characterization in this comedy is Shakespeare's own; and, as far as we know, all the portion of the story relating to Benedick and Beatrice is his invention.

In his Shakespeare in Germany Cohn seeks to establish some connection between this comedy and two old German plays; the first being the comedy of Vincentius Ladislaus by Duke Henry Julius of Brunswick; the second The Beautiful Phœnicia by Jacob Ayer. As to the first, the sole point of resemblance between *Much Ado* and Vincentius Ladislaus is that Vincentius is, what Beatrice wrongly calls Benedick, a boastful bragging coward; and, wonderful to relate, we find in the Duke's play that he speaks of his braggart master having had his name written on a bill and fastened up on a door (Shakespeare in Germany, p. xlv), which Mr. Cohn considers a most happy illustration of Beatrice's speech "He set up his bills here in Messina" (i. 1. 39); as if the Elizabethan drama did not teem with references to this very common custom of setting up bills. Again, in the Duke's comedy the fool is the subject of a trick worthy of the clown of a modern pantomime; and this, forsooth, is supposed to have suggested the charming comedy scenes between Benedick and Beatrice. As to Ayer's

comedy, that is undoubtedly taken from the same source as *Much Ado*, namely, from Bandello's novel, which it resembles much more closely than does Shakespeare's play. Here again Mr. Cohn's eagle eye detects resemblances which might escape an ordinary observer. Benedick says "Cupid is a good harefinder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter" (i. 1. 186, 187); and in Ayer's comedy Cupid says of himself (p. lxxiii):

Mein Vatter der zornig Vulcanus  
Der hat mir etlich Pfeil geschmit,

which he renders:

For Vulcan now my wrathful sire  
Has a few arrows forged for me.

That any one could possibly have alluded to Vulcan, as the husband of Venus, without having read Ayer's comedy, is, of course, incredible. Shakespeare makes Beatrice say (i. 1. 40-42): "my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt." This, says Cohn, "reminds us of the fool . . . who is struck by Cupid's arrow." In Ayer's play we have among the dramatis personæ Peter, King of Arragon, Tymborus, Count of Golison, Gerando, a knight, Lionito of Tonete and Veracundia, his wife, and their two daughters Phœnicia and Belleflura. Venus and Cupid are introduced, as well as John the Clown and Malchus the Swaggerer, two stock characters in all old plays. The servant, who personates the supposed lover, is called Gerwalt. In the trick employed to deceive Tymborus, John the Fool is dressed up as a woman; and Gerwalt, disguised as a nobleman, makes love to John and calls him Phœnicia. Shakespeare was wise in not stealing this farcical incident at any rate. Any one who reads Ayer's play, or as much of it as is given by Cohn, will come to the conclusion that it is certainly taken from Bandello's novel of Timbreo and Fenicia; but that, in any other point, it has no connection whatever with Shakespeare's comedy. It may be added that the date of Ayer's work is uncertain. It was first published in 1618; but Cohn supposes that it was first represented about 1595.

*Much ado about nothing* is mentioned

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in the account of Lord Treasurer Stanhope, 1613, as having been one of fourteen plays presented before the Lady Elizabeth and the Prince Palatine. It is alluded to, in the same account, as *Benedicte and Betteris*. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* (p. 161), says: "And many times those which at the first sight cannot fancy or affect each other, but are harsh and ready to disagree, offended with each other's carriage, [like *Benedict and Betteris* in the comedy]<sup>1</sup> & in whom they finde many faults, by this living together in a house, conference, kissing; colling, & such like allurements, begin at last to dote insensibly one upon another" (Pt. 3, sec. 2, memb. 2, subs. 4). Leonard Digges, 1640, in his poem "Upon Master William Shakespeare" has:

let but *Beatrice*  
And *Benedicke* be scene.

In Thomas Heywood's play *The Fair Maid of the Exchange* there are three passages which seem copied from passages in this play. (See *Fresh Allusions to Shakspeare*, p. 48.) In Robert Armin's Dedication of *The Italian Taylor*, and his *Boy*, 1609, we have "pardon I pray you the boldnes of a Begger, who hath been writ downe for an Asse in his time" (*ut supra*, p. 59). This is a manifest allusion to *Dogberry*, which part Armin is said to have played. Of the two plays founded on *Much Ado I* have made reference, in the *Stage History*, to Davenant's *Law against Lovers*, which Pepys saw on the 18th February, 1661-2. He calls it a good play. It appears to have been published only in the collected edition of Davenant's plays, 1673, and never, separately, in Quarto. We shall have more to say about this play in the Introduction to *Measure for Measure*. Of the other play, partly founded on this comedy, mentioned in the *Stage History*, *Universal Passion*, by the Rev. James Miller (published in 1737), it is not necessary to say anything here.

### STAGE HISTORY.

Of the early stage history of this play we know little or nothing. We can only con-  


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<sup>1</sup> The words between brackets were added in the third edition, 1622.

ture that in Shakespeare's time it must have been a great favourite, from the many imitations of or allusions to the play, especially to the scenes in which *Dogberry* figures; but, incredible as it may seem, it appears that this charming and witty comedy remained entirely neglected for more than a hundred years after Shakespeare's death. There is no mention of it in Downes or in Pepys; and the only evidence that it was not forgotten is to be found in the fact that Davenant took the characters of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, and put them into a play called *A Law against Lovers*, which appears to have been acted on February 18th, 1762, at Lincoln's Inn Fields. That play is partly an adaptation of *Measure for Measure*. It has very little merit, and I can find no record of it having been acted again. The *Biographia Dramatica* says that the play met with great success, a statement repeated by Halliwell in his *Dictionary of Old Plays*; but I cannot find any authority for this statement, nor does Langbaine say anything more in recommendation of Davenant's play than that the language was polished. On February 9th, 1721, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Genest records "Not acted 30 years<sup>2</sup> *Much ado about Nothing*;" the names of the actors only are given; the cast probably being *Benedick*, Ryan; *Leonato*, Quin; *Dogberry*, Bullock; *Beatrice*, Mrs. Cross; *Hero*, Mrs. Seymour. This revival does not seem to have achieved any particular success, for the play was not repeated during this season, which was a remarkable one; for during it Rich ventured to revive four of Shakespeare's plays, *Much Ado*, *King Lear*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Merry Wives*, besides Dryden's version of *Troilus and Cressida*, and Cibber's *Richard III*. In fact, from this year we may date the commencement of the revival of Shakespeare's popularity on the stage. In September and October of this year no less than seven of Shakespeare's plays were produced, but *Much Ado* was not one of them. The next occasion on which this play, or rather a portion of it, seems to have been produced, was, in an extremely

<sup>2</sup> There is no record of any such performance as might be alluded to here in 1691-92, or indeed in any previous year.

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disguised form, at Drury Lane, February 28th, 1737. This piece was called *Universal Passion*, by James Miller, a clergyman; the greater part of it was taken from *Much Ado*, and the rest, according to Genest, from Molière's *Princess of Elis*; the two plays being "badly jumbled together." . . . "Miller, in his Prologue, acknowledges his obligations to Shakespeare, but does not give the least hint about Molière—the scene lies at Genoa" (vol. iii. p. 493). Benedick figures as Protheus, "a nobleman of Genoa," = Quin: Claudio as Bellario, "a young Venetian lord," = W. Mills: Leonato as Gratiano, "the Duke of Genoa," = Milward: and Don John as Byron, "bastard-brother to the Duke," = Berry: Conrado becomes Gremio; Beatrice is transformed into Liberia, with songs = Mrs. Clive; Hero into Lucilla = Mrs. Butler: Margaret, into Delia = Mrs. Pritchard. Two characters with the ingenious and elegant names Porco and Asino are introduced, the latter was played by Macklin. Jocular, "the court jester," played by Theophilus Cibber, is another of the Rev. Miller's jokes. From the description that Genest gives of this precious work it does indeed seem to have been contemptible both in plot and dialogue. In the third act, the love between Protheus and Liberia is brought about by the same device as that employed against Benedick and Beatrice. In the fourth act there is the same plan used to cast suspicion on Lucilla (Hero), and there is a pretty close copy of the church scene in *Much Ado*. Protheus, instead of the Friar, proposes that Lucilla (Hero) shall be reported as dead. In the next act the scene between Benedick and Beatrice, which takes place in the church in Shakespeare's play, takes place in the street; Gratiano speaks some of the Duke's lines in *Twelfth Night*, and Bellario some from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; in fact this act is a fearful jumble of dialogue and incidents. The piece does not appear to have been much of a success; and there is no record of its repetition. On November 2, 3, 7, 1737, *Much Ado* was performed at Covent Garden, but no particulars are given as to the cast. On May 25th, 1739, at the same theatre, it was announced as "not acted this season," referring

doubtless to the performances in the season of 1737, 1738, mentioned above. On this occasion the cast included Chapman as Benedick, Hallam as Claudio, Hippisley as Dogberry, Mrs. Vincent as Beatrice, and Mrs. Bellamy as Hero. On March 13th, 1746, at Covent Garden, Mrs. Pritchard took her benefit in this play, taking the part of Beatrice; Ryan was Benedick, Hippisley Dogberry, and Mrs. Hale Hero.

At last, in 1748, this much-neglected comedy was revived with some effect; and on the 14th November in that year Garrick played Benedick for the first time, Berry Leonato, Lee Claudio, and Mrs. Pritchard Beatrice. In other respects the cast was not a remarkably strong one, but the Benedick and Beatrice were admirable. Davies says "the excellent acting of Mrs. Pritchard in Beatrice was not inferior to that of Benedick. Every scene between them was a continual struggle for superiority; nor could the spectators determine which was the victor" (Davies' *Life of Garrick*, vol. i. p. 173); and Murphy says that "when Mrs. Pritchard resigned Beatrice in favour of her daughter, the play lost half its value" (Genest, vol. iv. p. 261). So successful was the comedy that it was acted eight times in succession, and no less than fifteen times during the season 1748-49. Garrick selected the part of Benedick in which to reappear after his marriage, which took place in June, 1749. On September 28th of that year *Much Ado* was presented at Drury Lane, with Mrs. Pritchard again as Beatrice. Davies says quite wrongly, that this was Garrick's first appearance as Benedick. Such speeches as "here you may see Benedick the married man," of course, went remarkably well on this occasion; but I think Mr. Fitzgerald is right in questioning the good taste of Garrick in perpetually inviting the public to take part in all his little domestic concerns. This was one of the many weaknesses in his character. There is no doubt that Benedick was one of Garrick's favourite parts; I think we might say positively that it was his favourite Shakespearean part, for it was the one which, throughout his managerial career, he never resigned to any other performer as long as he

was at the theatre; and it was this character that he chose to impersonate in the memorable pageant at the celebrated Jubilee, 1769, which called forth so much ridicule from Garrick's enemies. The pageant was reproduced, on the stage, at Drury Lane on October 14th of that same year; Miss Pope representing Beatrice. During the last few years of his career as an actor, when his appearances were few and far between, Garrick managed to appear, at least once during each season, in this favourite character of his; and when he returned from abroad, Benedick was the first part he played, November 14th, 1765; that season being remarkable for the fact that foot-lights were then first used on the stage, an improvement which was introduced by Garrick himself. On November 6th, 1775, Mrs. Abington appeared for the first time as Beatrice at Drury Lane, with Garrick as Benedick; and on May 9th, 1776, he played the part for the last time, just a month before he took his final farewell of the stage on June 10th of the same year. Altogether, during his management, Garrick played Benedick over seventy times.

Among the actresses who played Beatrice with Garrick during these numerous performances, after Mrs. Pritchard had retired, were Miss Horton, on April 12th, 1755; Miss Pritchard, the daughter of the great actress, who made her first appearance as Beatrice on November 29th, 1756, but did not succeed in reminding the public of her great mother, except by her beauty, which was considerably in excess of her genius. Miss Macklin, the daughter of the great actor, who chose this part to appear in for her benefit, on March 27th, 1760, but does not seem to have produced any great impression. Of Mrs. Pritchard's successors, Miss Pope, always excepting Mrs. Abington, appears to have been the most successful. She played the part of Beatrice, for the first time, at Garrick's benefit on April 27th, 1762. During the absence of the great actor-manager abroad in 1764, the part of Benedick was assigned to William O'Brien, who appears to have been as great a favourite in society as on the stage, and was said to have given promise of being a worthy successor to Wood-

ward in the heroes of high comedy. But his social success proved his professional ruin; for, having married the Earl of Ilchester's daughter, without the consent of her family, he was obliged to banish himself to America, and abandon his career on the stage. During the time that Garrick remained manager at Drury Lane no one appears to have disputed his right to claim the part of Benedick as his own special property, till, in the season 1772-73, an actor appeared at the Bath Theatre, first anonymously, then under the name of Courteney, and ultimately in his own name, which afterwards became so celebrated in the annals of the stage. This was Henderson; with whom, at the early part of his career at least, Benedick seems to have been rather a favourite character; but he never appears to have acted this part in London till after Garrick's retirement from the stage. He is said to have given an imitation of the Great Little Davy before his face, when Garrick was foolish enough to be offended, though he himself had requested Henderson to give the imitation. Perhaps the great actor was displeased because Henderson, having only seen him in his later years, would naturally, in his imitation, exaggerate that huskiness which had begun to affect the fine quality of Garrick's voice. It was not till February 10th, 1778, that Henderson appeared as Benedick at Drury Lane, when Miss Pope was Beatrice.

This comedy had been revived at Covent Garden for the first time for twenty years on November 8th, 1774, when Lee played Benedick, Hull Leonato, Wroughton Don Pedro, Lewis Claudio, Shuter Dogberry, Quick the Town Clerk, Mrs. Lessingham Hero, and Mrs. Barry Beatrice, her first performance of that character. It does not appear to have been very successful at this theatre, as there is no record of its having been repeated during this season. At the same theatre, on October 15th, 1777, Lewis made his first appearance as Benedick and Quick as Dogberry; Mrs. Bickley being the Beatrice on that occasion.

We must pass over a great many performances now, and come to December 28th, 1779, when Mrs. Siddons appeared, at Bath, as Beatrice. One cannot imagine that this

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great tragedienne would shine to advantage in the brilliant comedy of Beatrice. Indeed, it may shock many persons, who look upon Sarah Siddons as the greatest Shakespearean actress that has appeared in the last hundred years, to learn that an analysis of her performances shows that she certainly had no preference for Shakespeare; and she was wise enough, after she had become famous, to abandon comedy altogether.

Mrs. Abington was so fond of the part of Beatrice that she continued to play it when she was above fifty years of age. Among the other celebrated actresses who shone in this part are included Miss Farren and Mrs. Jordan.

Charles Kemble seems to have been the best successor of Garrick in the character of Benedick. On May 30, 1803, he made his first appearance as Benedick. He had frequently played Claudio to the Hero of Miss De Camp, who afterwards became Mrs. Charles Kemble. Elliston was also very fond of this part.

Of the great representatives of Dogberry we may mention Quick, Moody, Munden, Suett, and Yates. Most of these actors seem to have first graduated in the part of the Town Clerk, who was probably the same as the Sexton, and also figured, perhaps, as one of the Watchmen.

Edmund Kean never seems to have attempted the character of Benedick; perhaps, after having triumphed where Garrick had failed most, in Othello, he did not care to challenge a comparison with his great predecessor in this character. Macready seems to have played Benedick—or "*Benedict*," as he will persist in calling it in his Reminiscences—in 1815, when he was twenty-one. According to his own account, the chief effect of his performance was to procure him the acquaintance of the Twiss family. In the season of 1843 he produced *Much Ado* at Drury Lane; his own criticism being that he "acted Benedick very well." The cast included Mr. Phelps, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Compton, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Ryder, with Mrs. Nesbitt as Beatrice. In spite of his own eulogy, Macready never seems to have had much success

in this character.\* Phelps produced *Much Ado About Nothing* on November 17, 1848. He did not play in the piece himself; the Benedick was Mr. H. Marston, with Miss Cooper as Beatrice. Charles Kean did not produce this comedy till his farewell season at the Princess's Theatre, 1868. This revival was very successful. The manager and his wife, of course, appeared as Benedick and Beatrice respectively.

Coming down to our own times, one of the most successful was at the St. James's Theatre, under the management of Miss Herbert, herself a most admirable Beatrice, with the advantage of a scarcely less admirable Benedick, Mr. Walter Lacy, and of Mr. Frank Matthews in his old part of Dogberry. At the Gaiety Theatre, in 1875, when the legitimate drama reigned supreme for some months in the temple of burlesque, this comedy was successfully revived with Miss Ada Cavendish as Beatrice and Mr. Hermann Vezin as Benedick. At the Haymarket in 1879 Mr. Barry Sullivan appeared as Benedick with Miss Rose Eytinge as his Beatrice; Sullivan played his part again in Manchester during the same year, with Miss Wallis as Beatrice; and by far the finest representation of recent times was given at the Lyceum Theatre, Oct. 11, 1882, when Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry were the Benedick and Beatrice, Forbes Robertson and Miss Millward the Claudio and Hero. The piece was magnificently mounted. An excellent all-round production, beautifully staged, was that given at the St. James's Theatre, Feb. 16, 1898, by Mr. George Alexander, who played Benedick. The cast included Miss Julia Neilson as Beatrice, Miss Fay Davis as Hero, Mr. H. B. Irving as Don John, and Mr. Fred Terry as Don Pedro. At the Imperial Theatre, May 23, 1903, Miss Ellen Terry played Beatrice to the Benedick of Mr. Oscar Asche.

## CRITICAL REMARKS.

This delightful comedy is the most perfect specimen of what may, perhaps, be called Social Comedy that Shakespeare has left us. The Two Gentlemen of Verona, even if it may be classed in this category, is but a crude effort;

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The Merchant of Venice has in it more of the tragic element; As You Like It, delightful comedy as it is, has something of the pastoral in it; The Merry Wives of Windsor deals with the middle class. Twelfth Night is the only comedy of Shakespeare which can compare with this play; but, in Twelfth Night, it must be confessed that the serious element is not so perfectly blended with that of high and low comedy as it is in Much Ado About Nothing. It is scarcely possible to imagine two characters, belonging to high comedy, more exhilarating than Benedick and Beatrice. Their witty encounters are, on the whole, singularly free from the element of coarseness. There is nothing of that vulgar insolence about their repartees which some authors of the past, and most of those who profess to write comedy in these days, mistake for wit. The word-combats between Benedick and Beatrice have none of the brutality of a prize-fight. They are like an exhibition of the most brilliant fencing; however sharply the foil seems to strike the breast of one of the combatants, we know that there will be no blood shed; and, although this play abounds with marks of carelessness in petty details, it is remarkable for the carefulness of its design. With regard to the principal characters, one sees from the first that Benedick and Beatrice feel no real malice against one another. On the contrary, it is plain that at least a strong liking for one another underlies all their chaff and their professions of hostility; so that their ultimate marriage is an event by no means improbable. Side by side with Benedick and Beatrice, both of whom have a strong element of eccentricity about them, Shakespeare has placed in admirable contrast,—all the more admirable because it is not, on the face of it, much of a contrast at all,—the characters of Claudio and Hero. Claudio, with all his reputation for courage, his superficial *bonhomie*, and his high spirits, is far below Benedick in all the nobler qualities of manhood. Benedick may sneer at women, ridicule marriage, laugh at lovers, affect the cynic and woman-hater, but he would be incapable of the atrocious meanness that Claudio shows in disgracing the woman,

whom he had pretended to love, in the presence of her father and at the very altar. No; Benedick might laugh at lovers' sighs; but he would have thought twice before he brought tears to a woman's eyes. He would not have cared how much he wounded her vanity with his gibes, but he would not stab her heart by an act of cruelty. Who could be a greater contrast to Beatrice with her reckless tongue, her fearless courage, her energetic self-assertion, than the somewhat timid and pliable Hero? The latter is perfectly ready to resent her wrongs in the silence of an assumed death; whereas Beatrice would have made the whole world ring with the clamour of her indignation, and never rested until she had found the means of active vengeance. Yet there could be no sincerer love than that between these two; and Hero could find no gentler comforter, in the time of her great sorrow, than the bold outspoken cousin who would be content with nothing short of the death of her calumniator.

Mrs. Jameson, in her Characteristics of Women, talks of Beatrice as a spirited portrait of the "fine lady" of Shakespeare's time. Surely there could be nothing more unlike a "fine lady" than Beatrice. The "fine lady" is always a conventional creature of fashion; selfish, an imitator of others, with just courage enough to do what is evil, as long as there are plenty of others in her own rank to keep her company; but far too great a coward to do a good action, because she knew it to be right, though others might think it foolish. In this play Shakespeare, as in many others, displays his utter contempt for the morality of fashionable society. Beatrice is what she is, with her little faults and her great virtues, precisely because she is *not* "a fine lady." Witty, handsome, self-conscious, fond of admiration, she may be; but, when it is a question of right or wrong, she is guided by the dictates of her conscience and by the noble impulses of an uncorrupted heart; she shows qualities which, perhaps from want of practice, are not often to be found in "fine ladies." As has been pointed out in the notes, when Hero is accused Beatrice never hesitates, though she has no positive evidence

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which to disprove the accusation of Claudio and the Princess. Her belief in her cousin's loyalty and purity never falters for a moment. Her nature is a higher one than Benedick's; and, at this crisis, it is she that inspires him to take the nobler side, and not his own impulse. It is exactly such a crisis as this, when Claudio brutally repudiates his bride in the church, that tries our natures most severely. It is then that we find out of what stuff we really are made. It is not a time for weighing and balancing evidence; it is not a question even of judgment of character or knowledge of human nature. It is a question our heart must decide; and if through all the meannesses, the deceptions, and crimes of the world we have kept our hearts pure, it is then we discover their value. Such an accusation, brought against one whom we have known hitherto to be true and good, may be supported by the strongest evidence, and may be credited by the most highly respectable members of society; but, if we have really that noblest of all virtues, true charity, we shall not believe the accusation; we shall do as Beatrice does, without waiting to sift the evidence we shall reject it with indignation. True, we may sometimes be wrong, but we shall be much oftener right, and even if we do err on the side of generosity, it cannot cost us one-hundredth part of the pain that we must feel—if we are worth anything at all—when we find we have wrongly believed such an accusation. One may be forgiven for suspecting that, in order to bring out more strongly the unconventional character of Beatrice, Shakespeare has intensified the odious character of the thoroughly worldly and conventional Claudio. There is no more bitter satire, in any of his plays, on the thoroughly superficial nature of the "young man of the world." Even his namesake in *Measure for Measure* is not so odiously mean as Beatrice's "Count Confect." Isabella's brother yields, for a moment, to fearful temptation, when brought face to face with an ignominious death in the very flower of his youth; but the precious Count Sugarplum in this play has no such excuse for his despicable meanness. It is as to go through the history of Claudio's

love affair, as it is told in this play, in order fully to appreciate his character. He falls in love with the daughter of Leonato, Governor of Messina, to whose hand he could scarcely hope to aspire except for the fact that he had distinguished himself in the war, and that he was fortunate enough to have a strong advocate in his patron, Don Pedro, who uses his influence in his favour. Claudio accepts Don Pedro's offer to woo Hero as his deputy; he then believes, on the very slightest evidence, in fact on the mere statement of Don John, of whose character he could scarcely be ignorant—that his friend and patron has betrayed him in the basest manner possible. It would appear, from this instance, that it was in the nature of this wretchedly unstable creature to be quite as unjust to those of his own sex, as he was afterwards to one of the other. Having through the kind offices of the friend, whose honour he had been so prompt to suspect, become affianced to Hero, and the marriage having been, at his own request, appointed at the very earliest date possible, he is told by this same Don John, whose truthfulness he had the strongest reason to suspect from what had already happened, that his love is little better than a strumpet, a fact which Don John is careful to announce with as little delicacy as possible. He goes, without one word of remonstrance, to witness the alleged proof of her profligacy; remarking, with singular generosity, that if he sees any reason to doubt her chastity, he will shame her "in the congregation" where he should wed her on the morrow. He goes, in the company of a man with whom he should not have had any intercourse whatever, namely, Don John, and sees some one making love, apparently, to his betrothed. He does not take any pains to identify the lover; nor does he make the slightest effort to find out whether he is the victim of a deception or not; though surely the probability of Hero's being chaste was, to say the least, quite as great as that of Don John telling the truth under any circumstances. Next morning this fine young gentleman, this excellent count, goes to the church, cries out the supposed shame of his betrothed bride in the presence of her father, her friends, and the priest who



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is going to marry them, and of the whole congregation; then, leaving her senseless on the floor of the church, he marches off in an outburst of virtuous indignation, supported by his fashionable friends and his princely patron. The only two who have the charity and good sense to believe in the innocence of Hero are the priest and Beatrice, the latter of whom succeeds in converting Benedick to her views. The next thing Claudio hears of his affianced bride is that she is dead, news which he seems to take with the most notable resignation. When he meets the father of the maiden whom his brutal insult is supposed to have killed, he certainly has the decency to refuse to accept a challenge from him; but not a gleam of remorse seems to come over his mind, and the possibility of his having wronged the girl never occurs to him. He is ready to chaff Benedick, though he finds that gentleman in anything but a humour to stand any chaff; still, with a singular want of tact, and brazen shamelessness, he persists in his elaborate attempts at facetiousness, though it is evident that Benedick is perfectly serious in calling him a villain. When the fact is made known to him, immediately afterwards, that he has been the willing victim of the clumsiest trick ever devised, his idea of atoning for the atrocious crime he has committed is the utterance of that beautiful sentiment:

Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear  
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.  
v. 1 259, 260.

He immediately accepts, without a moment's hesitation, the offer made him by Leonato of the hand of his niece; though it strikes one Claudio must have been singularly blinded by self-conceit not to have reflected that, if Hero were really dead, the very last thing that Leonato could possibly have wished was the introduction of such an extremely undesirable relative as Claudio into his family circle. But we must not be unjust towards this noble-hearted young man; his repentance does not stop short here; he announces his intention of mourning that night with Hero; and having borrowed a book of poems, or having procured from somebody of more intelligence

than himself some verses, he goes to hang an epitaph on the tomb of his dead love.

Done to death by slanderous tongues  
Was the Hero that here lies. —v. 3. 3, 4.

It does not seem to have occurred to the young gentleman, when reading these lines out of the scroll, that one of the most slanderous tongues of all was his own. However he fulfils this function of sorrow and repentance, which is neither a very long nor a very laborious one; and the next morning he is quite ready to be married to a woman whom he has never seen. Perhaps Shakespeare was anxious to bring the play to an end, and was loth to dwell more than necessary on the painful part of the story he was telling; otherwise he might have here introduced one redeeming point in the character of Claudio. He might have made him scruple, even at the bidding of the father of the woman he had so grievously wronged, to marry a perfect stranger within so short a time after the death of his betrothed, for which death he could not but have felt himself in part responsible. He might have said, with all respect to Leonato, that he could not transfer his affections, at sight, from Hero to her cousin; and, in this case, one could imagine there might have been a very charming scene between Claudio and the supposed daughter of Antonio, in which he might gently but earnestly urge his respect for the memory of her, whom he had so deeply injured as a reason for his not being ready to espouse the young lady, however charming, whom he had never before seen. The exhibition of such a redeeming point in his character might have reconciled Hero to her marriage, and might have afforded her some plausible ground for forgiving the abominable wrong that Claudio had done her. As matters stand in the play, it certainly requires one fully to realize the marvellous loyalty of women to the objects of their love, the happy blindness which they exhibit for the faults, the vices, and even the crimes of the fortunate individual to whom they have given their hearts; it requires one to remember all this before one can bring one's self to believe that, after what she had experienced,

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Hero could ever bear to look at Claudio again.

As to the other characters, of Leonato and Antonio there is not much to say. The skilful touches introduced in act v. scene 1 have been pointed out in the notes. Don John is the link between Falconbridge and Edmund (in *King Lear*) in the Gallery of Bastards that Shakespeare has drawn. He has none of the gay self-assertion which distinguishes Falconbridge, while his villainy is meaner than that of Edmund, he does not defy all laws human and divine with the audacity that the illegitimate son of Gloucester does. He hates mankind and woman-kind, but it is with the sullen and cowardly hatred of the cur which snaps at your heels, not with the ferocity of the tiger that flies at your throat. When his miserable plot has succeeded but too well, he slinks away from the scene of his triumph. He has neither the shamelessness nor the courage to meet the consequences of his own act. Borachio, whom he uses as a tool, has more manliness than his employer. When detected and brought to bay, he has the generosity to confess freely the evil that he has done, and the humanity, if one may use the word, to make his confession so full and complete as to exonerate the unfortunate victim of the plot to which he has lent himself. One feels that he deserves to win Margaret as his wife, and to live happily with her ever afterwards. Conrade is a less marked character, but we should not fail to notice the clever touch of nature which makes both these men, who are mere dependents of Don John, behave to him all through the play with more familiarity than they would dare to show towards a man of more noble character. They are both ready, more or less, to do his dirty work, but they treat him less as a superior than as an equal.

Side by side with the brilliant high comedy of Benedick and Beatrice we have the admirable low comedy of Dogberry and Verges, and of the various parochial officials of Messina. Many people have been inclined to attach rather too great importance to the scenes in which Dogberry figures. It has always been easier to find a low comedian, who could

make the most of the good-natured pomposeness and self-conceit of the chief constable, than to find a high comedian who could do full justice to Benedick, or an actress who could combine the sparkling vivacity of Beatrice in the first three acts with the passionate intensity that she shows in the fourth act. The humour of Dogberry is, after all, not of a very original pattern, or rather, perhaps, we should say that what originality the conception had at first has been seriously discounted by the many imitations, which have been perpetrated of this popular character, some of which—notably Mrs Malaprop in Sheridan's *Rivals*—have acquired almost as much fame and popularity as the original. Every one must have been struck with the sublime self conceit of Dogberry, but we have had very much the same trait of character, quite as admirably treated, in Bottom the Weaver. The perfect unconsciousness and good faith, with which Dogberry misapplies words, is found in a lesser degree in other characters in Shakespeare, for instance in Gobbo, Mrs Quickly, and the Second Gravedigger in *Hamlet*. But there is a feature in Dogberry's character which does not seem to have been much noticed by critics, and that is the extreme kindness of heart which co-exists with his intense vanity. He has a monstrously high opinion of himself. He is intensely indignant at being called an ass, though his sense of injury is considerably tempered by the unassailable conviction that no one could ever possibly conceive the term to be properly applied in his case, but there is not in him the slightest malice, though such a quality is but too often found combined with vanity. The Head Constable is, in Dogberry's eyes, an official of almost regal importance, but he does not show any inclination to abuse his office by any exhibition of over severity against offenders whom he may apprehend. He has a kindly sympathy, we had almost said affection, for them, at any rate his pity for them is akin to love. Even when Conrade and Borachio show their contempt for him in the most insolent manner, he does not seem to cherish any vindictive feeling against them.

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

He does not try to exaggerate their offence, or to amplify, by any effort of invention, the evidence against them; there is no spice of *odium officiale*, if one may use the expression, or of cruelty in his disposition. A kindlier-hearted constable never carried bill or lantern; and, in spite of all his egregious self-conceit and the ridiculous way in which he airs his supposed knowledge, we take leave of him without one harsh thought. We have not the heart to sneer at him; even though he may not be "as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina," we doubt if a kindlier-natured piece of humanity existed there.

Delightful as the dialogue of this comedy is, both in its gayest and most serious moods, occasionally, as has been pointed out in the notes, it is disfigured by obscurities, the result of too much aiming after antithesis, or of those jingling alliterations which so often jar upon one's ear in some of the writers of the Elizabethan age. I am not aware that any critic has pointed out previously what certainly strikes me, namely, that Shakespeare was inspired, to some extent, in the prose dialogue of this comedy by hearing or reading the so-called comedies of Lilly. It seems as if he had said to himself: "I have already, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, ridiculed the affectations of Lilly; I will now try, taking his style to a

certain extent as a model, whether by putting these epigrams and antitheses into the mouth of men and women of our own time, instead of into the mouths of classical personages, and by making their wit seem spontaneous and natural, I cannot write a comedy, the prose language of which shall be as finished as that of Lilly without being so tedious." If this was indeed Shakespeare's idea, if he was incited, by the example of Queen Elizabeth's favourite Lilly, to make this effort to show that prose could be rhythmical without being laboured, and that sentences could be balanced without being affected, then we owe a debt of gratitude to the author of *Euphues*, which perhaps we may, hitherto, not have been inclined to acknowledge. Anyone, who will read Lilly's comedies through carefully, and compare with them some of the prose portions of the dialogue in this comedy, will see that there is more ground for this conjecture of mine than, at first sight, would appear probable.

In spite of all its blemishes, in spite of passages unnecessarily coarse, which we should be glad to see omitted, *Much Ado* will remain one of the most perfect comedies in our language, and one of the most favourite of all Shakespeare's plays within the theatre and out of it.



*Balthazar sings.*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever — (Act II 3 63, 64)

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

### ACT I.

SCENE I *Before the house of Leonato.*

*Enter LEONATO, with a Messenger and others.*

*Leon.* I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

*Mess.* He is very near by this:<sup>1</sup> he was not three leagues off when I left him.

*Leon.* How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

*Mess.* But few of any sort,<sup>2</sup> and none of name.

*Leon.* A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. [*Enter BEATRICE, HERO, MARGARET, and Ladies.*] I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

*Mess.* Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: [he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

*Leon.* He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it. 19

*Mess.* I have already deliver'd him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears?

*Mess.* In great measure.<sup>3</sup>

*Leon.* A kind<sup>4</sup> overflow of kindness:<sup>5</sup> there are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!]

*Beat.* I pray you, is Signior Montanto return'd from the wars or no? 31

*Mess.* I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.<sup>6</sup>

*Leon.* What<sup>7</sup> is he that you ask for, niece?

*Hero.* My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

*Mess.* O, he's return'd; and as pleasant<sup>8</sup> as ever he was.

*Beat.* [He set up his bills here in Messina,

<sup>3</sup> In great measure, i. e. abundantly    <sup>4</sup> Kind = natural.

<sup>5</sup> Kindness, tenderness    <sup>6</sup> Sort, rank

<sup>7</sup> What = who.    <sup>8</sup> Pleasant, merry, facetious.

and challeng'd Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. ]—I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing. • 45

*Leon.* Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you,<sup>1</sup> I doubt it not.

*Mess.* He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victual,<sup>2</sup> and he hath help to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

*Mess.* And a good soldier too, lady.

*Beat.* And a good soldier to a lady:—but what is he to a lord? 55

*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

*Beat.* It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal. 60

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas, he gets nothing by that! In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference<sup>3</sup> between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

*Mess.* Is't possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block. 77

*Mess.* I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books. 79

*Beat.* No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer<sup>4</sup> now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio. 85

*Beat.* O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently<sup>5</sup> mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd. 90

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady.

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You will never run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

*Mess.* Don Pedro is approach'd. •

*Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and BALTHAZAR.*

*D. Pedro.* Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

*Leon.* Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave. 102

*D. Pedro.* You embrace your charge too willingly.—[*Turning towards Hero*] I think this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

*Bene.* Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

*Leon.* Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

*D. Pedro.* You have it full,<sup>6</sup> Benedick; we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly the lady fathers herself.<sup>7</sup>—Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

[*Retires to a little distance with Leonato: they converse apart.*]

*Bene.* If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder that you will still<sup>8</sup> be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

*Bene.* What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living? • • 120

<sup>1</sup> *He'll be meet with you, he'll be even with you.*

<sup>2</sup> *Victual*=victuals

<sup>3</sup> *Difference*, a term in heraldry.

<sup>4</sup> *Squarer*, quarreller.

<sup>5</sup> *Presently*, immediately.

<sup>6</sup> *You have it full*, i.e. you are fully answered.

<sup>7</sup> *Fathers herself*, i.e. is so like her father you cannot mistake her parentage.

<sup>8</sup> *Still*, continually.

*z.* Is it possible disdain should die while she hath meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert<sup>1</sup> to disdain, if you come in her presence. 125

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turncoat.—But it is certain I am loved of<sup>2</sup> all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness<sup>3</sup> to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

*Bene.* God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face. 135

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours. 141

*Bene.* I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, o' God's name; I have done.

*Beat.* You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

*D. Pedro.* [Coming forward with Leonato] This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but plays from his heart.

*Leon.* If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—[To Don John] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

*D. John.* I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace lead on? 160

*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[Exit all except Benedick and Claudio.]

*Claud.* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

*Bene.* I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady?

*Bene.* Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant<sup>4</sup> to their sex? 171



*Bene.* Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise.  
—[Act I. 1. 173-175]

*Claud.* No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

*Bene.* Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise. only this commendation I can afford her,—that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou thinkest I am in sport. I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her. 180

<sup>1</sup> Convert = be converted or changed

<sup>2</sup> Of = by

<sup>3</sup> A dear happiness = a precious piece of good fortune

<sup>4</sup> Tyrant = a pitiless censor.

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel?

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad<sup>1</sup> brow? or do you play the flouting Jack<sup>2</sup> [to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter]? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in<sup>3</sup> the song?

*Claud.* In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I look'd on. 190

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, and she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

*Claud.* I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife. 199

*Bene.* Is't come to this, in faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion?<sup>4</sup> Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; and thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you. 203

*Re-enter DON PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

*Bene.* I would your grace would constrain me to tell. 209

*D. Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

*Bene.* You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark how short his answer is;—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it utter'd.

*Bene.* Like the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor 't was not so; but indeed, God forbid it should be so." 220

*Claud.* If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me in,<sup>5</sup> my lord.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, I speak my thought.

*Claud.* And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Bene.* And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel. 230

*D. Pedro.* That she is worthy, I know.

*Bene.* That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will. 239

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat<sup>6</sup> winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,<sup>7</sup> all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine<sup>8</sup> is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

*D. Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love. 250

*Bene.* With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: [prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.]

*D. Pedro.* Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle<sup>9</sup> like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam. 261

<sup>1</sup> Sad, serious.

<sup>2</sup> The flouting Jack = the mocking rascal.

<sup>3</sup> To go in = to join with you in.

<sup>4</sup> With suspicion, i.e. with the suspicion of having horns under it.

<sup>5</sup> To fetch me in, i.e. to draw me into a confession.

<sup>6</sup> Recheat, a term of the chase; the call sounded on the horn to bring the dogs back.

<sup>7</sup> Baldrick, a belt, usually worn across the body.

<sup>8</sup> Fine, conclusion.

<sup>9</sup> A bottle, i.e. a small wooden barrel.

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try:  
 "In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

*Bene.* The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be wisely painted; and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign, "Here you may see Benedick the married man." 270

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too, then.

*D. Pedro.* Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation. 280

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you, —

*Claud.* To the tuition of God: From my house (if I had it), —

*D. Pedro.* The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometimes guarded<sup>1</sup> with fragments, and the guards<sup>2</sup> are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout<sup>3</sup> old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [Exit.]

*Claud.* My liege, your highness now may do me good.

*D. Pedro.* My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn  
 Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero; she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

*Claud.* O, my lord,  
 When you went onward on this ended action,<sup>4</sup>  
 I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 300

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand  
 Than to drive liking to the name of love:  
 But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts  
 Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
 Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
 All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
 Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars—

*D. Pedro.* [Interrupting] Thou wilt be like  
 a lover presently,

And tire the hearer with a book<sup>5</sup> of words.

[Enter BORACHIO, who hides and listens.  
 If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it; 310  
 And I will break with her<sup>6</sup> and with her father,  
 And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this  
 end

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

*Claud.* How sweetly do you minister to love,  
 That know love's grief by his complexion!  
 But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
 I would have sav'd<sup>7</sup> it with a longer treatise.<sup>8</sup>

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much  
 broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once,<sup>9</sup> thou  
 lovest; 320

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night:

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp<sup>10</sup> my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then after to her father will I break;<sup>11</sup> 325

And the conclusion<sup>12</sup> is, she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently.

[SCENE II. A room in Leonato's house.

Enter, severally, LEONATO and ANTONIO.

*Leon.* How now, brother! Where is my  
 cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it. But, brother,  
 I can tell you strange news, that you yet  
 dreamt not of.

*Leon.* Are they good?

<sup>1</sup> Guarded, ornamentally trimmed.

<sup>2</sup> Guards, ornamental trimmings.

<sup>3</sup> Flout, make fun of.

<sup>4</sup> Went onward, &c., i.e. started on the campaign just brought to a close.

<sup>5</sup> A book, i.e. a quantity

<sup>6</sup> Break with her, i.e. break the subject to her

<sup>7</sup> Sav'd, palliated, excused.

<sup>8</sup> Treatise, discourse.

<sup>9</sup> Once=once for all.

<sup>10</sup> Unclasp, i.e. lay bare.

<sup>11</sup> Break, i.e. break the matter. <sup>12</sup> Conclusion, i.e. result.



*Ant.* As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward.

prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached<sup>1</sup> alley in my orchard,<sup>2</sup> were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece



*D. John.* I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace.—(Act I. 3. 28, 29)

daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant,<sup>3</sup> he meant to take the present time by the top,<sup>4</sup> and instantly break with you of it.

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself. 20

<sup>1</sup> Thick-pleached, thickly interwoven.

<sup>2</sup> Orchard, i.e. garden.

<sup>3</sup> Accordant, of the same kind; favourable to his suit

<sup>4</sup> By the top=by the forelock.

*Leon.* No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it.—[Exit Antonio.—Antonio's son, with some Musicians, crosses the stage.—To Antonio's son] Cousin, you know what you have to do.—[To the leader of the Musicians] O, I cry you mercy,<sup>5</sup> friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.— Good cousin, have a care this busy time. 29

SCENE III. Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

*Con.* What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

*D. John.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

*Con.* You should hear reason. 9

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance. 10

*D. John.* I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on<sup>6</sup> no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw<sup>7</sup> no man in his humour. 19

*Con.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath taken you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest. 27

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker<sup>8</sup> in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to

<sup>5</sup> I cry you mercy = I ask your pardon.

<sup>6</sup> Tend on, i.e. wait on = care for.

<sup>7</sup> Claw, i.e. flatter. - <sup>8</sup> Canker, i.e. dog-rose.

fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzie, and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking; in the mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your discontent? 40

• *D. John.* I make all use of it, for I use it only.<sup>1</sup>—Who comes here?

*Enter BORACHIO.*

What news, Borachio?

*Bora.* I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*D. John.* Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool<sup>2</sup> that betrays himself to unquietness? 50

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

*D. John.* Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

*Bora.* Even he.<sup>3</sup> 54

*D. John.* A proper squire! And who—and who—which way looks he?

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

*D. John.* A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

*Bora.* [Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference:] I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count Claudio.

*D. John.* Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up<sup>4</sup> hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me? 71

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

*D. John.* Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind!— Shall we go prove what's to be done? 72

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in Leonato's house.*

*Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.*

*Leon.* Was not Count John here at supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling. 11

*Leon.* Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

*Beat.* With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, —if he could get her good-will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd<sup>4</sup> of thy tongue. 21

*Ant.* In faith, she's too curst.<sup>5</sup>

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, "God sends a curst<sup>5</sup> cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

<sup>1</sup> Use it only, i. e. adopt no other disposition

<sup>2</sup> What is he for a fool? i. e. what kind of fool is he?

<sup>3</sup> Start-up = upstart.

<sup>4</sup> Shrewd, bitter, malicious.

<sup>5</sup> Curst = vicious, as used nowadays of animals.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

*Beat.* Just,<sup>1</sup> if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen. 31

*Leon.* You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

*Beat.* What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: [therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell. 43

*Leon.* Well, then, go you into hell?

*Beat.* No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens!<sup>2</sup> he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long ] 52

*Ant.* Well, niece [to *Hero*], I trust you will be ruled by your father.

*Beat.* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:"—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband. 61

*Beat.* Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer. 71

*Beat.* The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince

be too important,<sup>3</sup> tell him there is measure<sup>4</sup> in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, *Hero*:—wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure<sup>5</sup> full of state and ancientry;<sup>6</sup> and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace<sup>7</sup> faster and faster, till he sink into his grave. 83

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.<sup>8</sup>

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

*Leon.* The revellers are entering, brother: make good room.

*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend?<sup>9</sup> 90

*Hero.* So<sup>10</sup> you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to say so?

*Hero.* When I like your favour; for God defend<sup>11</sup> the lute should be like the case!

*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove. 100

*Hero.* Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*]

[*Balth.* Well, I would you did like me.

*Marg.* So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

*Balth.* Which is one?

*Marg.* I say my prayers aloud.

<sup>3</sup> Important=importunate

<sup>4</sup> Measure, used here in the double sense, first, of moderation; secondly, of a dance-measure.

<sup>5</sup> A measure, i.e. a grave dance

<sup>6</sup> Ancientry, old-fashioned manners.

<sup>7</sup> Cinque-pace, a lively kind of dance.

<sup>8</sup> Passing shrewdly, with mischievous wit enough.

<sup>9</sup> Friend=lover.

<sup>10</sup> So=provided that.

<sup>11</sup> Defend=forbid.

*Balth.* I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen. 110

*Marg.* God match me with a good dancer!  
*Balth.* Amen.

*Marg.* And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

*Balth.* No more words: the clerk is answered.  
[*They retire among the other maskers.*]

*Urs.* [*Coming forward*] I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* I know you by the wagging of your head.

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urs.* You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word,<sup>2</sup> I am not.

*Urs.* Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

[*They retire to back of stage.*]

*Beat.* [*Coming forward, following Benedick*] Will you not tell me who told you so?

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me. 131

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred Merry Tales*:—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh? 140

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible<sup>3</sup> slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet:<sup>4</sup> I would he had boarded<sup>5</sup> me.

*Bene.* When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say. • 151

*Beat.* Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night.  
[*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

*Bene.* In every good thing. •

*Beat.* Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. 160

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*]

*D. John.* Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

*Bora.* And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.<sup>6</sup>

*D. John.* Are you not Signior Benedick?

*Claud.* You know me well; I am he. 168

*D. John.* Signior, you are very near<sup>7</sup> my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

*Claud.* How know you he loves her?

*D. John.* I heard him swear his affection.

*Bora.* So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

*D. John.* Come, let us to the banquet. 178

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*]

*Claud.* Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.

'Tis certain so;—the prince wooes for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love:

Therefore all<sup>8</sup> hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,

And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,

Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.<sup>9</sup>

This is an accident of hourly proof,

Which I mistrust not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

*Re-enter BENEDICK.*

*Bene.* Count Claudio?

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<sup>6</sup> Bearing, i.e. demeanour.

<sup>7</sup> Near=intimate with.

<sup>9</sup> Blood=sensual passion.

<sup>8</sup> All, i.e. let all

<sup>1</sup> Up and down, i.e. exactly    <sup>2</sup> At a word, i.e. in short  
<sup>3</sup> Impossible, i.e. so extravagant that they cannot be believed.

<sup>4</sup> In the fleet, i.e. in the company.    <sup>5</sup> Boarded, accosted.

*Claud.* Yea, the same.

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me?

*Claud.* Whither?

*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

*Claud.* I wish him joy of her. 200

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

*Claud.* I pray you, leave me.

*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post. 207

*Claud.* If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]

*Bene.* Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool?—Ha! it may be I go under that title because I am merry.—Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed; it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person,<sup>1</sup> and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

*Re-enter DON PEDRO.*

*D. Pedro.* Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him? 219

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good-will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipp'd.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipp'd! What's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

*D. Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.<sup>2</sup>

*D. Pedro.* I will but teach them<sup>3</sup> to sing, and restore them to the owner. 240

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

*D. Pedro.* The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to<sup>4</sup> you: the gentleman that danc'd with her told her she is much wrong'd by you.

*Bene.* O, she misus'd<sup>5</sup> me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me,—not thinking I had been myself,—that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance,<sup>6</sup> upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. [She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: [if her breath were as terrible as her terminations,<sup>7</sup> there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star.] I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

*D. Pedro.* Look, here she comes. 270

*Bene.* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's

<sup>2</sup> Nest here includes the nestlings in the nest.

<sup>3</sup> Them, i.e. the nestlings.

<sup>4</sup> Quarrel to, i.e. a difference with.

<sup>5</sup> Misus'd = abused, reviled.

<sup>6</sup> Impossible conveyance, incredible dexterity.

<sup>7</sup> Terminations = words, expressions.

<sup>1</sup> Puts the world into her person, i.e. speaks as if she represented the opinion of the world in general.

foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies;—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me? 280

*D. Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company. •

*Re-enter* CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.

*Bene.* O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*]

• *D. Pedro.* Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

*Beat.* Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use<sup>1</sup> for it,—a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it. 291

*D. Pedro.* You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools.—I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord. 300

*D. Pedro.* How then? sick?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

*Beat.* The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count,—civil<sup>2</sup> as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

*D. Pedro.* I' faith, lady, I think your blazon<sup>3</sup> to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.—Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and, his good-will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

*Beat.* Speak, count, 't is your cue.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say

how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange. 320

*Beat.* Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.



*Bene.* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end?—(Act II. 1. 271, 272)

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

*Beat.* Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side<sup>4</sup> of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.

*Beat.* Good Lord, for alliance!—Thus goes

<sup>1</sup> Use, interest.

<sup>2</sup> Civil, a play on civil and Seville.

<sup>3</sup> Blazon = explanation.

<sup>4</sup> On the windy side, i.e. to windward.

every one to the world but I, and I am sunburn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry Heigh-ho for a husband! 333

[*D. Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

*Beat.* I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.]

*D. Pedro.* Will you have me, lady?

*Beat.* No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

*D. Pedro.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

*Beat.* No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

*Leon.* Niece, will you look to those things I told you of? 352

*Beat.* I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit.*]

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

*D. Pedro.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

*Leon.* O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

*D. Pedro.* She were<sup>1</sup> an excellent wife for Benedick.

*Leon.* O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad!

*D. Pedro.* Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church? 371

*Claud.* To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

*Leon.* Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night;<sup>2</sup> and a time too

brief, too, to have all things answer my mind. 377

*D. Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing;<sup>3</sup> but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* And you too, gentle Hero?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband. 391

*D. Pedro.* And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,<sup>4</sup> of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy<sup>5</sup> stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. Before Leonato's house.

*Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.*

*D. John.* It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

*D. John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal<sup>6</sup> to me: I am sick in displeasure to<sup>7</sup> him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection<sup>8</sup> ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me. 10

*D. John.* Show me briefly how.

<sup>1</sup> *She were*, i.e. she would be.

<sup>2</sup> *A just seven-night*, i.e. exactly a week.

<sup>3</sup> *Breathing*, delay.

<sup>4</sup> *Strain*, descent, race.

<sup>5</sup> *Queasy*, squeamish, fastidious.

<sup>6</sup> *Medicinal* = medicinal.

<sup>7</sup> *To* = towards, with.

<sup>8</sup> *Affection*, desire.

*Bora.* I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero. 14

*D. John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

*D. John.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage? 20

*Bora.* The poison of that lies in you to temper.<sup>1</sup> Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation<sup>2</sup> do you mightily hold up)



*Bora* The poison of that lies in you to temper — (Act II. 2. 21, 22)

to [a contaminated stale,<sup>3</sup>] such a one as Hero.

*D. John.* What proof shall I make of that?

*Bora.* Proof enough to misuse<sup>4</sup> the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue? 30

*D. John.* Only to despise<sup>5</sup> them, I will endeavour any thing.

*Bora.* Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them that you know that Hero loves me; [intend<sup>6</sup> a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour,

who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,]—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances;<sup>7</sup> which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth<sup>8</sup> of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown. 51

<sup>1</sup> To temper, i. e. to mix—to arrange.

<sup>2</sup> Estimation=good qualities, titles to esteem

<sup>3</sup> Stale=harlot.

<sup>5</sup> To despise, to annoy.

<sup>4</sup> Misuse=deceive

<sup>6</sup> Intend=pretend.

<sup>7</sup> Instances, proofs.

<sup>8</sup> Truth=true proofs.



*D. John.* Grow this<sup>1</sup> to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats. 55

*Bora.* Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*D. John.* I will presently<sup>2</sup> go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Leonato's garden. Evening.*

*Enter BENEDICK, a Boy following.*

*Bene.* Boy,—

*Boy.* Signior?

*Bene.* In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

*Boy.* I am here already, sir.

*Bene.* I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]  
—I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe; I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now he is turn'd orthography;<sup>3</sup> his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair,—yet I am well; another is wise,—yet I am well; another virtuous,—yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or

or I'll never cheapen<sup>4</sup> her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.—Ha, the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws into the arbour.*]

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO, followed by BALTHAZAR carrying a lute.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this music?

*Claud.* Yea, my good lord.—How still the evening is, 40

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

*D. Pedro.* See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

*Claud.* O, very well, my lord: [the music ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox<sup>5</sup> with a pennyworth.] 45

*D. Pedro.* Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

*Balth.* O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

*D. Pedro.* It is the witness<sup>6</sup> still of excellency To put a strange face on<sup>7</sup> his own perfection:—I pray thee, sing, and let me woo<sup>8</sup> no more.

[*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing; 51

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos, Yet will he swear he loves.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, pray<sup>9</sup> thee, come; Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes,— There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

*D. Pedro.* Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks; Note notes, forsooth, and nothing!<sup>10</sup>]

[*Balthazar plays the air.*]

*Bene.* [*Aside*] Now, "Divine air!" now is his soul ravish'd!—Is it not strange that

<sup>4</sup> Cheapen=bid for.

<sup>5</sup> Kid fox. See note 148. <sup>6</sup> Witness=proof.

<sup>7</sup> To put a strange face on=to ignore, to seem not to know. <sup>8</sup> Woo=press.

<sup>9</sup> Nothing, formerly pronounced noting; hence the pun here on nothing and noting.

<sup>1</sup> Grow this, i.e. let this grow.

<sup>2</sup> Presently, immediately.

<sup>3</sup> Orthography, i.e. orthographer; here=one who uses fine words.

sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies!—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done. 62

*BALTHAZAR sings.*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever;

One foot in sea, and one on shore;

To one thing constant never:

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny;

Converting all your sounds of woe 70

Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe

Of dumps<sup>1</sup> so dull and heavy;

The fraud of men was ever so,

Since summer first was leavy.

Then sigh not so, &c.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a good song.

*Balth.* And an ill singer, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Ha, no, no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift. 80

*Bene. [Aside]* An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

*Balth.* The best I can, my lord. 90

*D. Pedro.* Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt Balthazar and Musicians.*]—Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day,—that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

*Claud.* O, ay:—stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits [*Aside to Pedro.*]—I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor. 101

*Bene. [Aside]* Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell

what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite<sup>2</sup> of thought.

*D. Pedro.* May be she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it. 111

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

*Claud. [Aside]* Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

*Leon.* What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

*D. Pedro.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection. 120

*Leon.* I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

*Bene. [Aside]* I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

*Claud. [Aside]* He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.<sup>3</sup>

*D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

*Leon.* No; and swears she never will: that's her torment. 130

*Claud.* 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

*Leon.* This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper:— [*my daughter tells us all.*] 139

*Claud.* Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

*Leon.* O,—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

*Claud.* That.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dumps, low spirits; perhaps here=melancholy subjects.

<sup>2</sup> Infinite=infinite reach.

<sup>3</sup> Hold it up, keep it up.

<sup>4</sup> That="yes, that is it."

*Leon.* O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence;<sup>1</sup> railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should." ] 151

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

*Leon.* She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy<sup>2</sup> hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

*D. Pedro.* It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

*Claud.* To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

*D. Pedro.* An he should, it were an alms<sup>3</sup> to hang him. She's an excellent-sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*D. Pedro.* In every thing but in loving Benedick. 170

[*Leon.* O, my lord, wisdom and blood<sup>4</sup> combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood<sup>4</sup> hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*D. Pedro.* I would she had bestow'd this dotage<sup>5</sup> on me: I would have daff'd<sup>6</sup> all other respects, and made her half myself.] I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you? 180

*Claud.* Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

*D. Pedro.* She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible<sup>7</sup> spirit.

*Claud.* He is a very proper<sup>8</sup> man. 190

*D. Pedro.* He hath indeed a good outward happiness.<sup>9</sup>

*Claud.* 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

*D. Pedro.* He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*D. Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you: [and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear. 204

*Leon.* If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep the peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.]

*D. Pedro.* And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him; by some large<sup>10</sup> jests he will make.] Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.<sup>11</sup>

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first. 210

*D. Pedro.* Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool<sup>12</sup> the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

*Claud.* [*Aside*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

*D. Pedro.* [*Aside*] Let there be the same net spread for her: and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry.<sup>13</sup> The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage,<sup>14</sup> and no such matter.<sup>15</sup> that's the scene that I would see, which would be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. 227

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*

<sup>8</sup> Proper, handsome.

<sup>9</sup> Outward happiness = prepossessing appearance.

<sup>10</sup> Large = broad.

<sup>11</sup> Counsel = reflection.

<sup>12</sup> Cool = rest.

<sup>13</sup> Carry = carry out.

<sup>14</sup> Dotage, i. e. doting love.

<sup>15</sup> And no such matter = when there is no such thing.

<sup>1</sup> Halfpence = very small pieces.

<sup>2</sup> Ecstasy, madness.

<sup>3</sup> An alms, i. e. a charity.

<sup>4</sup> Blood = passion.

<sup>5</sup> Dotage = doting love.

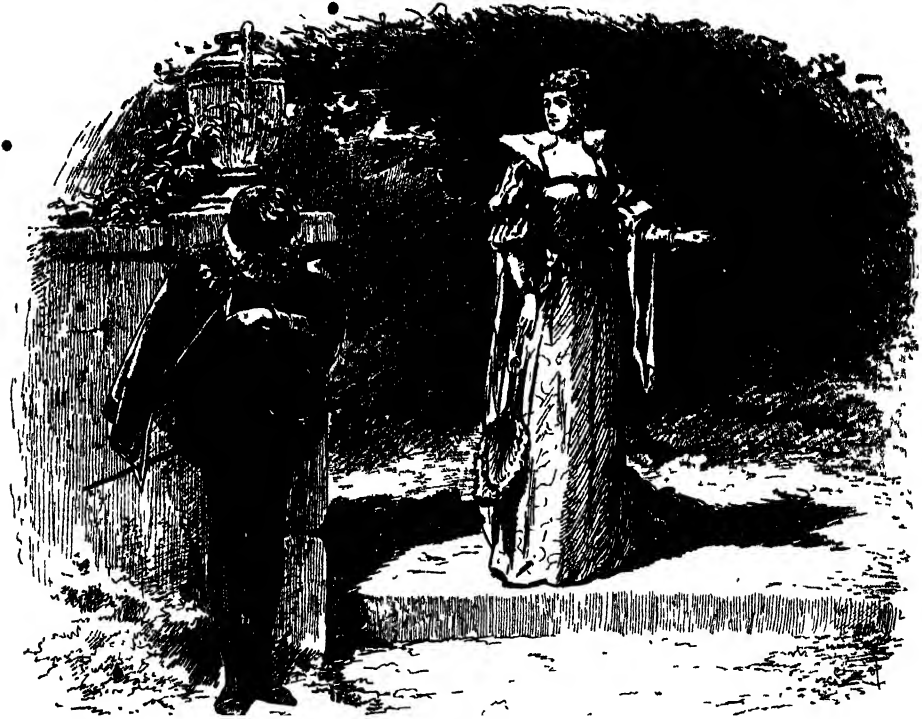
<sup>6</sup> Daff'd, put aside.

<sup>7</sup> Contemptible = contemptuous.

BENEDICK *advances from the arbour.*

*Bene.* This can be no trick: the conference was sadly<sup>1</sup> borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent.<sup>2</sup> Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear

how I am censur'd;<sup>3</sup> they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—happy are they that bear their detractions,<sup>4</sup> and can put them to mending. They say the lady is



*Beat.* Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner —(Act II. 3. 256, 257.)

fair,—'t is a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous,—'t is so, I cannot reprove<sup>5</sup> it; and wise, but for loving me,—by my troth, it is no addition to her wit,<sup>6</sup> nor no great argument<sup>7</sup> of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me,

because I have rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences,<sup>8</sup> and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

<sup>1</sup> *Sadly*, seriously.

<sup>2</sup> *Have their full bent*, i.e. are at their greatest tension; a metaphor originally taken from archery.

<sup>3</sup> *How I am censur'd*, i.e. what their opinion is of me.

<sup>4</sup> *Their detractions*, i.e. the faults found with them by their detractors.

<sup>5</sup> *Reprove* = disprove, deny.

<sup>6</sup> *Wit*, i.e. wisdom.

<sup>7</sup> *Argument* = proof.

<sup>8</sup> *Sentences*, i.e. sententious sayings.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Beat.* Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come. 261

*Bene.* You take pleasure, then, in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take

upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. — You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

*Bene.* Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner," — there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me," that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. — If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III

SCENE I. *Leonato's garden.*

*Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*

*Hero.* Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice  
Proposing<sup>1</sup> with the prince and Claudio:  
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula  
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse  
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;  
And bid her steal into the pleached<sup>2</sup> bower,  
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,  
Forbid the sun to enter; like to favourites,  
Made proud by princes, that advance their  
pride 10

Against that power that bred it: — there will  
she hide her,

To listen our propose. This is thy office:  
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you,  
presently. [*Exit.*]

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,  
As we do trace<sup>3</sup> this alley up and down,  
Our talk must only be of Benedick.  
When I do name him, let it be thy part  
To praise him more than ever man did merit:  
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick 20  
Is sick in love with Beatrice. [Of this matter  
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,  
That only wounds by hearsay.] Now begin:

*Enter BEATRICE, behind.*

[*Aside*] For look where Beatrice, like a lap-  
wing, runs

Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

*Urs.* [*Aside*] The pleasant'st angling is to  
see the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:  
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now  
Is couched in the woodbine coverture. 30  
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

*Hero.* [*Aside*] Then go we near her, that her  
ear lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. —

[*They advance to the bower.*]

[*Loud*] No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;  
I know her spirits are as coy and wild  
As haggards<sup>4</sup> of the rock.

*Urs.* But are you sure  
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

*Hero.* So says the prince and my new-trothèd  
lord.

*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of it,  
madam?

*Hero.* They did entreat me to acquaint her  
of it; 40

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,  
To wish<sup>5</sup> him wrestle with affection,  
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

<sup>1</sup> *Proposing, conversing.*

<sup>2</sup> *Pleached, interwoven.*

<sup>3</sup> *Trace = pace.*

*Haggards, i.e. wild, untrained hawks.*

*Urs.* Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full<sup>1</sup> as fortunate a bed  
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

*Hero.* O god of love! I know he doth  
deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man:  
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart  
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; 50  
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprising<sup>2</sup> what they look on; and her wit  
Values itself so highly, that to her 53  
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
She is so self-endeard.<sup>3</sup>

*Urs.* Sure, I think so;  
And therefore certainly it were not good  
She knew his love, lest she make sport of it.

*Hero.* Why, you speak truth. I never yet  
saw man



*side*) She's lin'd, I warrant you: we've caught her, madam.—(Act III. 1. 104.)

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely<sup>4</sup>  
featur'd, 60

But she would spell him backward:<sup>5</sup> if fair-  
fac'd,<sup>6</sup>

She'd swear the gentleman should be her  
sister;

If black,<sup>7</sup> why, Nature, drawing of an antic,<sup>8</sup>  
Made a foul blot; [if tall, a lance ill-headed;  
If low,<sup>9</sup> an agate very vilely cut;  
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;  
If silent, why, a block moved with none.

So turns she every man the wrong side out;  
And never gives to truth and virtue that  
Which simpleness<sup>10</sup> and merit purchaseth.] 70

*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not com-  
mendable.

<sup>2</sup> *Misprising*, despising.  
<sup>3</sup> *Self-endeard*=in love with herself.

<sup>4</sup> *How rarely*, however excellently.

<sup>5</sup> *Spell him backward*, misconstrue him.

<sup>6</sup> *Fair-fac'd*, pale-complexioned.

<sup>7</sup> *Black*, dark-complexioned. <sup>8</sup> *An antic*, a luffoon.

<sup>9</sup> *Low*, short.

<sup>10</sup> *Simpleness*, simplicity.

*Hero.* No, nor to be so odd, and from all  
fashions,<sup>11</sup> 72

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:

But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,  
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me  
Out of myself, press me to death with wit!

Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,  
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:  
It were a better death than die with mocks,  
Which is as bad as die with tickling.<sup>12</sup> 80

*Urs.* Yet tell her of it: hear what she will  
say.

*Hero.* No; rather I will go to Benedick,  
And counsel him to fight against his passion.  
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders  
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know  
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*Urs.* O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!  
She cannot be so much without true judgment

<sup>11</sup> *From all fashions*, i.e. averse to all fashions=unconventional, eccentric

<sup>12</sup> *Tickling*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

(Having so swift<sup>1</sup> and excellent a wit  
As she is priz'd<sup>2</sup> to have) as to refuse 90  
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

*Hero.* He is the only man of Italy,  
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

*Urs.* I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,  
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,  
For shape, for bearing, argument,<sup>3</sup> and valour,  
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

*Urs.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had  
it.—

When are you married, madam? 100

*Hero.* Why, every day,<sup>4</sup> to-morrow. Come,  
go in:

I'll show thee some attires; and have thy  
counsel

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

*Urs.* [*Aside*] She's lim'd,<sup>5</sup> I warrant you:  
we've caught her, madam.

*Hero.* [*Aside*] If it prove so, then loving goes  
by haps:

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.  
[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*]

BEATRICE advances.

*Beat.* What fire is in mine ears? Can this be  
true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so  
much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say, thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly.<sup>6</sup> [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A room in Leonato's house.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, LEONATO, and  
BENEDICK.

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay till your marriage  
be consummate,<sup>7</sup> and then go I toward Arragon.

<sup>1</sup> Swift, readily      <sup>2</sup> Priz'd, estimated.

<sup>3</sup> Argument, conversation.

<sup>4</sup> Every day, &c. without delay, forthwith.

<sup>5</sup> Lim'd, i.e. suared with bird-line.

<sup>6</sup> Reportingly, on mere report.

Consummate = consummated.

*Claud.* I'll bring<sup>8</sup> you thither, my lord, if  
you'll vouchsafe<sup>9</sup> me. 4

*D. Pedro.* Nay, that would be as great a soil  
in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show  
a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear  
it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his  
company; for, from the crown of his head to  
the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath  
twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the  
little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath  
a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the  
clapper,—for what his heart thinks, his tongue  
speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I: methinks you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant! there's no  
true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd  
with love: if he be sad, he wants money. 20

*Bene.* I have the toothache.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it!

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it  
afterwards.

*D. Pedro.* What! sigh for the toothache?

*Leon.* Where is but a humour or a worm?

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief  
but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet say I he is in love. 30

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of fancy<sup>10</sup>  
in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to  
strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day,  
a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two  
countries at once, as, a German from the waist  
downward, all slops,<sup>11</sup> and a Spaniard from the  
hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a  
fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he  
is no fool for fancy, as you would have it  
appear he is.

*Claud.* If he be not in love with some woman,  
there is no believing old signs. He brushes  
his hat o' mornings: what should that bode?

*D. Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the  
barber's?

*Claud.* No, but the barber's man hath been  
seen with him; and the old ornament of his  
cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

<sup>8</sup> Bring, accompany.

<sup>10</sup> Fancy, i.e. love; with a play on the double meaning of  
the word.

<sup>11</sup> Slops, wide loose breeches.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, he rubs himself with civet:<sup>1</sup> can you smell him out by that? 51

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

*D. Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

[*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face?

*D. Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.]

• *Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and govern'd by stops.<sup>2</sup> 60

*D. Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude he is in love.

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions;<sup>3</sup> and, in despite of all, dies for him.

*D. Pedro.* She shall be buried--with her face upwards. 71

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the toothache. --Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

*D. Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about Beatrice. 81

*Claud.* 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

*Enter DON JOHN.*

*D. John.* My lord and brother, God save you!

*D. Pedro.* Good den, brother.

*D. John.* If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

*D. Pedro.* In private?

*D. John.* If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear: for what I would speak of concerns him.

*D. Pedro.* What's the matter? 90

*D. John.* [To Claudio] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

*D. Pedro.* You know he does. 98

*D. John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know.

*Claud.* If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

*D. John.* You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me<sup>4</sup> by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well; and in dearth of heart's hath help to effect your ensuing marriage, --surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what's the matter?

*D. John.* I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shorten'd<sup>5</sup>--for she hath been too long a talking of--the lady is disloyal.

*Claud.* Who, Hero?

*D. John.* Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero. 110

*Claud.* Disloyal!

*D. John.* The word is too good to paint out<sup>7</sup> her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so? 120

*D. Pedro.* I will not think it.

*D. John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*D. Pedro.* And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her. 130

*D. John.* I will disparage her no further till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly<sup>8</sup> but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

*D. Pedro.* O day untowardly<sup>9</sup> turned!

<sup>4</sup> Aim better at me, better guess my disposition.

<sup>5</sup> Dearness of heart, i.e. affection for you.

<sup>6</sup> Circumstances shorten'd = to omit details.

<sup>7</sup> Out, thoroughly. <sup>8</sup> Bear it coldly, endure it calmly.

<sup>9</sup> Untowardly, unfortunately.

<sup>1</sup> Civet, a perfume made from the civet-cat.

<sup>2</sup> Stops, the divisions on the finger-board of a lute.

<sup>3</sup> Conditions, qualities.



*Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting!

*D. John.* O plague right well prevented!

So will you say when you have seen the sequel.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A street.

*Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, SEACOAL, OAT-CAKE, and WATCH.*

*Dog.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dog.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

*Dog.* First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable? 10

*Verg.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

*Dog.* Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath bless'd you with a good name: to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

*Sea.* Both which, master constable,—

*Dog.* You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge:—you shall comprehend all vagrom<sup>1</sup> men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

*Sea.* How if 'a will not stand?

*Dog.* Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. 31

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dog.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

*Sea.* We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch. 40

*Dog.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills<sup>2</sup> be not stol'n.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

*Sea.* How if they will not?

*Dog.* Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for. 5f

*Sea.* Well, sir.

*Dog.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make<sup>3</sup> with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

*Sea.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dog.* Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

*Dog.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

*Sea.* How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

*Dog.* Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

*Dog.* This is the end of the charge: [*To Seacoal*—you, constable, are to present<sup>4</sup> the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him. 6 81

*Verg.* Nay, by'r lady, that I think 'a cannot.

*Dog.* Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him:

<sup>2</sup> Bills, a kind of halberd, carried by watchmen.

<sup>3</sup> Make, have to do.

<sup>4</sup> Present, i.e. represent.

marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By'r lady, I think it be so. 89

*Dog.* Ha, ah-ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night.—Come, neighbour.

*Sea.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dog.* One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil<sup>1</sup> to-night. Adieu: be vigilant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]



*Sea.* We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!—(Act iii. 3. 176, 177.)

*Bora.* [*Without*] What, Conrade!—

*Sea.* [*Aside*] Peace! stir not.

*Bora.* [*Without*] Conrade, I say!—

*Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.*

*Con.* Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

[*Bora.* Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought there would a scab<sup>2</sup> follow.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that:] and now forward with thy tale. 109

*Bora.* Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

<sup>1</sup> *Coil*, confusion.

<sup>2</sup> *Scab*, a play on the word; it meant, as well as a sore, a low fellow.

*Sea.* [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close. 114

*Bora.* Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

*Con.* Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

*Bora.* Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villain should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will. 122

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bora.* That shows thou art unconfirm'd.<sup>3</sup> [Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.]

<sup>3</sup> *Unconfirm'd*, i.e. inexperienced.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean, the fashion.

*Con.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*Bora.* Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is? 132

*Sea.* [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven year; 'a goes up and down like a gentleman; I remember his name.

*Bora.* ] Didst thou not hear somebody?

*Con.* No; 't was the vane on the house.

*Bora.* [Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods<sup>1</sup> between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy<sup>2</sup> painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd<sup>3</sup> worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

*Con.* All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion? 152

*Bora.* Not so, neither: but ] know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and plac'd and possess'd<sup>4</sup> by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter. 161

*Con.* And thought they Margaret was Hero?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd<sup>4</sup> them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame

her with what he saw o'ernight, and send her home again without a husband. 175

*Sea.* We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

*Oat.* Call up the right master constable.

[We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth. 181

*Sea.* And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; 'a wears a lock.<sup>5</sup>

*Con.* Masters, masters,—

*Oat.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.]

*Con.* Masters,—

*Sea.* Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

[*Conrade and Borachio are secured.*

[*Bora.* We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

*Con.* A commodity in question,<sup>6</sup> I warrant you.—Come, we'll obey you.] [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. A room in Leonato's house.

*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

*Urs.* I will, lady.

*Hero.* And bid her come hither.

*Urs.* Well. [*Exit.*

*Marg.* Troth, I think your other rabato<sup>7</sup> were better.

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

*Marg.* By my troth, 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so. 10

*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

*Marg.* I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought<sup>9</sup> browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.

*Marg.* By my troth, 's but a night-gown<sup>10</sup> in

<sup>5</sup> A lock, i.e. a love-lock. See note 229

<sup>6</sup> In question, i.e. under trial judicially, or perhaps—in custody.

<sup>7</sup> Rabato, a kind of ruff for the neck. 's—it is.

<sup>9</sup> A thought, i.e. a little; as we should say, a shade browner.

<sup>10</sup> Night-gown, i.e. dressing-gown.

<sup>1</sup> Bloods, i.e. young fellows.

<sup>2</sup> Reechy, blackened with smoke.

<sup>3</sup> Smirch'd, soiled.

<sup>4</sup> Possess'd, influenced.

respect of yours,—cloth-o'-gold, and cuts,<sup>1</sup> and lac'd with silver, set with pearls down sleeves, side sleeves,<sup>2</sup> and skirts round underborne<sup>3</sup> with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy. 25

*Marg.* 'T will be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

*Hero.* Fie upon thee! art not asham'd!

*Marg.* Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? 'Tis not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, "saving your reverence, a husband:" an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in "the heavier for a husband?" None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife: otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero. 40

*Hero.* Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Marg.* Clap's into *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Ye *Light o' love* with your heels!—then, if your husband has stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.<sup>4</sup>

*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels. 51

*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready.—By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—heigh-ho!

*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.<sup>5</sup>

*Marg.* Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

*Beat.* What means the fool, trow?<sup>6</sup>

*Marg.* Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire! 61

*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stuff'd, cousin; I cannot smell.

*Marg.* A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

*Beat.* O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?<sup>7</sup>

*Marg.* Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely? 70

*Beat.* It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

*Marg.* Get you some of this distill'd *Carduus Benedictus*,<sup>8</sup> and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

*Beat.* *Benedictus*! why *Benedictus*? you have some moral<sup>9</sup> in this *Benedictus*. 78

*Marg.* Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet *Benedick* was that you are in love, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do. 92

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps!

*Marg.* Not a false gallop.

*Re-enter URSULA.*

*Urs.* Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior *Benedick*, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Cuts, shaped edges.

<sup>2</sup> Side sleeves, hanging sleeves

<sup>3</sup> Underborne, trimmed

<sup>4</sup> Barns, a pun upon barns and bairns (children).

<sup>5</sup> H, i.e. ache, which was formerly pronounced *aiche*.

<sup>6</sup> Trow, i.e. trow ye? = think ye?

<sup>7</sup> Profess'd apprehension = set up as a wit.

<sup>8</sup> *Carduus Benedictus*, the holy thistle; a plant supposed to be a cure for all diseases, including the plague.

<sup>9</sup> Moral = hidden meaning

V. *Another room in Leonato's house.*

*Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.*

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbour?

*Dog.* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns<sup>1</sup> you nearly.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

*Dog.* Marry, this it is, sir,—

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends? 9

*Dog.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter:<sup>2</sup> an old man, sir, and his wits



*Dog.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were.—(Act iii. 5. 10 13.)

are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honestest than I.

*Dog.* Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious. 20

*Dog.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king,

I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousness on me, ha!

*Dog.* Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 't is; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it. 30

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to-night,<sup>3</sup> excepting<sup>4</sup> your worship's presence, have ta'en a

<sup>1</sup> *Decerns*, a blunder for concerns.

<sup>2</sup> *Off the matter*, i.e. away from the subject.

<sup>3</sup> *To-night*, i.e. last night.

<sup>4</sup> *Excepting*, a blunder for saving.

{ couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

{ *Dog.* A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, 'When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth, he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipp'd: all men are not alike,—alas, good neighbour! 44

{ *Leon.* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

{ *Dog.* Gifts that God gives.

{ *Leon.* I must leave you.

{ *Dog.* One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship. 52

{ *Leon.* Take their examination yourself, and

bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

*Dog.* It shall be suffigance.

*Leon.* Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband. 60

*Leon.* I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*]

*Dog.* Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examine those men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dog.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*Touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a non-come: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The Inside of a Church.*

*Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, and Attendants.*

*Leon.* Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*F. Fran.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

*Claud.* No.

*Leon.* To be married to her:—friar, you come to marry her.

*F. Fran.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count? 10

*Hero.* I do.

*F. Fran.* If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

*Claud.* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*F. Fran.* Know you any, count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer,—none.

*Claud.* O, what men dare do! what men

may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do! 21

*Bene.* How now! interjections? [*Why, then, some be of laughing, as, Ha, ha, he!*]

*Claud.* Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*D. Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render<sup>2</sup> her again.

*Claud.* Sweet prince, you learn<sup>3</sup> me noble thankfulness.— 31

There, Leonato, take her back again:

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.—

Behold how like a maid she blushes here!

O, what authority and show of truth

<sup>1</sup> To a non-come, i.e. to be "non compos mentis" = (drive them) out of their wits; or a blunder for non-plus.

<sup>2</sup> Render, give back. <sup>3</sup> Learn=teach.

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!  
 [Comes not that blood<sup>1</sup> as modest evidence  
 To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,  
 All you that see her, that she were a maid,  
 } By these exterior shows? But she is none:  
 } She knows the heat of a luxurious<sup>2</sup> bed;] 42  
 Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord?

*Claud.* Not to be married, not to knit my soul  
 To an approved<sup>3</sup> wanton.

*Leon.* Dear my lord—

[*He pauses from emotion*] If you, in your  
 own proof,<sup>4</sup>

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,  
 [And made defeat of her virginity,—]

*Claud.* [I know what you would say: if I  
 have known her,  
 You'll say she did embrace me as a husband,  
 And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:] 51  
 No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;<sup>5</sup>

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd

Bashtful sincerity and comely love.

*Hero.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

*Claud.* Out on thy seeming! I will write  
 against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,  
 As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;  
 But you are more intemperate in your blood  
 Than Venus, [or those pamper'd animals 61  
 That rage in savage sensuality.]

*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so  
 wide?<sup>6</sup>

*Claud.* Sweet prince, why speak not you?

*D. Pedro.* What should I speak?  
 I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about  
 To link my dear friend to a common stale.<sup>7</sup>

*Leon.* Are these things spoken? or do I but  
 dream?

*D. John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these  
 things are true.

*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptial.

*Hero.* True!—O God!

*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here? 70  
 Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?  
 Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

*Leon.* All this is so: but what of this, my  
 lord? 78

*Claud.* Let me but move one question to  
 your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly<sup>8</sup> power  
 That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my  
 child. 8

*Hero.* O, God defend me! how am I beset!—  
 What kind of catechising call you this?

*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your  
 name. 80

*Hero.* Is it not Hero? Who can blot that  
 name

With any just reproach?

*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero;  
 Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight  
 Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?  
 Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my  
 lord.

*D. Pedro.* Why, then are you no maiden.—  
 Leonato, 88

I'm sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,  
 Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count  
 Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night  
 Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;  
 [Who hath indeed, most like a liberal<sup>9</sup> villain,  
 Confess'd the vile encounters<sup>10</sup> they have had  
 A thousand times in secret.]

*D. John.* [Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd,  
 my lord,

Not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language,  
 Without offence to utter them.]—Thus, pretty  
 lady,

I'm sorry for thy much misgovernment.<sup>11</sup> 100

*Claud.* O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,  
 If half thy outward graces had been plac'd  
 About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!  
 But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! fare-  
 well,

Thou pure impiety and impious purity!  
 For thee I'll lock up all the gates<sup>12</sup> of love,  
 And on my eyelids shall conjecture<sup>13</sup> hang,

<sup>1</sup> Blood, i.e. blush.      <sup>2</sup> Luxurious, wanton, lustful.

<sup>3</sup> Approved, i.e. proved.      <sup>4</sup> Proof, i.e. trial of her.

<sup>5</sup> Large = licentious.

<sup>6</sup> Wide, i.e. wide of the truth.      <sup>7</sup> Stale, harlot.

<sup>8</sup> Kindly, natural.

<sup>9</sup> Liberal, licentious.

<sup>10</sup> Encounters, meetings.

<sup>11</sup> Misgovernment, misconduct.

<sup>12</sup> Conjecture, suspicion.

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,  
And never shall it more be gracious.<sup>1</sup> 109

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point  
for me? [*Hero swoons.*]

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin! wherefore  
sink you down?

*D. John.* Come, let us go. These things,  
come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John,  
Claudio, and Attendants.*]

*Bene.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think:—help, uncle:—  
Hero! why, Hero!—uncle!—Signior Benedick!  
—friar!

*Leon.* O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!  
Death is the fairest cover for her shame  
That may be wish'd for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin Hero!

*F. Fran.* Have comfort, lady. 119

*Leon.* Dost thou look up?

*F. Fran.* Yea, wherefore should she not?

*Leon.* Wherefore! Why, doth not every  
earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny  
The story that is printed in her blood?<sup>2</sup>—  
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:  
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,  
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy  
shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?  
Chid I for tiff at frugal nature's frame?<sup>3</sup> 130  
O, one too much by thee! [Why had I one?  
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand  
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,  
Who smirched thus and mir'd<sup>4</sup> with infamy,  
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;  
This shame derives itself from unknown loins"?  
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,  
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much  
That I myself was to myself not mine, 140  
Valuing of her; why, she ]—O, she is fall'n  
Into a pit of ink,\* that the wide sea  
Hath dropp'd too few to wash her clean again,

<sup>1</sup> *Gracious*, lovely, attractive.

<sup>2</sup> *In her blood*, i.e. in her blushes.

<sup>3</sup> *Frame*, i.e. order, disposition of things.

<sup>4</sup> *Mir'd*, soiled with mud.

[And salt too little which may season give  
To her foul-tainted<sup>\*</sup> flesh!]

*Bene.* Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,  
I know not what to say.

*Beat.* O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last  
night?

*Beat.* No, truly, not; although, until last  
night, 150

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is  
stronger made

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!  
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,  
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foul-  
ness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let  
her die.

*F. Fran.* Hear me a little;

For I have only silent been so long,  
And given way unto this course of fortune,  
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd 160  
A thousand blushing apparitions start  
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,  
To burn the errors that these princes hold  
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;  
Trust not my reading nor my observation,  
Which with experimental seal<sup>5</sup> doth warrant  
The tenour of my book;<sup>6</sup> trust not my age,  
My reverence, calling, nor divinity, 170  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
Under some biting error.

*Leon.* Friar, it cannot be.

Thou see'st that all the grace that she hath left  
Is that she will not add to her damnation  
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:  
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse  
That which appears in proper nakedness?

*F. Fran.* Lady, what man is he you are  
accus'd of?

*Hero.* They know that do accuse me; I know  
none:

If I know more of any man alive 180  
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

<sup>5</sup> *Experimental seal*, i.e. the seal of experience.

<sup>6</sup> *Of my book*, i.e. of what I have read.



Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,  
Prove you that any man with me convers'd  
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight 184  
Maintain'd the change of words with any  
creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

*F. Fran.* There is some strange misprision<sup>1</sup>  
in the princes.

*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent<sup>2</sup> of  
honour;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,  
The practice<sup>3</sup> of it lies in John the bastard,  
Whose spirits toil in frame<sup>4</sup> of villanies. 191

*Leon.* I know not. If they speak but truth  
of her,

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her  
honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,  
Nor age so eat up my invention,  
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,  
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,  
But they shall find, awak'd in such a cause,  
Both strength of limb and policy of mind, 200  
Ability in means and choice of friends,  
To quit me of them thoroughly.

*F. Fran.* Pause awhile,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.  
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:  
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,  
And publish it that she is dead indeed;  
Maintain a mourning ostentation,  
And on your family's old monument  
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites  
That appertain unto a burial. 210

*Leon.* What shall become of this? what will  
this do?

*F. Fran.* Marry, this, well carried, shall on  
her behalf

Change slander to remorse;—that is some good.

[But not for that dream I on this strange  
course,

But on this travail look for greater birth.]

She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,  
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd

<sup>1</sup> *Misprision*, misapprehension.

<sup>2</sup> *The very bent*, the very highest degree, or, according  
to some, the true natural disposition.

<sup>3</sup> *Practice*, contrivance.

<sup>4</sup> *Frame*, devising

Of every hearer: for it so falls out, 219  
That what we have we prize not to the worth  
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,  
Why, then we rank the value, then we find  
The virtue that possession would not show us  
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with

Claudio:

When he shall hear she died upon his words,  
Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination;

And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
More moving, delicate, and full of life, 220  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she liv'd indeed; [then shall he  
mourn

(If ever love had interest in his liver),  
And wish he had not so accused her, --  
No, though he thought his accusation true.  
Let this be so, and doubt not but success  
Will fashion the event in better shape  
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.

[But if all aim but this be levell'd false,  
The supposition of the lady's death 240  
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:]  
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her  
(As best befits her wounded reputation)  
In some reclusive<sup>5</sup> and religious life,  
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

*Bene.* Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:  
And though you know my inwardness<sup>6</sup> and love  
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,  
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this  
As secretly and justly as your soul 250  
Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,  
The smallest twine may lead me.

*F. Fran.* 'Tis well consented: presently away;  
[For to strange sores strangely they strain]  
the cure. - ]

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day  
Perhaps is but prolong'd:<sup>7</sup> [have patience]  
and endure.]

[*Exeunt Friar Francis, Hero, and Leonato.*]

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this  
while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

<sup>5</sup> *Reclusive* = secluded.

<sup>6</sup> *Inwardness*, intimacy, confidential friendship.

<sup>7</sup> *Prolong'd* = deferred.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason; I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely I do believe your fair cousin  
is wrong'd. 261

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserve  
of me that would right her!

*Bene.* Is there any way to show such friendship?

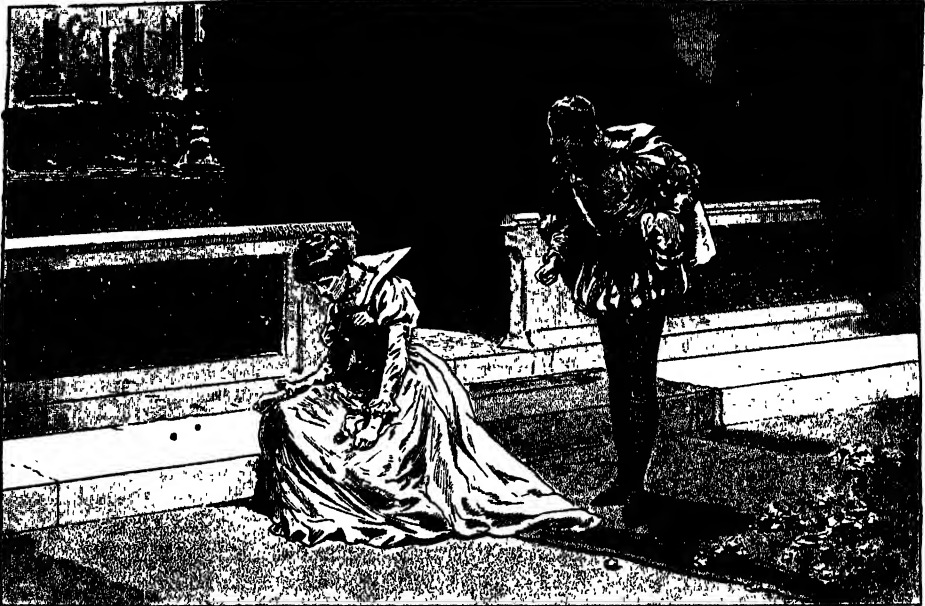
*Beat.* A very even<sup>1</sup> way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well  
as you: is not that strange? 270

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not.  
It were as possible for me to say I lov'd nothing  
so well as you: but believe me not; and



*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?—(Act iv. 1. 257.)

yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny  
nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st  
me.

*Beat.* Do not swear by it, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it that you love me;  
and I will make him eat it that says I love  
not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word? 280

*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devised to  
it. I protest I love thee.

*Beat.* Why, then, God forgive me!

*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice?

*Beat.* You have stay'd me in a happy  
hour:

I was about to protest I loved you.

*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart,  
that none is left to protest.

*Bene.* Come, bid me do anything for  
thee.

*Beat.* Kill Claudio. 291

*Bene.* Ha! not for the wide world.

*Beat.* You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

[*She is going, he holds her by the arm.*]

*Beat.* I am gone, though I am here:—  
[*Struggling to free herself*] there is no love in  
you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

*Bene.* [Still holding her] Beatrice,—

<sup>1</sup> Even, plain.

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.

[*She tears herself away from him.*]

*Bene.* We'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy. 301

*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy?

*Beat.* Is he not approved in the height<sup>1</sup> a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman?—O that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand<sup>2</sup> until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice,— 310

*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying!

*Bene.* Nay, but, Beatrice,—

*Beat.* Sweet Hero!—she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat—

*Beat.* Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count comfekt; a sweet gallant, surely! (O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim<sup>3</sup> ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving. [*Going.*]

*Bene.* Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it. 320

*Bene.* Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

*Bene.* Enough, I am engag'd;<sup>4</sup> I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin. I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> In the height, in the highest degree.

<sup>2</sup> Bear her in hand, keep her in (false) hope.

<sup>3</sup> Trim, nice (used ironically).

<sup>4</sup> Engag'd, pledged (to fight him).

## SCENE II. A Prison.

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.*

*Dog.* Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

*Verg.* O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

*Sex.* Which be the malefactors?

*Dog.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition<sup>5</sup> to examine.

*Sex.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

*Dog.* Yea, marry, let them come before me.

[*Conrade and Borachio are brought forward.*]

—What is your name, friend? 11

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dog.* Pray, write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

*Con.* I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

*Dog.* Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—[*Masters, do you serve God?*]

*Con.* } Yea, sir, we hope.

*Bora.* } Yea, sir, we hope.

*Dog.* Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! —[*Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?*]

*Con.* Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*Dog.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.<sup>6</sup>—Come you hither, sirrah: a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you we are none. 31

*Dog.* Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

*Sex.* Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

*Dog.* Yea, marry, that's the effest<sup>7</sup> way.—

<sup>5</sup> Exhibition, used blunderingly as = permission.

<sup>6</sup> I will go about with him, i.e. "I'll manage him."

<sup>7</sup> Effest, quickest; or, perhaps a blunder for *deftest*.







MUCH, ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  
Act IV Scene II lines 76-77

Lug Dost thou not suspect my place ?  
dost thou not suspect my years ?



Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men. 40

*First Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

*Dog.* Write down—Prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

*Bora.* Master constable,—

*Dog.* Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Ser.* What heard you him say else?

*Sec. Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully. 51

*Dog.* Flat burglary<sup>1</sup> as ever was committed.

*Verg.* Yea, by the mass, that it is.

*Ser.* What else, fellow?

*First Watch.* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*Dog.* O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

*Ser.* What else? 60

*Sec. Watch.* This is all.

*Ser.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accus'd,

in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination. [Exit.

*Dog.* Come, let them be opinion'd.

*Verg.* Let them be in the hands— 70

*Con.* Off, coxcomb!

*Dog.* God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

*Con.* Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

*Dog.* Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away.—O that I had been writ down an ass! [Exeunt.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Leonato's garden.*

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself.

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; 5 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear But such a one whose wrongs do suit with<sup>2</sup> mine.

Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,

Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; 10 [Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain,<sup>3</sup> As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard, And, sorry wag, cry "hem" when he should groan, Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters,<sup>4</sup>—bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. 19

<sup>1</sup> *Burglary*, a blunder for perjury.

<sup>2</sup> *Suit with*, i.e. match with, equal.

<sup>3</sup> *Strain for strain*, feeling for feeling.

<sup>4</sup> *Candle-wasters*, i.e. bookworms.



But there is no such man: for,] brother, men  
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,  
Their counsel turns to passion;<sup>1</sup> which before  
Would give preceptual medicine<sup>2</sup> to rage,  
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:]  
No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience  
To those that wring<sup>3</sup> under the load of sorrow,

But no man's virtue nor sufficiency  
To be so moral<sup>4</sup> when he shall endure 30  
The like himself. Therefore give me no coun-  
sel:

My griefs cry louder than advertisement.<sup>5</sup>

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing  
differ.

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace,—I will be flesh and  
blood;



*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve.—(Act v. 1. 3-5)

For there was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the toothache patiently,  
[However they have writ the style of gods,  
And made a push at<sup>6</sup> chance<sup>7</sup> and sufferance.<sup>8</sup>]

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;  
Make those that do offend you suffer too. 40

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason: nay, I  
will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;  
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the  
prince,  
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

*Ant.* Here come the prince and Claudio  
hastily.

<sup>1</sup> Passion, emotion.

<sup>2</sup> Preceptual medicine, i.e. the medicine of precepts.

<sup>3</sup> Wring=writhed. <sup>4</sup> Moral, ready to moralize.

<sup>5</sup> Advertisement, admonition, moral exhortation.

<sup>6</sup> Made a push at=defied.

<sup>7</sup> Chance, here used of fortune in a bad sense.

<sup>8</sup> Sufferance=suffering.

*Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*

*D. Pedro.* Good den, good den.

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords,—

*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you  
well, my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good  
old man. 50

*Ant.* If he could right himself with quar-  
relling,

Some of us would lie low.

*Claud.* Who wrongs him?

*Leon.* Who!

Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler,  
thou:— [*Claudio lays his hand on his sword.*]

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;  
I fear thee not.

*Claud.* Marry, bespew my hand,  
If it should give your age such cause of fear:  
In faith, my hand meant nothing to<sup>1</sup> my sword.

*Leon.* Tush, tush, man; never fleer<sup>2</sup> and  
jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,  
As, under privilege of age, to brag 60  
What I have done, being young, or what  
would do,

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,<sup>3</sup>  
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and  
me,

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence<sup>4</sup> by,  
And, with grey hairs and bruise<sup>5</sup> of many days,  
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.<sup>6</sup>

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;  
Thy slander hath gone through and through  
her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors,—  
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70  
Save this of hers, fram'd<sup>7</sup> by thy villany!

*Claud.* My villany!

*Leon.* Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

*D. Pedro.* You say not right, old man.

*Leon.* . . . My lord, my lord,  
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,  
Despite his nice fence<sup>8</sup> and his active practice,<sup>9</sup>  
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.<sup>10</sup>

(*Claud.* Away! I will not have to do with you.

*Leon.* Canst thou so daff me?<sup>11</sup> Thou hast  
kill'd my child: 78

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

*Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.—

Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, follow me:

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining<sup>12</sup> fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

*Leon.* Brother,—

*Ant.* Content yourself.<sup>13</sup> God knows I lov'd  
my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,  
That dare as well answer a man indeed.<sup>14</sup>

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue; 80  
Boys, apes, Jacks,<sup>15</sup> braggarts, milksops!—

*Leon.*

Brother Anthony,—

*Ant.* Hold you content. What, man! I  
know them, yea,  
And what they weigh, even to the utmost  
scruple,—

Scambling,<sup>16</sup> out-facing, fashion-monging<sup>17</sup>  
boys,

That lie, and cog,<sup>18</sup> and flout,<sup>19</sup> deprave,<sup>20</sup> and  
slander,

Go anticly,<sup>21</sup> show outward hideousness,  
And speak off half a dozen dangerous<sup>22</sup> words,  
How they might hurt their enemies, if they  
durst;

And this is all. 89

*Leon.* But, brother Anthony,—

*Ant.* Come, 't is no matter:  
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake<sup>23</sup>  
your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:  
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with  
nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.<sup>24</sup>

*Leon.* My lord, my lord,—

*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.

*Leon.* No?—Come, brother, away.—I will  
be heard.

*Ant.* And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*

*D. Pedro.* See, see; here comes the man we  
went to seek. 110

*Enter BENEDICK.*

*Claud.* Now, signior, what news?

*Bene.* Good day, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Welcome, signior: you are almost  
come to part almost a fray.

*Claud.* We had like to have had our two  
nosessnapp'd off with two old men without teeth.

<sup>1</sup> To, i.e. with regard to, or to do with (my sword).

<sup>2</sup> Fleer=sneer. <sup>3</sup> To thy head, i.e. to thy face

<sup>4</sup> Reverence, my right to be treated with reverence (as  
an old man)

<sup>5</sup> Bruise, used figuratively=the wear and tear.

<sup>6</sup> To trial of a man, i.e. to a combat, man to man.

<sup>7</sup> Fram'd, devised, invented. <sup>8</sup> Fence, skill in fencing.

<sup>9</sup> Practise, exercise. <sup>10</sup> Lustihood, physical vigour.

<sup>11</sup> Daff me, i.e. put me off. <sup>12</sup> Foining, thrusting.

<sup>13</sup> Content yourself, i.e. calm yourself.

<sup>14</sup> A man indeed, i.e. one who is indeed a man

<sup>15</sup> Jacks, a term of contempt.

<sup>16</sup> Scambling=scrambling.

<sup>17</sup> Fashion-monging, fopplish.

<sup>18</sup> Cog, cheat=our modern "gammon"

<sup>19</sup> Flout, mock. <sup>20</sup> Deprave, practise detraction.

<sup>21</sup> Anticly, fantastically. <sup>22</sup> Dangerous=threatening.

<sup>23</sup> Wake=rouse.

<sup>24</sup> Full of proof, fully proved.

*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt<sup>1</sup> we should have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both. 1

*Claud.* We have been up and down to see thee; for we are high-proof<sup>2</sup> melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

*D. Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry? 131

*Claud.* What, courage, man! What though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career,<sup>3</sup> an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

*Claud.* Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.<sup>4</sup>

*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed. 141

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.<sup>5</sup>

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* God bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right,<sup>6</sup> or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you. 151

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*D. Pedro.* What, a feast? a feast?

*Claud.* I faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon;<sup>7</sup> the which if

I do not carve most curiously,<sup>8</sup> say my knife's naught.<sup>9</sup>—[Shall I not find a woodcock<sup>10</sup> too?

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily. 160

*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," says she, "a fine little one." "No," said I, "a great wit." "Right," says she, "a great gross one." "Nay," said I, "a good wit." "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody." "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise." "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman."<sup>11</sup> "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues."<sup>12</sup> "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape<sup>13</sup> thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest<sup>14</sup> man in Italy.

*Claud.* For the which she wept heartily, and said she car'd not.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly,<sup>15</sup> she would love him dearly:—the old man's daughter told us all. 180

*Claud.* All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden. ]

*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick, the married man?"

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [Exit.

*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest. £

<sup>1</sup> Doubt=suspect.

<sup>2</sup> High-proof, i.e. in a high degree

<sup>3</sup> In the career, i.e. in tilting, as at a tournament.

<sup>4</sup> Broke cross, i.e. broke athwart or across the opponent's body: an expression taken from tilting.

<sup>5</sup> To turn his girdle, i.e. to challenge (us). See note 854.

<sup>6</sup> Do me right, i.e. give me satisfaction.

<sup>7</sup> And a capon, perhaps a pun, i.e. a (fool's) cap on.

<sup>8</sup> Curiously, i.e. cleverly. <sup>9</sup> Naught, good for nothing.

<sup>10</sup> A woodcock, i.e. a fool.

<sup>11</sup> A wise gentleman, used ironically as we use "a wise-acre." <sup>12</sup> He hath the tongues, i.e. he is a good linguist.

<sup>13</sup> Trans-shape, caricature.

<sup>14</sup> Properest, handsomest.

<sup>15</sup> Deadly, i.e. mortally.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

*D. Pedro.* And hath challeng'd thee? 200

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor<sup>1</sup> to such a man.

*D. Pedro.* But, soft you, let me be: pluck up,<sup>2</sup> my heart, and be sad!<sup>3</sup> Did he not say, my brother was fled?

•Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch,  
with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

*Dog.* Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

*D. Pedro.* How now! two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one! 215

*Claud.* Hearken after<sup>4</sup> their offence, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done?

*Dog.* Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

*D. Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly,<sup>5</sup> I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

*Claud.* Rightly reason'd, and in his own division;<sup>6</sup> and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited. 231

*D. Pedro.* Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning<sup>6</sup> to be understood: what's your offence?

*Bora.* Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not dis-

cover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed<sup>7</sup> me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. 251

*D. Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

*D. Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on to this?

*Bora.* Yea, and paid me richly for the practice<sup>8</sup> of it.

*D. Pedro.* He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—

And fled he is upon this villany.

*Claud.* Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first. 260

*Dog.* Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the  
Sexton.

*Leon.* Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,

That, when I note another man like him,  
I may avoid him: which of these is he? 270

*Bora.* If you would know your wronger, look on me.

*Leon.* Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd  
Mine innocent child?

*Bora.* Yea, even I alone.

*Leon.* No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;

<sup>1</sup> A doctor, i.e. a learned person.

<sup>2</sup> Pluck up = rouse thyself.

<sup>4</sup> Hearken after, i.e. inquire into.

<sup>6</sup> Division = arrangement, order.

<sup>3</sup> Sad, serious.

<sup>6</sup> Cunning, clever.

<sup>7</sup> Incensed, instigated.

<sup>8</sup> Practice, carrying out.

Here stand a pair of honourable men,  
A third is fled, that had a haud in it.—  
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:  
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;  
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience;  
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge your-  
self; 281

Impose me to<sup>1</sup> what penance your invention  
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not  
But in mistaking.

*D. Pedro.* By my soul, nor I:  
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,  
I would bend under any heavy weight  
That he'll enjoin me to.

*Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter  
live,—

That were impossible: but, I pray you both,  
Possess<sup>2</sup> the people in Messina here 290  
How innocent she died; and if your love  
Can labour aught in sad invention,  
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,  
And sing it to her bones,—sing it to-night:—  
To-morrow morning come you to my house;  
And since you could not be my son-in-law,  
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a  
daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,  
And she alone is heir to both of us:  
Give her the right you should have giv'n her  
cousin, 300

And so dies my revenge.

*Claud.* O noble sir,  
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!  
I do embrace your offer; and dispose  
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

*Leon.* To-morrow, then, I will expect your  
coming;

To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man  
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,  
Who, I believe, was pack'd<sup>3</sup> in all this wrong,  
Hir'd to it by your brother.

*Bora.* No, by my soul, she was not;  
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke  
to me; 310

But always hath been just<sup>4</sup> and virtuous  
In any thing that I do know by<sup>5</sup> her.

*Dog.* Moreover, sir (which indeed is not  
under white and black), this plaintiff here, the  
offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it  
be remember'd in his punishment. [And also,  
the watch heard them talk of one Deformed:  
they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock  
hanging by it; and borrows money in God's  
name,—the which he hath us'd<sup>6</sup> so long and  
never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted,  
and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you,  
examine him upon that point.] 322

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest  
pains.

*Dog.* Your worship speaks like a most  
thankful and reverend youth; and I praise  
God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dog.* God save the foundation!

*Leon.* Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner,  
and I thank thee.

*Dog.* I leave an arrant knave with your  
worship; which I beseech your worship to  
correct yourself, for the example of others.  
God keep your worship! I wish your worship  
well; God restore you'to health! I humbly  
give you leave to depart; and if a merry  
meeting may be wished, God prohibit it!—  
Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.*]

*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, fare-  
well.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords: we look for you  
to-morrow.

*D. Pedro.* We will not fail.

*Claud.* To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.*]

*Leon.* Bring you these fellows on. We'll  
talk with Margaret, 340  
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd<sup>7</sup>  
fellow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Another part of Leonato's garden.

*Enter, severally, BENEDICK and MARGARET.*

*Bene.* Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret,  
deserve well at my hands by helping me to  
the speech of<sup>8</sup> Beatrice.

<sup>1</sup> Impose me to, i.e. sentence, or put me to.

<sup>2</sup> Possess = inform. <sup>3</sup> Pack'd, i.e. implicated, mixed up.

<sup>4</sup> Just, i.e. upright.

<sup>5</sup> By = of, about.

<sup>6</sup> Hath us'd, i.e. has practised.

<sup>7</sup> Lewd, depraved.

<sup>8</sup> To the speech of = to speech with.

*Marg.* Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it;<sup>1</sup> for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

[*Marg.* To have no man come over me!<sup>2</sup> why, shall I always keep below stairs? 10

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth,—it catches.

*Marg.* And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.<sup>3</sup>

*Marg.* Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own. 19

*Bene.* If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes<sup>4</sup> with a vice;<sup>5</sup> and they are dangerous weapons for maids. ]

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs.

*Bene.* And therefore will come.

[*Exit Margaret.*

The God of love, [Singing.

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,— 29

I mean in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers,<sup>6</sup> whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse,—why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to "lady" but "baby,"—an innocent rhyme; for "scorn," "horn,"—a hard rhyme; for "school," "fool,"—a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.<sup>7</sup> 41

*Enter BEATRICE.*

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

*Beat.* Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me. 43

*Bene.* O, stay but till then!

*Beat.* "Then" is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for; which is, with knowing what hath pass'd between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* [Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee. 50

*Beat.* Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

*Bene.* Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, ] Claudio undergoes<sup>8</sup> my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe<sup>9</sup> him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

*Beat.* For them all together; which maintain'd so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

*Bene.* Suffer love,—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates. 72

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

*Beat.* It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance,<sup>10</sup> Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument<sup>11</sup> than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

*Bene.* Question:<sup>12</sup>—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum:<sup>13</sup> therefore is it most

<sup>1</sup> Come over it, i.e. excel it.

<sup>2</sup> Come over me, a play on words=marry me.

<sup>3</sup> I give thee the bucklers, i.e. I confess myself defeated.

<sup>4</sup> Pikes, a central spike, sewed into the buckler or shield. <sup>5</sup> Vice, screw.

<sup>6</sup> Carpet-mongers, i.e. carpet-knights.

<sup>7</sup> Festival terms, i.e. not in everyday language.

<sup>8</sup> Undergoes, i.e. is under=has received.

<sup>9</sup> Subscribe, proclaim in writing.

<sup>10</sup> Instance, proverbial saying.

<sup>11</sup> Live no longer in monument, i.e. his memory shall endure no longer. <sup>12</sup> Question=that is the question.

<sup>13</sup> Rheum, i.e. tears.

expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin? *aa*

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me, and mend. There. will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.



*Claud.* Now, unto thy bones good night!—  
Yearly will I do this rite.—(Act v. 3. 22, 23.)

*Enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil<sup>1</sup> at home: it is prov'd my Lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd, the prince and Claudio mightily abus'd;<sup>2</sup> and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?<sup>3</sup> 102

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, signior?

*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncles.<sup>4</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Old coil = "the devil to pay."

<sup>2</sup> Abus'd, deceived      <sup>3</sup> Presently, immediately.

<sup>4</sup> Uncles, i.e. Leonato and Antonio.

SCENE III. *The Monument of Leonato—within the Church.*

*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

*Claud.* Is this the monument<sup>5</sup> of Leonato?

*Atten.* It is, my lord.

*Claud.* [*Reads from a scroll*]

"Done to death by slanderous tongues  
Was the Hero that here lies:  
Death, in guerdon<sup>6</sup> of her wrongs,  
Gives her fame which never dies.  
So the life that died with shame  
Lives in death with glorious fame."

<sup>5</sup> Monument, family tomb.

<sup>6</sup> Guerdon, recompense.

Hang thou there upon

[Fixing up the scroll.

Praising her when I am dumb.— 10

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

Pardon, goddess of the night,  
Those that slew thy virgin knight;<sup>1</sup>  
For the which, with songs of woe,  
Round about her tomb they go.<sup>2</sup>

Midnight, assist our moan;  
Help us to sigh and groan,  
Heavily, heavily  
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,  
Till death be uttered, 20  
Heavily, heavily.

*Claud.* Now, unto thy bones good night!—  
Yearly will I do this rite.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, masters; put your  
torches out:

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle  
day,

Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.  
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

*Claud.* Good morrow, masters: each his  
several way.

*D. Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other  
weed; 30

And then to Leonato's we will go.

*Claud.* And Hymen now with luckier issue  
speed

Than this for whom we render'd up this woe!  
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A hall in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, and HERO.

*F. Fran.* Did I not tell you she was innocent?

*Leon.* So are the Prince and Claudio, who  
accus'd her

Upon<sup>2</sup> the error that you heard debated:  
But Margaret was in some fault for this,  
Although against her will, as it appears  
In the true course<sup>3</sup> of all the question.<sup>3</sup>

*Ant.* Well, I am glad that all things sort<sup>4</sup>  
so well.

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith<sup>5</sup> en-  
fore'd

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen  
all, 10

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,  
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:  
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour  
To visit me.—You know your office, brother:

[Exeunt Ladies.

You must be father to your brother's daughter,  
And give her to young Claudio.

*Ant.* Which I will do with confirm'd<sup>6</sup> coun-  
tenance.

*Bene.* Friar, I must entreat your pains, I  
think.

*F. Fran.* To do what, signior?

*Bene.* To bind me, or undome; one of them.—  
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior, 21  
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her: 't is  
most true.

*Bene.* And I do with an eye of love requite  
her.

*Leon.* The sight whereof I think you had  
from me,  
From Claudio, and the prince: but what's  
your will?

*Bene.* Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:  
But, for<sup>7</sup> my will, my will is, your good-will  
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd  
In the state of honourable marriage:— 30  
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.

*F. Fran.* And my help.—  
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with  
Attendants.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow to this fair assembly.

*Leon.* Good morrow, prince; good morrow,  
Claudio:

We here attend you. Are you yet<sup>8</sup> determin'd  
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

*Claud.* I'll hold my mind, were she an  
Ethiop.

*Leon.* Call her forth, brother; here's the friar  
ready. [Exit Antonio.

<sup>1</sup> Virgin knight, i.e. virgin servant.

<sup>2</sup> Upon, on the ground of

<sup>3</sup> Question, investigation

<sup>4</sup> Sort, turn out.

<sup>5</sup> By faith, i.e. in order to be true to his word

<sup>6</sup> Confirm'd, unmoved

<sup>7</sup> For, as for

<sup>8</sup> Yet, still.



*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, Benedick. Why,  
what's the matter, 40

That you have such a February face,  
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

*Claud.* I think he thinks upon the savage  
bull.—

[Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns  
with gold,

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee; .

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,  
When he would play the noble beast in love.

*Bene.* Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;  
And some such strange bull leap'd<sup>1</sup> your  
father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat 50  
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

*Claud.*] For this I owe you: here come  
other reckonings.

*Re-enter ANTONIO, with HERO, BEATRICE, and  
the Ladies veiled.*

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

*Ant.* This same is she, and I do give you her.

*Claud.* Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let  
me see your face.

*Leon.* No, that you shall not, till you take  
her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

*Claud.* Give me your hand before this holy  
friar:

I am your husband, if you like of me. 59

*Hero.* And when I liv'd, I was your other  
wife: [Unveiling.

And when you lov'd, you were my other hus-  
band.

*Claud.* Another Hero!

*Hero.* Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defil'd;<sup>2</sup> but I do live,

And surely as I live, I am a maid.

*D. Pedro.* The former Hero! Hero that is  
dead!

*Leon.* She died, my lord; but whiles her  
slander liv'd.

*F. Fran.* All this amazement can I qualify;<sup>3</sup>  
When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely<sup>4</sup> of fair Hero's death:

Meantime let wonder seem familiar, 70

And to the chapel let us presently.

*Bene.* Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Bea-  
trice? 72

*Beat.* [Unveiling] I answer to that name.

What is your will?

*Bene.* Do not you love me?

*Beat.* Why, no; no more than reason.

*Bene.* Why, then your uncle, and the prince,  
and Claudio have been deceiv'd; they swore  
you did.

*Beat.* Do not you love me?

*Bene.* Troth, no; no more than reason.

*Beat.* Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and  
Ursula

Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

*Bene.* They swore that you were almost sick  
for me. 80

*Beat.* They swore that you were well-nigh  
dead for me.

*Bene.* 'Tis no such matter.—Then you do  
not love me? \*

*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

*Leon.* Come, cousin, I'm sure you love the  
gentleman.

*Claud.* And I'll be sworn upon't that he  
loves her;

For here's a paper, written in his hand,  
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,  
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

*Hero.* And here's another,

Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,  
Containing her affection unto Benedick. 90

*Bene.* A miracle! here's our own hands  
against our hearts.—Come, I will have thee;  
but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

*Beat.* I would not deny you;—but, by this  
good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and  
partly to save your life, for I was told you  
were in a consumption.

*Bene.* Peace! I will stop your mouth.

[Kissing her.

*D. Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick, the  
married man? 100

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, prince; a college  
of wit-crackers cannot flout<sup>5</sup> me out of my  
humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire  
or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten  
with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome  
about him. In brief, since I do purpose to

<sup>1</sup> Leap'd, i.e. covered.

<sup>2</sup> Defil'd, i.e. slandered.

<sup>3</sup> Qualify, moderate.

<sup>4</sup> Largely, at large, fully

<sup>5</sup> Flout, jeer.

marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout<sup>1</sup> at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that<sup>2</sup>

thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin. 118

*Claud.* I had well hop'd thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have eudgell'd<sup>3</sup> thee out of thy single life, to make thee a trouble-dealer;<sup>3</sup> which, out of question, thou



*D. Pedro* How dost thou Benedick, the married man?—(Act v 4 99 100)

wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends.—Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

*Leon.* We'll have dancing afterward. 123

*Bene.* First, of my word; therefore play, music!—Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tapp'd with horn.

[Enter a Messenger]

*Mess.* My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

*Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow. I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.— Strike up, pipers!

[Dance.  
[Exeun..

<sup>1</sup> Flout, jeer

<sup>2</sup> In that, inasmuch as

<sup>3</sup> Double-dealer, i. e. one who is unfaithful to his wife.

# NOTES TO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

## ACT I. SCENE 1.

1.—The stage-direction in both Q. and Ff. is "*Enter Leonato gouvernour of Messina, INNOGEN his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, with a messenger.*" This character, called *Innogen*, the wife of Leonato and mother of Hero, is not again mentioned throughout the play, nor is any allusion made to her death. It is impossible to believe that Shakespeare would have left the mother of Hero among the characters as a mere dummy. As has been already noted in the Introduction, scarcely any attempt seems to have been made in the Folio to correct the mistakes of the Quarto. The fact that the name of *Innogen* (probably a misprint for *Imogen*) was left, by an oversight, in the stage-direction is interesting; as it shows that Shakespeare had, at first, the intention of introducing this character, but that as he worked out the play he found there was no room for her, so he dropped her altogether. In this he showed his usual dramatic tact; for one cannot conceive how Hero's mother could have been introduced in any of the important scenes without diminishing their effect, and the nature of the story would not permit of her being a very subordinate character.

2. Lines 1, 2: *Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.*—None of the commentators seem to have paid any attention to the question as to what is supposed to be the historical period of this play. The Kingdom of The Two Sicilies, including the Island of Sicily and the Kingdom of Naples on the mainland, was first established, in 1131, under Roger, the second Count of Sicily, who took the title of Roger I., King of The Two Sicilies. In 1286 Charles I. of Anjou, brother of Louis IX., became king of The Two Sicilies. In 1282, in consequence of an insurrection known as the Sicilian Vespers, Sicily became independent, and the two kingdoms were again separated; the house of Anjou retaining that of Naples while that of Sicily went to the house of Arragon. This arrangement continued till 1435, when Alphonso I., king of Sicily, reunited the two crowns. He reigned till 1458, when another separation took place, and a bastard prince of the house of Arragon, whose name was JOHN, assumed the crown of Sicily; under his successor, the celebrated Ferdinand II. of Spain and III. of Naples, the husband of Isabella, Naples and Sicily were again reunited (in 1501) under the crown of Spain; and they continued to be part of the Austro-Spanish Empire established by Charles V. till 1700. Shakespeare did not probably wish to be very particular about the exact historic period of the play; but it would certainly seem that the events here supposed to take place must have occurred when the island was still under the house of Arragon; probably, during some time in the first half of the fifteenth century. It is worth noting that Shakespeare probably took the name

of Don John the Bastard from John of Arragon the Bastard, who was King of Sicily from 1468 to 1479.

3. Line 8: *But few of any SORT, and none of name.*—This line, it will be seen, whether intentionally or not, is in perfect blank verse metre. *Sort* is a word used in several senses. Here perhaps "rank" is the best explanation we can give of it. The word is originally derived from the Latin *sortem*, the accusative of *sortis* = "lot," "destiny." (See Merchant of Venice, note 62.) Thence it naturally came to mean "condition," "class," and so "kind," "species," "manner." For its use = "company," see *Mids Night's Dream*, note 171. Wedgwood compares the use of *lot* in vulgar language.

4. Lines 16, 17: *he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.*—This is one of those passages, not a few in this play, in which, as Seymour rightly observes, sense is sacrificed to "the charm of a jingle" (vol. i. p. 72); if, indeed, the word "charm" can be applied to such an annoying trick.

5. Lines 22, 23: *joy could not show itself modest enough without a BADGE of bitterness.*—Compare Macbeth, i. 4. 33-35:

My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow

Warburton, whose notes are rarely much to the purpose, has a very ingenious criticism on this passage: "Of all the transports of joy, that which is attended with tears is least offensive; because, carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness" (see Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 6). This explains the epithet *modest*; for the figurative use of *badge* compare Sonnet xlv. 14: "heavy tears, *badges* of either's woe." *Badge* originally meant a ring or collar worn as a mark of distinction. In Shakespeare's time it was usually applied to the silver *badges* worn by the servants of the nobility; and, as livery coats were uniformly of a blue colour, they required some such distinction. Compare Rape of Lucrece, line 1054:

A badge of fame to slander's livery.

6. Line 30: *Signior Montanto.*—The reason why Beatrice chooses this name for Benedick is, perhaps, because it was a term used in the fencing schools. It is the same as that referred to in *The Merry Wives*, ii. 3. 25, 27: "to see thee pass thy punto, thy stoock, thy *reygare*, thy distance, thy *montant*;" and in its Spanish form in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, v. 1: "I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passada, your *montanto*" (Works, vol. i. p. 121). *Montanto*, in Spanish, is a two-handed sword, or broadsword, used by fencing masters. The word does not seem to be used in Italian at all.

7. Line 38: *as PLEASANT as ever he was*.—For the use of *pleasant* in this sense of "merry" compare Lucrece, Arg. 8: "In that *pleasant* humour they all posted to Rome;" and Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 131: "By my troth, most *pleasant*." It frequently occurs in the titles of plays, and of books belonging to the class called "Facetiae."

8. Line 39: *He set up his bills*.—It appears to have been the custom for fencing masters, when they first settled in a town, to *set up their bills*; that is to say to post up, in public places, *printed bills* announcing their address and advertising their accomplishments with various weapons. It is most probable that, in these bills, they directly or indirectly challenged anyone who chose to come and have a bout with them, either with the broadsword, or cudgels, or foils. In this sense they might be called challenges; but these *bills* were more of the nature of advertisements—what we should term "posters." It appears to have been the custom to fix bills of this description in certain parts of St. Paul's Cathedral. In Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, in a scene laid in The Middle Aisle of St. Paul's (iii. 1) we have:

*Shift (coming forward)* This is rare, I have *set up my bills* without discovery.

Later on, in the same scene, these *bills* are again referred to, some of them being given in full (Works, vol. ii. pp. 91-98)

9. Line 40: *challeng'd Cupid AT THE FLIGHT*.—There seems to be some difficulty as to ascertaining the exact meaning of this expression. Steevens in his note (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 8) says: "*Flight* (as Mr. Douce observes to me) does not here mean an arrow, but a sort of shooting called *roving*, or shooting at long lengths." See also several references given by Steevens in his note on this passage. An interesting account of *roving*, or rural archery, will be found in The Book of Archery. It would appear, however, from the account given there that *roving* was the highest branch of archery, as it involved shooting at objects "barely within the range of his lightest *flight-shaft*" (p. 407). This would evidently involve, on the part of the archer, not only perfect practice with his bow, as regards what Ascham calls "fair shooting"—that is to say, sending the arrow from the bow clean and straight—but also the power of judging distance, which, as everyone knows who has practised rifle shooting, is a most difficult thing. *Flight* was also applied to a certain kind of arrow. The Book of Archery (p. 391) says: "Old English archers carried into the field a sheaf of twenty-four barbed arrows, buckled within their girdles. A portion of these, about six or eight, were longer, lighter, and winged with narrower feathers than the rest. With these *flight shafts*, as they are termed, they could do execution further than with the remaining heavy sheaf arrows."

10. Line 42: *Challeng'd him at the BIRD-BOLT*.—This was a short blunt arrow used for killing birds. Douce gives representations of these *bird-bolts* (p. 102). In The Book of Archery, plate 16, figure 12, is a more exact representation of such a "blunt arrow;" and in figure 8, same plate, is given "an ornamental case for *bird-bolts* in the time of Queen Elizabeth." They were about half the length of an ordinary arrow. Such arrows would usually

stun a bird, and not inflict such a wound as to injure it for the purposes of the table. Those who were adepts at the long-bow looked down upon the cross-bow as being so much easier a weapon to handle. Douce says (p. 102): that fools, "for obvious reasons were only entrusted with blunt arrows; hence the proverb *A fool's bolt is soon shot*." This, I think, is decidedly an error, as the proverb only refers to the fact that a *fool* generally shoots in too great a hurry, and will fire all his arrows and ammunition away without producing much effect. These blunt arrows were only used, apparently, for small birds. Against wild-fowl and herons they would be of no use. In the case of the larger birds the sportsman generally employed barbed and double-headed arrows.

11. Lines 43, 44: *I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars?*—Compare Lilly's Endimion, ii. 2:

*Top* . . . Let me see, be our enemies fat?

*Epi.* Passing fat: and I would not change this life to be a lord; and yourself passeth all comparison, for other captains *kill* and *beate*, and there is nothing you *kill*, but you also *rate*

—Works, vol. i. p. 24

Compare also Henry V. iii. 7. 99, 100.

*Ram* He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think he will eat all *his* kills,

12. Line 48: *he'll be meet with you*—Steevens says that this is a very common expression in the midland counties. Halliwell, in his Provincial and Archaic Dictionary, says that it is still in use. See Middleton's The Witch, ii. 1: "Now I'll be *meet* with 'em" (Works, vol. iii. p. 262). Compare also the expression to *meet* with—"to be even with," e.g. in A Match at Midnight, iii. 1: "I know the old man's gone to meet with an old wench that will *meet* with him" (Dodsley, vol. xiii. p. 62)

13. Line 56: *stuff'd with all honourable virtues*.—Compare Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 183.

*Stuff'd*, as they say, with *honourable parts*

Steevens quotes, on the authority of Edwards's MS., from Mede's Discourses on Scripture, referring to Adam, "he whom God had *stuff'd* with so many excellent qualities" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 10)

14. Line 60: *but for the stuffing*.—well, we are all mortal.—Q. Ff have *stuffing* well, a punctuation which renders the passage nonsense. Theobald first made the alteration. The passage, however, is so stopped in Davenant's Law against Lovers, i. 1 (Works, vol. v. p. 120, edn. 1870). Beatrice breaks off abruptly here, apparently because she has used the expression "*stuff'd* man" in the line above, that being one of the many synonyms of a cuckold; at least so Farmer says, in his note, on the strength of a passage in Lilly's Mydas, v. 1, where Petulus and Licio are going through an inventory of Motto's movables:

*Pet* Item, one paire of horns in the brde chamber, on the bed's head

*Licio.* The beast's head, for Motto is *stufft* in the head, and these are among unmoveable goods

—Works, vol. ii. p. 58

I cannot find the expression used, in this sense, anywhere else: but if that be the meaning of the phrase here, Beatrice would naturally pull herself up, remembering that, as Benedick was not married, he could scarcely be a cuckold; and the sense of the commonplace end to her

speech, *well, we are all mortal* would be that, as he was mortal, he might yet be married.

15. Line 66: *four of his FIVE WITS went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one.*—Compare Sonnet cxli 9, 10:

But my *five wits* nor any five senses can  
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee;

and Lear, iii. 4. 59: "Bless thy *five wits*!" In the Interlude of Every Man, which was published in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., we have the *five wits* among the characters:

Also ye must call to mind  
Your *Five Wits* as your counsellors.

—Dodsley, vol. i. p. 130.

16. Line 69: *if he have wit enough to keep himself warm.*—This is a common proverbial expression. Compare Taming of Shrew, ii. 1. 268, 269:

Pat. Am I not wise?  
Kath.

Yes; keep you warm;

and Heywood's Wise-woman of Hogsdon, ii. 1: "You are the Wise-woman, are you? and have wit to *keepe your selfe warme enough*, I warrant you" (Works, vol. v. p. 295)

17. Lines 69, 70: *let him bear it FOR A DIFFERENCE between himself and his horse.*—Compare Hamlet, iv. 5. 183: "you must wear your rue with a difference." This word *difference* is rather loosely defined in ordinary dictionaries. In Sloane-Evans's Grammar of British Heraldry (pp. 43-50) will be found a very full account of Heraldic Differences, which, he says, may be defined as "Extraordinary Additaments, whereby bearers of the same Coat Armour may be distinguished, and their nearness to the representative of the family demonstrated." They were divided into two classes, ancient and modern. The ancient ones were used to distinguish between tribes and nations as well as individual persons, and consisted of various "Bordures" which went round the edge of the shield; of these there were fourteen different kinds. The modern Differences came into use about the time of Richard II., and consisted of nine different signs and marks, of which the first was the label, being the badge of the eldest son and heir during his father's lifetime. The others were the Crescent, Mullet, Martlet, Annulet, Fleur-de-Lis, &c., which were borne by the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, &c., sons.

18. Line 73: *He hath every month a new SWORN BROTHER.*—Compare Richard II. v. 1. 20, 21:

I am sworn brother, sweet,  
To grim Necessity;

and I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 7: "I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers." When two knights became *brothers*, or companions in arms, they usually recorded their friendship or brotherhood with some semi-barbarous ceremony, such as being bled and mixing their blood together. In his article on this phrase, Nares says: "Robert de Olly, and Roger de Ivery, are recorded as *sworn brothers* (*fratres jurati*) in the expedition of the Conqueror to England, and they shared the honours bestowed upon either of them." They were also called *fratres conjurati*, and the term was sometimes applied to those who were sworn to defend the king against his enemies.

19. Line 77: *it ever changes with the next block.*—That is, the wooden block on which hats are made. The word is still used in this sense. It occurs in Shakespeare in only one other passage, in Lear, iv. 6. 187: "this's a good block." In other senses Shakespeare uses the word frequently.

20. Lines 78, 79: *the gentleman is not in YOUR BOOKS.*—The origin of this phrase seems to be doubtful. Some suppose that it is connected with the custom of great men keeping books with the names of their retainers and members of their household. Others, with more probability, suppose that it refers to the memorandum book or tables which it was the custom for everyone to carry. The allusions to this custom are frequent in Shakespeare and other authors, e.g. the well-known passage in Hamlet, i. 5. 107:

My tables,—meet it is I set it down.

But one would think that these tables or memoranda books would be used more for recording events and engagements, or as a commonplace book, than as records of the names of those with whom the writer of the memoranda was familiar, or on good terms. In the present day we generally say that a person is "in one's good books," or "in one's bad books," and this would certainly seem to refer to the books or ledger of a tradesman; the good books being the pages which recorded the good debts, and therefore trustworthy debtors; the bad books those in which the bad debts were entered. As in Shakespeare's time it was not the custom to give credit, except to those persons who were well known, it is very probable that, after all, this phrase may have had, originally, a commercial origin; and that to say a person was in your books meant merely that he was such a one as you could trust, and to whom you would give credit. It may be worth mentioning that it seems, to judge from some books of Shakespeare's period which have come down to us, to have been the custom for the owner of a book to write or scribble, on the title-page and elsewhere, the name of some friend or some favourite author; in which custom those who prefer a far-fetched derivation may, perhaps, find the origin of the phrase. Beatrice's answer, "No; an he were, I would buy my study," seems to favour some connection between the phrase and the books in one's library.

21. Line 81: *young SQUARER*—Compare Mid. Night's Dream, not 72. This is the only place where Shakespeare uses the substantive = "quarreller." For the verb compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 41:

Vine honesty and I begin to square.

22. Line 95: Enter Don Pedro, Don John, &c.—Q. Ft. have "John the Bastard." See above, note 2.

23. Lines 98-102.—This speech of Leonato's is a very graceful compliment. In confirmation of the suggestion made in our Introduction (p. 16) that Shakespeare, while writing the prose portions of this play, had Lilly's style very much in his mind, compare the following speech in Lilly's Endimion, ii. 1: "End. You know (*faire Tellus*) that the sweet remembrance of your love, is the onely companion of my life, and thy presence, my paradise; so that I am not alone when nobodie is with mee, and in heaven itselfe when thou art with me" (Works, vol. i.

p 90) Although there are no identical phrases common to the two speeches, yet in the style there is considerable similarity

• 24 Line 103 *You embrace your CHARGE too willingly* — Johnson says that *charge* means "burden, incumbrance" (Var Ed vol vii p 15), but Douce explains it "the person committed to your care" As Don Pedro has alluded above (line 98) to the probable cost of entertaining him, the word *charge* is, perhaps, used advisedly—"the person whom you will be at the charge of entertaining" The royal progresses, in which the sovereign used to indulge in Shakespeare's time, no doubt conferred great honour upon the persons her majesty visited, but they were also a source of considerable expense.

25 Line 109 *You have it full* — Schmidt explains this phrase—"you are the man, you will do it," and compares this with the passage in *Taming of Shrew*, i 1 203 "I have it full" But surely, there, the meaning is, I have the plan complete, while here it is no more nor less than a polite form of the vulgar expression *You have got it hot*, meaning that Leonato's courteous retort to Benedick's rather impertinent question was a reproof which hit him full in the face

26 Lines 113-115 *If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Mes-sina as like him as she is* — The meaning of this speech is not quite clear though none of the commentators seem to have felt any difficulty about it. Perhaps Benedick means to say that Hero would not exchange her young head for her father's old and gray-haired one

27 Line 125 *Courtesy itself must CONVERT to disdain*. — Shakespeare uses *convert* in the intransitive sense else where principally in his earlier works, e.g. in *Lucrece*, line 592 "stones dissolv'd to water do convert," and *Richard II* v 1 66

The love of wicked men converts to fear

28 Line 131 *troubled with a PERNICIOUS suitor* Grey proposed to read *pertinacious* a very unnecessary change, and a word never used by Shakespeare while *pernicious* is a very favourite word of Shakespeare's

29 Line 137 *an 'twere such a face as yours WERE* — That anachronistic personage, the Old Corrector, omitted *were*, but his godfather Mr Collier restored it, on the ground that it was certainly the language of Shakespeare's day Dyce doubts if the old text is right and certainly the omission of *were* would be an improvement

30 Lines 140, 141 *A bird of my TONGUE is better than a beast of yours* — Seymour suggests that for *tongue* we should read *teaching*. But Benedick's answer seems to show that the text is right Beatrice probably means by *a bird of my tongue*, "a bird that my tongue has taught" Benedick's answer would have no meaning if Seymour's conjecture were adopted

31 Lines 147-149 *THIS is the sum of all Leonato — Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, — my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all* — Q reads "That is" The Cambridge edd punctuate this sentence thus *That is the sum of all, Leonato Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all* — They

have a note (II) in which they say: "The punctuation which we have adopted seems to be the only one which will make sense of this passage without altering the text We must suppose that, during the 'skirmish of wit' between Benedick and Beatrice, from line 98 to 125, Don Pedro and Leonato have been talking apart and making arrangements for the visit of the Prince and his friends" We have inserted the necessary stage-direction, in order to show that Don Pedro and Leonato are supposed to be talking apart during the wordy encounter of Benedick and Beatrice This is consonant with the arrangement adopted on the stage, but we have not followed the punctuation of the Cambridge edd, as Q. Ff all agree in punctuating the passage much as in our text The speaker is addressing Claudio and Benedick, and he breaks off his sentence to call their attention to Leonato It will be noted that he does not include Don John Hammer suggested reading *Don John* instead of the first *Leonato* But perhaps Don Pedro deliberately omitted to address Don John, for, though reconciled they were not on very cordial terms See below, scene 3, lines 22-24

32 Line 171 *a professed TYRANT to their sex* — For this use of *tyrant* compare Measure for Measure ii 4. 169 "I'll prove a tyrant to him"

33 Line 183 *Yes, and a CASE to put it into* — Benedick plays here upon the word *case*, which does not only mean a jewel case, but also 'a dress Compare I Henry IV i 2 201 I have *cases* of buckram for the nonce In Nabbes's Covent Garden iii 3 Spruce alluding to his dress says I have this onely *case* for my Carcasse and 't will not be quite paid for till the next quarter (Bullen's Old Plays, New Series, vol i p 48)

34 Lines 184 185 *do you play the FLOUTING JACK, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare car-penter* — Jack appears always to have been used in a contemptuous sense or, at best applied to a pert fellow, as *Jack a dandy* In *Merry Wives*, iii 1 120, and iv 5 88, Sir Hugh Evans uses *flouting stog* (= *flouting stock*) = laughing stock The latter part of this passage has puzzled commentators of old, but perhaps the simple explanation is the right one He means "Do you mean to laugh at us by telling us that *blind Cupid* is a good *finder of hares*, and that *Vulcan* the clumsy blacksmith is a good *carpenter*? There possibly may be a double meaning in *harefinder*, but if so, it is scarcely worth the trouble of deciphering it See *Romeo and Juliet*, note 96

35 Lines 191-194 — Here is a dramatic hint at Benedick's concealed liking for Beatrice, which is afterwards so cleverly developed into love

36 Lines 200-202 *Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion*! — The explanation given in our foot-note is probably the right one Henderson quotes a passage from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* "All they that *wear hornes* be pardoned to *wear their coppes* upon their heads" (Var Ed vol vii p 19)

37 Line 204 *ugh away Sundays* — Warburton says this was a proverbial expression but no other instance of its use has been found Stevens thought it was an allusion to the Puritans Sabbath Possibly it may be, but it seems more likely that it refers to the wholesome restraint which

husbands enjoy on Sunday; on which day, in Shakespeare's time as in our own, gay young bachelors would amuse themselves in spite of ecclesiastical prohibition.

## 38. Lines 217-220:

Claud. *If this were so, so WERE it UTTER'D.*

Bene. *Like the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor 't was not so; but indeed, God forbid it should be so."*

This passage, at first sight, is not very intelligible, especially the speech of Claudio. Johnson thought there was something omitted in the previous dialogue; but, in order to make the sense clearer, he suggested that Claudio's speech should break off abruptly at *were*, and that *utter'd* should belong to Benedick's speech. Stevens explained Claudio's speech thus: "If I had really confided such a secret to him, yet he would have blabbed it in this manner" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 20). But surely his words cannot bear that meaning. He simply means to make an indirect and rather ungracious confession that what Benedick says is true. The meaning is: "If this he says were true, so would it be told." The *were* here can hardly be optative—"I would wish it were so told;" for Claudio could not have thought Benedick's manner of telling his secret a very agreeable one. Benedick replies to this half-sullen confession of Claudio's by comparing it with the words *uttered* in some well-known old tale. These words would have been almost incomprehensible to us, if it had not been that Blakeway was able to recall this identical tale as told to him when a child by an old aunt. His version is probably pretty much the same as that which was current in Shakespeare's time. The story belongs to the Bluebeard class, and is generally known as the Story of Mr. Fox. From the notes to Grimm's Fairy Tales (vol. ii pp. 164-167, edn. 1864) it would appear that the same story is to be found in Danish and Hungarian. It may be compared with "Blondie Jacke of Shrewsbury" in the Ingoldsby Legends, and with the story of Captain Murderer given in Dickens's most amusing article, "Nurses' Stories," published in The Uncommercial Traveller. These stories all resemble one another in the main point, namely, that the hero of them was in the habit of marrying as many young ladies as he could get hold of, and of murdering them very soon after marriage. Captain Murderer disposed of his victims' remains in a pie, which he ate with some ceremony and great delectation. Blondie Jack, in the old story, only kept the toes and fingers of his wives, and gave the rest of them to a big dog. Blakeway's story will be found in the Var. Ed. (vol. vii. pp. 163-165); and it is quoted at length by Rolfe. The girl who finds out Mr. Fox is called Lady Mary. Like the heroines of similar stories she conceals herself under a staircase, and sees Mr. Fox dragging a young lady down the staircase, to the balusters of which she clings. Mr. Fox cuts off her hand with a gold bracelet on it, which falls into the lap of Lady Mary. (In the other stories it is the wedding-ring finger, with the ring on it, that the murderer cuts off.) She takes the opportunity, when Mr. Fox is dining at a house in company with her two brothers, to tell the story; saying after each incident, *It is not so, nor it was not so* to Mr. Fox, who, as he gets interested, repeats, *It is not so, nor 't was not so, and God forbid it should be so*. This would make us incline to believe that we should read, *So were it NOT*

*uttered*, in Claudio's speech in the line above. But, perhaps, all that Benedick intends by his allusion is to say that Claudio's half-denial of being in love was worth no more than Mr. Fox's protestation in the old story.

It may be worth remarking that Barham, curiously enough, thought Blondie Jack to be an original story.<sup>1</sup> (See a letter of his in Life of R. H. Barham, vol. ii. p. 98.)

39. Lines 221, 222: *If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.*—This speech is not very clear. Claudio probably means: "If a change does not come over my feelings, God forbid it should be otherwise than that I am in love with her and hope to marry her."

40. Line 239: *force of his will.*—Warburton detected here an allusion to the theological definition of heresy, which is *willful* adherence to heterodox opinion (Vag Ed. vol. vii. p. 21). Schmidt's explanation, though not quite so refined, is, perhaps, more probable; that Claudio uses *will* here in the sense of "carnal passion," "lust." There are many "strokes of wit" in this play which will not bear inquiring into too curiously.

41. Lines 242, 243: *RECHEAT wided in my forehead.*—*Recheat* is from the French *requite*, old French *requeste*. It was sometimes written *rechate*. It was the call sounded on the hunting-horn, or bugle, to recall the hounds from the fox, or other game. There were regular notes for it. See a note in the Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 21, where Stevens quotes a sheet in the British Museum, containing the ancient hunting notes of England, from which it would appear that there were several kinds of *recheats*. It is alluded to in the Return from Parnassus (ll. 5): "when you blow the death of your fox in the field or court, then must you sound 3. notes, with 3. windes, and *recheat*; marke you sir, vpon the same with 3. windes" (Macray's Reprint, pt. ii. p. 106).

42. Lines 245, 246: *and the FINE is (for the which I may go the finer).*—For *FINE*=conclusion, compare All's Well, iv. 4. 35: "still the *fine's* the crown." This is another silly jingle, with which we may compare Hamlet, v. 1. 115: "is this the *fine* of his *finis*?"

43. Line 259: *If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me.*—The reference here is to a cruel practice which, according to Douce (quoted in the Var. Ed. vol. iii. p. 23), though the passage is not in his Illustrations of Shakespeare, 1839, was still kept up at Kelso in Scotland, where it is called "Cat in barrel." A cat was placed in a small wooden barrel, or in a basket, and shot at by archers.

44. Line 280: *let him be clapp'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam.*—No doubt, in spite of the acrimonious note of Ritson in his Remarks Critical, &c., 1788 (published anonymously), this refers to Adam Bell, the well-known outlaw, so famous, in the North of England, with his two companions Clyng of the Clough and William

<sup>1</sup> The purport of the passage is rather doubtful. It is not clear whether Barham means that he believed the stanza to be new, or the story. He alludes to it again (pp. xoe, 109); but, at any rate, he does not seem to have been aware that it was virtually the same story as that alluded to here, or that a similar one existed in other countries.



43. Line 205. "At a long ballad in Percy's Reliques on this subject. (Series I. book II.)"

44. Line 205. "In time the passage bull doth bear the yoke." This line is slightly misquoted from Kyd's Spanish Tragedy (licensed 1592). It appears that the line was taken from Watson's Remonstrance, 1592, and occurs in Sonnet xviii.

45. Lines 207, 208. "as such great letters as they write, 'Here is good horses to hire'."—This shows us that, in Shakespeare's time, announcements, on the outside of ale houses and such like places, were written in as primitive a fashion as they were in Pompeii, or as they are in some of the villages of southern Italy nowadays, and that printed bills were the exception and not the rule.

46. Line 274. "If Cupid have not spent all his quiver in VENICE."—Venice, in Shakespeare's time, was a modern Corinth, the paradise of pleasure seekers, especially of those given to the worship of Venus. Writers of the Elizabethan age testify to the number and beauty of its courtesans, professional and amateur. Borde in his Boke to the Introduction to Knowledge (chap. xxiv) says "whosoever y<sup>e</sup> hath not seene the noble citie of Venus he hath not seene y<sup>e</sup> bewtye and ryches of this worlde".

48. Lines 283-286

Claudio. To the tuition of God. From my house (if I had it).—

D. Pedro. I beseech of July. Your loving friend Benedick. Claudio is ridiculing the old-fashioned mode of terminating letters especially dedicatory ones. Reed quotes from Barnaby Rudge in his dedication to the first edition of Falingenius, 1660 "And thus committyn your Ladiship with all yours to the tuition of the moste mercifull God I sende. From Staple Inn at London the eight and twenty of March (Var. Ed. vol. vii p. 26). Reed says that this mode of ending letters had become obsolete in Shakespeare's time but though it might be considered affected, it was not obsolete. See Malone's note on same passage (ut supra, p. 26).

49. Lines 288-289. The body of your discourse is some times GUARDED with fragments.—Guarded means as explained in our foot-note "ornamented with some trimming or borders." Compare Merchant of Venice, II. 2. 163-164.

Give him a livery  
More guarded than his fellows

But guards were also used for other ornaments such as embroidery, or "clocks" on hose. See Love's Labour's Lost, act. III.

50. Lines 290, 291. "are you stout OLD END any further manning your conscience and so I leave you"—It is not very clear whether Benedick refers to the old way of finishing letters, which they were laughing at or whether he refers to the quotation from The Spanish Tragedy (line 205, above). It is evident that he affects to be very solemn in his leave-taking, and to resent their laughter at his denunciations of marriage. At present he is very serious on this subject, having no idea of living to see himself slightly called "Benedick the married man."

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51. Line 299. When you went onward on this ended.—ACTION.—Compare Measure, line 1564.

Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes.

Action here means something more than a single battle. We have explained it in the foot-note—"campaign." Schmidt explains it as a "warlike enterprise." Compare King John II. 1. 233.

Forwarded in this action of swift speed; referring to the campaign in which Angiers was taken by John, and Arthur was made prisoner.

52. Line 307. Saying I lik'd her ere I went to wars.—It is evident that Claudio is going to say more, something to the effect that "now that liking has grown into love, &c." Don Pedro, however, interrupts him. This mode of punctuating the passage is adopted by Collier, Halliwell, and Rolfe.

53. Line 309. And tire the hearer with a BOOK OF WORDS.—Perhaps there is some reference here to the rather tedious Books of Words often provided for masquers in their entertainments. (Compare Romeo and Juliet note 46.) It is possible that when no book was provided, the masquers improvised dialogues which were perhaps, no less tedious than the written words. Certainly nothing could well be more so than the Books of Words to most masques.

54. Line 311. And I will BREAK WITH her.—For a similar use of this phrase compare Iwo Gent. I. 3. 44. "now will we break with him" and King John IV. 2. 227.

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death

The expression occurs more than once in this play. Compare II. 1. 162 III. 2. 76. The same phrase is also used without an objective—to break faith, in Merry Wives, III. 2. 57.

I would not break with her for more money

55. Line 313. to twist so fine a STORY. Walker suggests that story is not the right reading (vol. III p. 29). Letterson conjectured string. But surely the expression may be compared with the phrase so common in our time to spin a yarn, the idea having been taken from the twisting together of the threads from off the distaff of a spinning wheel.

56. Line 317. I would have SALV'D it with a longer treatise.—For a similar figurative use of *salve* compare Coriolanus III. 2. 70-72.

so I may *salve* it

Not what is dangerous present but the loss  
Of what is past

57. Lines 318-319

What need the bridge much broader than the flood?  
The fairest GRANT is the necessity

Many emendations have been made on the latter somewhat obscure line. Hanmer for grant substituted *plea*. Collier's Old Corrector altered it to *ground*. The Cambridge edd. give an anonymous conjecture *garanto*. Warburton explains the passage "no one can have a better reason for granting a request than the necessity of its being granted" (Var. Ed. vol. VII p. 27). Mason makes *grant*=concession (ut supra) and Stevens explains it "The fairest grant is to necessity i.e. necessitas quod"



cogit defendit" (*ut supra*). Let us, however, look at the whole passage. Don Pedro says:

What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

i.e. "Why need your apologies be so much more ample than the case requires?" Then he goes on, "the kindest answer I can make to your request is to give what you most urgently need the necessity, i.e. my influence on your behalf," and he goes on *Look, what will serve is fit*, that is to say, "What will answer the purpose," or "What will gain your object is the best thing to do." This seems a more straightforward and a clearer explanation than any of those given above, although it involves an elliptical construction. For a similar use of *necessity* compare Winter's Tale, 1 2 22:

Were there necessity in your request

Shakespeare uses it frequently in the sense of "cogency," "imperative need." The substantive *grant* does not occur very often; it is used = the grant of a request in III. Henry VI iii 3 130

Your *grant*, or your denial, shall be mine,

and again: II. Henry IV. iv 2 40

With *grant* of our most just and right desires

But if this interpretation of the passage be thought too far-fetched, we must suppose that all Don Pedro means to say is: "The best excuse for you is that everyone must be in love some time or other" (*the necessity*). But this explanation strikes one as not quite satisfactory. Don Pedro takes a serious interest in Claudio's love affair, and is anxious to forward it, he recognizes that he stands in need, perhaps, of some recommendation to Leonato, and that his, i.e. Don Pedro's, good word would help him more than anything else. Except for the recent success which he had made in the campaign under Don Pedro, it may be doubted whether Claudio could have ventured to aspire to the hand of the daughter of the governor of Messina.

#### ACT I SCENE 2.

58 Line 1: *How now, brother! Where is my COUSIN, your son?*—*Cousin* was used very loosely in Shakespeare's time for any kinsman. For instance, in King John, iii 3. 17, Eleanor uses it when addressing her grandson, and below, in the same scene, line 71, John uses it, as here, for "nephew." *Niece* and *nephew* were both used in a similarly lax manner. See Two Gent. note 91; and I Henry VI. note 135

59. Line 4: *I can tell you STRANGE news.*—So Q.; Ff omit *strange*

60 Lines 4, 5:

NEWS, that you yet dreamt not of  
Leon ARE THEY good?

Shakespeare uses *news* both as a singular and plural noun. See Tempest, v 1 220. "What is the news?" and ii 1 130 of this play: "*these ill news*," where again he uses it in the plural.

61. Line 6: *As the EVENT stamps them*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. Q. F. 1 have *events*

62 Line 9: *walking in a thick-PLACHED alley in my ORCHARD.*—Shakespeare uses *pleached* in Henry V. v. 2. 42:

"hedges even *pleach'd*;" in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 14. 73: "with *pleach'd* arms;" and in this play, iii. 1. 7: "*steal into the pleached bower.*" In The Lover's Complaint, line 205, we have:

With twisted metal amorously *impleach'd*

The verb to *pleach*, or to *plash*—the latter being the more usual form—is connected with middle English *pleachen* = to propagate a vine. The old French was *plessier*, and the modern French *plesser*, which Cotgrave renders "To *plash* C. . plait young branches, one within an other; also, to thicken a hedge, or cover a walke, by *plashing*." These are probably all derived from the Latin *plectere*. To *plash* is still used as a term in modern gardening.

Shakespeare does not ever use *orchard* in the modern sense of a garden devoted to fruit-trees, as distinguished from a flower-garden. The fact is, that, in olden times, a flower-garden and what we call a kitchen-garden were all one. Such gardens may still be seen attached to monasteries. At the Dominican Monastery near Woodchester, in Gloucestershire, there is a very fine specimen of a *thick-pleached* alley of filbert trees. Such alleys, alas! are quite out of fashion in modern gardens.

63 Line 10. *were thus MUCH overheard by a man of mine*—Ff omit *much*, perhaps rightly, as being unnecessary, and, on the same ground, the omission of *strange* (line 4 above) might be justified.

64 Line 16 to take the *present time by the top*.—Compare All's Well, v 3 39

I et take the instant *by the forward top*

Compare the common expression, "To take time by the forelock." For *break with him*, see above, note 54.

65 Line 21 *we will hold it as a dream till it APPEAR itself*—Dyce, very plausibly, suggests that we should read *approve*, and compares Coriolanus, iv 3 9. "your favour is well *approv'd* by your tongue," where, he says, "the Folio has *appear'd*, but the sense requires *approv'd*." Schmidt says it is used there adjectively = "apparent." It is possible that, after all, the reading in the text requires no alteration. The sense may be "We will look upon it as a dream till it makes itself visible," *itself* having the force of "the very person."

66 Lines 24, 25 [Exit Antonio—Antonio's son, with some Musicians crosses the stage—To Antonio's son] *COUSIN, you know what you have to do.*—It is evident that Antonio is intended to go off the stage at this point, and that these words are addressed to somebody else; most probably, as Dyce suggests, to Antonio's son. For *cousin* see note 58 above.

There is no stage-direction in the original either for Antonio's exit, or for the entry of anybody else. The only direction prefixed to the scene in Q. Ff. is *Enter Leonato and an old man brother to Leonato*. Capell inserted here the stage-direction, *Enter several persons, bearing things for the Banquet*, for which the Cambridge edd. substituted *Enter Attendants*.

Q. Ff read *cousins*. We have followed Dyce in reading *cousin*, as Q. Ff. both have "good *cousins*" just below, line 29, and it is much more probable that Antonio should address his *nephew* than that he should address one of the attendants.

## ACT I. SCENE 3.

67. Line 1: *What the good-year!*—This expression, according to some commentators, is equivalent to "a slight curse." Good-year is supposed, generally, to be a corruption of *goujere* (Fr.)=the venereal disease; and the expression would therefore be equivalent to "What the pox on it!" Blakeway quotes Roper's Life of More. "When Sir Thomas More was confined in the Tower, his wife visited him, and began reproving him: 'What the good years, Mr. Moore, I marvel that you will now see playe the fooler!'" (Var. Ed vol v p 29) Halliwell (in his Folio Shakespeare) quotes from Holyband's French Littleton, ed. 1609, a passage where the expression is used in its literal sense, "God give you a good morrow and a good years.—Dieu vous doit bon jour et bon an." He also gives several similar examples. The same expression, *What the good year!* occurs in three other passages in Shakespeare: in *Merry Wives*, i 4 129, where it is spelt in F. 1 *good yer*; and in II Henry IV ii 4 64, 191, where, in the Quarto, it is spelt in the first passage *good-yere*, and in the second *gooddeare*, and in F. 1 *good-yere* in both passages. In the passage in our text it is spelt *good year*. In *Lear*, v 3 24.

The *good-years* shall devour them, flesh and fell,

F 1 has *good yeares*, Qq have simply *good*. It therefore remains doubtful whether we are to consider the word, in this passage, as a corruption of *goujere*, or whether we are to consider it as *good year*. In the three instances where this same expression occurs quoted above, Mistress Quickly<sup>1</sup> is the speaker on each occasion, and therefore it is highly probable that the expression is intended to have there its vulgar sense. In the passage in our text Conrade is the speaker, and, though he is addressing Don John, his superior, still, as he does not seem to have been a gentleman distinguished by any remarkable politeness, it is quite possible that he would use the coarser of the two expressions. In the passage from *King Lear* there can be no doubt that *good-year* means the same disease as the French *goujere*.

68. Line 4 *There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it*—Q Ff. omit it; added by Theobald

69. Lines 11-19—Don John's sentiments in this speech epitomize the principles of a thoroughly selfish man. Johnson has a note in which he remarks: "This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too sullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p 80)

70. Line 19: *CLAW no man in his humour*—It does not appear that Shakespeare uses *claw* elsewhere in this sense—to flatter, except in *Love's Labour's Lost*, where Nathaniel, after complimenting Holofernes on his verses, says (iv. 2. 64-66): "A rare talent," and Dull remarks: "If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent." There it would certainly seem that *claw*

is used in the double sense. Palgrave has: "I *claw*, as a man or a beag dothe a thyng softly with his nayles, *Je gratigne*, [prim. conj.] *Claw* my backe and I will *claw* thy toe; *gratigne* mon dos et je te *gratigneray* ton orteil." Cotgrave has: "To *claw* gently. *Galloner*;" and under *Galloner*, "To stroake, cherish, *claw*, or clap the backe;" and Minshew has: "*Clawebake*, vide *Adulador*," i.e. a flatterer

71. Lines 28, 29. *I had rather be a CANKER in a hedge than a rose IN his GRACE*—*Canker* here is supposed to mean the dog-rose, the sense in which certainly Shakespeare seems sometimes to use it, as in I Henry IV. i 3. 175, 176

To put down Richd. that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this *canker*, Bolingbroke

There is also the following passage in Middleton's *Fair Quarrel*, iii 2

he held out a rose,  
To draw the yielding vense, which come to hand,  
He shifts and gives a *canker*

—Works, vol. iii p 502

It is not very easy to see how *CANKER rose* came to be applied to the dog-rose. In some dialects *canker rose* means the red poppy, both from its colour and from its being a noxious weed in wheat-fields. Grise gives. "*CANKER*, a poisonous fungus, resembling a mushroom. Glou. Likewise the dog-rose. Devon. Called also the *canker-rose*." One does not see why the dog-rose should have so ill a name, as it grows generally in hedges where it does no harm. The word *canker* does not ever seem to have borne any sense except that of "a sore," or "a disease in trees," or "a fungus." It is possible that the reason why this name was given to the dog-rose—of which, by the way, there are twenty-three different species in England—is that this shrub is very subject to a disease which in Cumberland I have often heard called the *canker*, and which anyone who walks along a country hedgerow may notice for himself. In this disease the calyx becomes abnormally developed, and the bud, instead of growing into a flower, remains a large green mossy-looking lump which produces neither flower nor seed. It would seem that this use of the word *canker* is by no means confined to the North. Johnson would read "rose by his grace;" but he first hazarded the conjecture "rose in his garden." It is evident that Don John refers to Conrade's speech above (line 22), where he reminds him that his brother has taken him "newly into his grace."

72. Line 41: *I make all use of it, for I use it ONLY*.—This Steevens explains "I make nothing else my counsel-lor" (Var. Ed. vol vii p 81). But surely it is not necessary to attach this meaning to the phrase. What Don John means is that he makes *all use* of his discontent, because it is the only humour that he ever does *use* or employ.

73. Line 50. *What is he for a fool!*—For this phrase compare *Ram Alley*, iv. 1:

*Lady Sam. What is he for a man?*

*Serv. Man. Nothing for a man but much for a beast*

—Dodsley, vol. x p 335

Shakespeare does not seem to have used this expression except in this instance. Compare Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, iii 1: "*What is he for a vicar!*" (Works, vol. iii.

<sup>1</sup> It is doubtful, to say the least, whether the Mistress Quickly of the *Merry Wives* and of Henry IV. are the same person.

p. 397). Gifford in his note on this passage says: "This is pure German, or, as the authorized phrase seems to be, Saxon, in its idiom, and is very common in our old writers. Was ist das für ein?" Compare also Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, iii. 1: "*What is he for a creature?*" (Works, vol. II. p. 105). Though not exactly the same expression, we may compare Comedy of Errors, II. 2. 190: "I cross me for a sinner."

74 Line 54: *And who—and who—which way looks he!*—None of the commentators seem to have paid any attention to this passage, which is not very intelligible, except Walker, who gives four instances from Shirley's plays of similar repetition; three being the very same phrase. Dyce says that Grant White pronounced the second *and who* to be an accidental repetition. But whether it be an accidental repetition or not, there does not seem to be any sense in the sentence as commonly punctuated. Don John has already asked (line 52), "*Who, the most exquisite Claudio?*" to which Borachio answers "Even he." But there can be no sense in his asking *again* who Claudio is. As we have printed the passage, the meaning would be that Don John is going to ask *And who—and who is the lady?* when he changes his mind and puts the question in another form. It may be that *And who and who!* is a misprint for *And how and how!* but even then there does not seem much sense in it.

75 Line 58: *A very forward MARCH-CHICK.*—This is usually explained as a chicken hatched in March. Amongst poultry farmers it is not usual to set eggs under the hens until the spring; but the earlier they are set, the more valuable the chickens are for the market and for laying purposes, as the pullets bred early in the year come on to lay in the winter months when eggs are scarcest.

76 Lines 60, 61: *Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was SMOKING a musty room*—Steevens says in his note on this passage: "The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors, rendered such precautions too often necessary" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 32). But it is not at all certain that the *smoking*, or *fumigation*, of the rooms was necessitated by any special want of cleanliness. In a very interesting reprint by Dr Furnivall, Bokes of Nurture and Keruynge, there is given at pp. 141, 142, in an extract from Sir John Harington's Schoole of Saleme, 2nd Part (1624): "Take your meate in the hotte time of Summer in cold places, but in the Winter let there bee a blight fire, and take it in hotte places, your parlors or chambers being first purged and ayred with *suffumigations*, which I would not haue you to enter before the suffumigation bee plainly extinct, lest you draw the fume by reason of the odour." It would seem that the object of these *fumigations* was to air a room which had not been used regularly for some time.

77. Lines 67-70: *That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way*—It does not quite appear what ground Don John had, further than his sullen discontented nature, for his hatred of Claudio; or in what particular Claudio could be said to have caused his overthrow. It looks as if the ground of complaint was very much the same as that which Iago had against Cassio; and

that Claudio, by gaining Don Pedro's favour, had been raised over the head of Don John in the army. We are told that Don John had been taken "newly into his grace" after having "stood out against" him, perhaps, upon this very subject of Claudio's promotion. See Conrade's speech above, lines 22-24. Anyhow, it is clear that the reconciliation, however brought about, was not a very sincere one.

# ACT II. SCENE 1.

78.—The stage-direction at the beginning of this scene stands thus in Q. and F1.: "*Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, and a kinsman.*" See above, note 1.

79 Lines 4, 5: *I never can see him but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.*—This expression, more forcible than elegant, well describes the disagreeable sensation known as *heartburn*, which arises from an excess of acidity, and causes the food after a meal, when only half digested, to rise in the stomach.

80 Lines 10, 11: *the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling*—None of the commentators apparently have noticed that this is, most probably, an allusion to some well-known anecdote or "Merry Tale." In answer to an inquiry of mine, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips writes that I am "undoubtedly right" in my conjecture, but that he cannot give me any clue to the anecdote in question. "I do not think," he adds, "it could have escaped me had I met with the jest, but so much of the lighter literature of the time has unfortunately perished."

81. Line 33: *I had rather lie in the woollen*—This expression is usually explained to mean "I had rather lie between blankets," i.e. without sheets; as people, in Shakespeare's time, generally slept naked, this would be more disagreeable than in modern times, when night-shirts are universally worn. But there may also be a reference to a totally different matter. It appears that it was the custom in England to bury persons in *woollen* material; but that the employment of linen material gradually increased to such an extent, that an act was passed in the reign of Charles II (30 Car. II. stat. 1, cap. 3, sec. 3) providing that no corpse should be buried in anything but *woollen* material, or in a coffin lined with anything but *sheep's wool*. This was done to encourage the *woollen* trade. The act was repealed in 1815 (see Notes and Queries, 4th Series, ix. p. 284). In some churches a register was kept of persons "Bury'd in Wollen," and "Not Bury'd in Wollen" (*ut supra*, xi. 84).

82 Lines 42, 43: *I will even take sixpence in earnest of the BEAR-HERD, and lead his ape into hell.*—Q. F1. read *Berrord*; F. 3. F. 4 *Bear-herd*. Collier, who is followed by many modern editors, altered *to*, unnecessarily, to *bear-ward*. *Bear-herd* occurs in Taming of Shrew, Induction, II. 21, also in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 192. In the other passages in which the word occurs, II. Henry VI. v. 2. 140, 210, the spelling is *bearard*. Certainly the spelling there seems to warrant the reading of *bear-ward*, which, though not found in Shakespeare, occurs in Elizabethan writers. See (as well as regards the superstition that old maids, to

whom Beatrice refers, had to lead *aper* in *hall*) Taming of the Shrew, note 72.

83. Lines 50, 51: *and away to Saint Peter: FOR THE HEAVENS!*—Q. If punctuate thus, except that they have a comma after *Heavens*. We have followed Staunton in putting a note of exclamation after *Heavens*, in order to mark more clearly that the expression is an oath which was in common use in Shakespeare's time. We have an example of it in *Merchant of Venice*, II. 2. 18: "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind." Cotgrave has a curious use of this phrase, under *Haut* he gives "*Faire haut le bou*, to make a stand, also, to tippie, carouse for the heavens" Nares says it is merely a corrupted form of "fore the heavens." Schmidt, curiously enough, takes for here—"bound for," "on the way to," while, in the passage from *Merchant of Venice*, he seems to take it as—"for the sake of," "for the love of."

84. Line 62: *till God make men of some other METAL than earth*—*Metal* is used here, of course, not in its scientific sense, but, figuratively, as the material of which a thing is made. Shakespeare is rather fond of using *metal* in this sense. Compare *All's Well*, I. 1. 141. "That you were made of, is *metal* to make virgins," *Lear*, I. 1. 71: Of the self same *metal* that my sister is

85. Line 65, *a clod of wayward MARL*.—This is the only passage in which Shakespeare uses this word, either in his plays or poems. *Marl* properly means a rich kind of earth, consisting partly of lime, partly of clay, which has been used in agriculture for enriching poorer soil since the time of the Romans, as is evident from a passage in Pliny (bk xvii chap vi) thus translated by Holland "The Britanes and Frenchmen have devised another meanes to manure their ground, by a kind of lime stone or clay, which they call *Marga*, (*Marle*) And verily they have a great opinion of the same that it mightily enricheth it and maketh it more plentifull This *marle* is a certaine fat of the ground, much like unto the glandulous kernels growing in the bodies of beasts, and it is thickened in manner of marrow or the kernell of fat about it" (pt i p 505) Chaucer uses *marle pit* in *The Miller's Tale* (line 3460) Milton uses the word *marle* in *Paradise Lost* with what seems to be singular inappropriateness, for the soil by the shore of the burning lake (l 295, 296).

He walk'd with support uneasy steps  
Over the burning *marl*!

86. Line 78 *if the prince be too IMPORTANT*—For *important* used as—"importunate," compare *Comedy of Errors*, v. 1. 138 "At your *important* letters," and *Lear*, iv 4. 26.

My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied

87. Line 81: *full of state and ANCIENTRY*—Q. F. 1, F. 2, have *auncientry*; F. 3, F. 4, *auncientry*. These readings are worth noting, perhaps, as guides to the pronunciation of the word in the time of Shakespeare. *Ancient* was very often pronounced *auncient*. *Ancientry* is used in one other passage in Shakespeare; in *Winter's Tale*, III. 3. 63: "wronging the *auncientry*;" where it means "old people." Schmidt explains the meaning of the word in the text as "the port and behaviour of old age;" but it seems rather to mean what may be termed "old-fashionedness."

88. Line 82: *cinque-pace*.—This dance is thus alluded to by Sir John Davies, st. 67:

Five was the number of the music's feet,  
Which still the dance did with *five paces* meet.

The *cinque-pace* is only mentioned in one other passage in Shakespeare, viz. in *Twelfth Night*, I. 3. 139. I am indebted to Mr. Julian Marshall for the following information: The *Galliard* consisted of five paces or bars in the first strain, and was therefore called a *Cinque Pace*. Every Pavan had its *Galliard*, a lighter air, made out of the former; and the tunes are common in old music-books. An instance is given in *Grove's Dictionary*, vol. I. p. 578.

89. Lines 82, 83 *falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he SINK into his grave*—Collier altered *sink* into *cinque-pace* or *sank a pace*. We cannot see the necessity for the alteration. Perhaps Collier was thinking of a passage in Marston's *Inatiate Countess*, act II

Think of me as of the man  
Whose dancing dayes you see are not yete done.  
*Len* Yet, you *sinke a pace* sir

—Works, vol III p 125

We certainly do not wish to increase the number of verbal jingles in this play, nor is the rhythm of the passage improved by Collier's alteration

90. Line 90 *Lady, will you walk about with your FRIEND?*—For this use of the word *friend* compare *Merry Wives*, III. 2. 124 where Mrs. Page, addressing Mrs. Ford, says "if you have a *friend* here, i. e. a lover, and, as applied to one of the other sex, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 404, where Biron, addressing Rosaline, jocularly asks her never to "come in vizard to my *friend*." We may compare the French *cher ami* and *chère amie* used in a somewhat similar sense. See *Romeo and Juliet*, note 145

91. Lines 97, 98 *God defend the lute should be like the CASE!* She means "God forbid his face should be as ugly as is his mask or visor!"

92. Lines 99-101.

D. Pedro *My visor is PHILEMON'S ROOF, within the house is JOVE*

Hero *Why then, your visor should be THATCH D*

D. Pedro *Speak low, if you speak love*

In line 99 *Jove* is the reading of Q, F, by an evident mistake, have *love*. The two latter speeches should clearly be printed not as separate lines, but as forming a single line corresponding in metre with Don Pedro's speech above. The story alluded to is that of Baucis and Philemon, which is found in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (bk viii lines 620-724) Jupiter and Mercury were wandering about Phrygia, disguised as ordinary mortals, and they could find no one to receive them into their house but two old peasants, Philemon and his wife Baucis. In reward for the kind treatment received in the *thatched* cottage of Philemon Jupiter saved the old couple from a sudden flood, which took place in their neighbourhood, by transporting them to an adjacent hill out of reach of the waters. Then having changed their cottage into a temple, dedicated to himself, of which at their request he made them the guardians, he granted them, in accordance with their request, the privilege of dying at the

same moment. After death they were metamorphosed into trees. In *As You Like It* (iii. 3. 10, 11) Shakespeare, apparently, alludes again to the same story: "O knowledge ill-inhabited,—worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!" The expression *thatched* was probably, in both cases, suggested by Golding's translation of the line:

*Parva quidem, stipulis et cannâ tecta palustri.*

—Ovid *Metamorph.* viii. 630

The *roof* thereof was *thatched* all with straw and fennish reede.

Dyce, in a note on this passage, asks whether Shakespeare, in these two lines, does not quote some poem which has now perished. The conjecture is a very probable one.

93. Lines 105, 106.—These, and the two next speeches of Balthazar, are given by mistake in Q. Ff. to Benedick. Theobald was the first to give them rightly to Balthazar.

94. Line 114: *Answer, CLERK.*—Referring to Balthazar's *Amen* above (lines 110, 112). *Clerk* is used here, and in three other passages in Shakespeare, in the sense of the "parish clerk," i. e. the person who reads the responses in church. See *Taming of Shrew*, iv. 4. 94; *Richard II.* iv. 1. 173; and *Sonnet lxxxv* 6:

And like unletter'd clerk still cry "Amen."

The latter passage would seem to militate against the most probable origin of the use of *clerk* in this sense, namely, that some scholar among the congregation was appointed to say the responses on behalf of all. In the English Church before the Reformation, as now in the Roman Catholic Church, the responses at the mass were said by the "server," who was generally a layman; and his successor, in the Protestant Church, was the *clerk*.

95. Line 120: *I know you by the WAGGLING of your head*—This word, which occurs only here in Shakespeare, is found in May's translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, 1627 (bk. v.):

Nor that the crow *waggl*ing along the shore  
Dues downe, and seemes to anticipate a shoure

96. Line 122: *so ill-well*—This expression, which, at first sight, seems an awkward one, is really very forcible. Ursula means, "You could never imitate him *with such cruel fidelity* (*so ill-well*) if you were not the man yourself." Steevens compares the expression in *The Merchant of Venice* (i. 2. 63), "a better bad habit of frowning."

97. Line 122: *Here's his DRY HAND UP AND DOWN.*—A *dry hand* was always supposed to be a sign of a cold and chaste nature, as a *moist palm* was of the contrary. For *up and down* compare our modern expression *all the world over*.

98. Line 125: *At a word*—Schmidt gives as the German equivalent to this, *kurz und gut*. Compare *Merry Wives*, i. 1. 108, 109: "He hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath;—*at a word*, he hath."

99. Lines 134, 135: *that I had my good wit out of the HUNDRED MERRY TALES.*—This refers to the earliest jest-book printed in the English language, of which there is extant only one perfect copy, in the library at Gottingen. For some time the commentators thought the book referred to was either a translation of *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, or a translation of Boccaccio's *Decameron*; but

at last an imperfect copy of the work was discovered by Professor Conybeare, and this copy was edited by Singer in 1814, and was included in *Hazlitt's Collection of Shakespeare Jest Books*, 1864. It was made up of a number of, mutilated leaves, and was very defective. It was once in the possession of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips; but I do not know where it is to be found at present. The Gottingen copy, which is dated 1526, has been twice reprinted: once in 1866 by Dr. Hermann Oesterley; and more recently (1887), a limited number of copies, reproduced in facsimile by photolithography, and edited by Mr. Carew Hazlitt, have been published. This is a very handsome edition; and as the only reproduction of the unique original, is very valuable to lovers of old English literature. It would seem that the Gottingen copy, and that discovered by Professor Conybeare, belonged to different editions, some tales being included in the former which are not found in the latter; while three tales, found in the imperfect edition, are not found in the perfect edition of 1526. In his preface to the edition of 1887 Mr. Hazlitt suggests that the author of the *Hundred Merry Tales* was John Heywood, chiefly known by his Book of Epigrams, and by some Interludes which were printed by Rastell, who also printed the *Hundred Merry Tales*. Hazlitt conjectures that Sir Thomas More might have helped John Heywood in making this collection. The stories are, many of them, very simple, and comparatively few of them coarse. Many of the jokes, such as they are, turn upon points connected with the ritual of the old Church before Protestantism was established in England; and some of these stories might certainly be attributed to Sir Thomas More. To all the tales quaint morals are appended. It does not appear that either Beatrice or Benedick was indebted to this collection of *facetiae* for any of their wit.

100. Lines 143-147: *only his gift is in devising IMPOSIBLE slanders none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him.*—It must be confessed that this is a most pungent description of the licensed slanderer, and might seem to anticipate certain forms of journalism developed in modern times. The meaning of the passage is quite clear, though some of the commentators have treated it as obscure. In such a person as Beatrice describes *none but libertines*—that is to say, people more or less unscrupulous in their moral conduct—*delight*; and it is not the *wit* of the slanderer so much as his ill-nature that pleases them. When that ill-nature, as almost invariably happens sooner or later, is turned against their own selves, what they formerly found so full of amusement now *angers* them; and they are the first to take summary vengeance on the slanderer. Scarcely a day passes but the truth of this description is practically illustrated. The man or woman of the world, who chuckles over some malicious and cowardly insult directed against an acquaintance, or even against a dear friend, will be furious, the very next day, at some attack, perhaps less malicious, directed against himself or herself.

101. Line 148: *I would he had BOARDED me.*—This word, adapted from the French *aborder*, seems to have meant originally "to come close to," "to accost;" and

hence "to board a ship," that is, to come alongside a ship for the purpose of taking it by force, at least it is the only meaning given by Palgrave Shakespeare uses the word in both senses pretty frequently Here, as Beatrice has compared the company to a fleet, it comes natural enough, and it is used, with the same reminiscence of its nautical meaning, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, II 1 218

I was as willing to grapple as he was to board

102. Line 160.—The dance here introduced is, in the acting version, generally introduced earlier in the scene, before line 90, when Don Pedro, Claudio, and the rest enter

103 Line 169 *you are very NEAR my brother IN HIS LOVE*—Compare Richard III iii 4. 13

Lord Hastings you and he are near in love

104. Line 170 *he is ENAMOURD ON Hero*—*Enamoured* is used with the preposition *on* in II Henry IV i 3 102, and with *upon* in I Henry IV v 2 70, 71

Cousin I think thou art enamoured  
Upon his follies

It is used with *of* in *Mids Night's Dream*, iii 1 141, iv 1 82 and *Romeo and Juliet*, iii 3 2

105 Line 184 *Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues*—Some commentators understand *let* before *all* making use the imperative Abbott suggests that it may be a subjunctive used optatively

106 Line 188 *And trust no agent FOR beauty is a witch*—Pope would omit *for*, but the irregularity of metre is not displeasing and the word *for* is almost necessary

107 Line 187 *Against whose charms faith melteth into BLOOD*—The meaning is *against* (that is in the face of) *whose charms faith* (i.e. loyalty) "is dissolved into sensual passion Such is undoubtedly the meaning of *blood* here The imagery is founded upon the superstition that witches or other persons who practised witchcraft were in the habit of making wax figures of those whom they wished either to injure or to influence In the 16th chap of book xli of his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* in the second section which treats of 'A charme teaching how to hurt whom you list with images of wax &c, Reginald Scot says 'To obtaine a womans love an image must be made in the houre of *Venus* of virgine wax in the name of the beloved, whereupon a character is written, & is warmed at a fire, and in dooing therof the name of some angell must be mentioned (Nicholson's Reprint, p 209) It is probable that to some such supposed practice the reference here is made

108 Line 189 *Which I mistrusted not Farewell THEREFORE, Hero*—Here again Pope would get rid of the redundant syllable by reading *then* instead of *therefore*, an obvious emendation, which Collier's Old Corrector adopted, but there is a considerable pause after the full stop, so that the extra syllable is not at all unrhymical, and, in fact, helps the speaker to linger on the *Farewell*

109 Lines 196-197 *to the next WILLOW What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf?*—For the *WILLOW* as an emblem of un

happy love, see III Henry VI note 351, and compare the well known and pathetic song of Desdemona (*Othello*, iv 3) The symbolical use of the *willow* as an emblem of grief and mourning must be of very ancient date, as we find a reference to it in the beautiful psalm, "By the rivers of Babylon" (*Psalms* cxxxvii. 2).

*Usurer's chain* refers to the gold chains worn by the more wealthy merchants of that day, many of whom were bankers, and lent out money at interest. For the *wearing of the scarf under the arm*, see *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 75

110 Line 201 *spoken like an honest drover so they sell bullocks*—There is probably an allusion here to some popular saying Benedick may mean that Claudio seems as ready to get rid of Hero, as a *drover* is to get rid of his reative beasts

111 Lines 200 210 *Alas poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges*—This is one of those touches which shows how well Shakespeare was acquainted with a country life Every one who has gone wild fowl shooting knows how a wounded bird will *creep into sedges* and what a difficult thing it is to dislodge it

112 Lines 214, 215 *it is the base THOUGH bitter disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person and so gives me out*—Johnson proposed to read 'It is the base THE bitter and other emendations have been proposed but both Q and F 1 have *THOUGH bitter* between brackets and therefore it seems evident that the reading of the text is the right one The meaning perhaps is that to the *base* disposition we generally attribute a cringing and sycophantic demeanour, but that Beatrice on the contrary adds to her *baseness* the fault of *bitter ness*

113 Line 222 *as melancholy as a lodge in a warren*—Rabbit *warrens* were generally in a wild part of the country and the *lodge* in which the keeper of the *warren* lived was a lonely habitation enough Compare in *The Man in the Moone* telling Strange Fortunes, 1609 p 3 By the solitariness of the house I judged it a *lodge* in a forest (Percy Reprint 1849)

114 Line 223 *that your grace had got the good will of THIS young lady*—Some editors alter *this* to *the* on the ground that *this* would imply the presence of Hero in the scene but it is possible that Benedick was meant to indicate by a gesture in the direction of the room where Hero was supposed to be to whom he referred, or, as the entertainment was given at Leonato's *this* may more probably mean the young lady of the house

115 Lines 241 242 *If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly*—This speech of Benedick is not very clearly expressed It is an instance of an epigrammatic style of answer obtained at the cost of intelligibility What he means to say is, that if the young birds, when restored to their owner, had suffered no greater injury than being taught to sing he would believe Don Pedro was speaking the truth, that is in saying that he made love to Hero not on his own account, but on account of Claudio

116 Line 243 *The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel TO*

you.—For an instance of this same construction, see Twelfth Night, III. 4. 247: "I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me"

117. Line 246: *she MISUS'D me past the endurance of a BLOCK!*—For this use of *misused*=abused, compare Taming of Shrew, II. 1. 159, 160:

with twenty such vile terms,  
As she had studied to *MISUSE* me so

For *block*, explained by Schmidt to mean "a stupid or insensible fellow," compare Richard III. III. 7. 42:

What tongueless *blocks* were they!

The expression was taken, probably, from the *blocks* on which hats were made. See above, note 19

118. Line 251: *duller than a great thaw*—This is Benedick's expansion of what Beatrice said. She simply called him "a very dull fool." A *great thaw* might be called *dull*, either because of the fog and dull weather which generally accompany it, or because it puts an end to all the sports that take place on the ice during a frost.

119. Line 252: *huddling jest upon jest, with such IMPOSSIBLE CONVEYANCE, upon me*—All sorts of emendations have been proposed for the word *impossible* here, but surely quite unnecessarily. We have had *impossible* used above (line 143) in a somewhat similar sense, and compare Merry Wives, III. 5. 151: "I will search *impossible* places," and Twelfth Night, III. 2. 76: "such *impossible* passages of grossness." *Impossible* here has simply the force of "what you would scarcely think *possible*." The exact meaning of *conveyance* it is more difficult to determine. Malone probably is right in saying that it is used in the sense of the sleight of hand of a juggler, and it is worth noting that Scot in the 13th book of his Discoverie of Witchcraft (chapters xxiv. to xxxi.), in which he treats of jugglery and sleight of hand, constantly uses the verb *to convey* in the technical sense of "to pass," and the title of chap. xxiv. is "Of *conveiance* of monie." But it may also imply the idea of dishonesty, as well as its simple primitive sense of the act of transferring anything or *conveying* anything. Benedick means to say that Beatrice heaped upon him, or flung at him, ridiculous jests with such inconceivable rapidity, and such unfairness at the same time, that he felt like a man being shot at with a deadly weapon.

120. Line 254: *She speaks poniards, and every word stabs*—Compare the well-known line in Hamlet, III. 2. 414:

I will *speak daggers* to her, but use none;

and King John, II. 1. 463:

He gives the bastinado with his tongue

For a similar use of the word *stab* compare II. Henry VI. IV. 1. 66:

First let my words *stab* him, as he lieth me

121. Lines 256, 257: *if her breath were as terrible as HER terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star*.—So Q.: FI. omit *her*, which probably led Walker to make the curious conjecture "her *minations*." Benedick purposely uses an extravagant, and perhaps not a very elegant word. With regard to the last sentence Dyce gives a very curious quotation (note 28) from the "Protestilaos of Anaxandrides (apud Athenæus, book IV. sect. 7), which describes the wedding-

feast of Iphicrates on his marriage with the daughter of Kotys, king of Thrace:

Κατὰ τὴν ἀγορὰν αὐτὴν ἐκτεταγμένης

στέφανος ἄλκιον, καὶ αὐτὸν ἔκτανον

That purple tapestry strewn d the market-place,  
And thence extended to the northern star.

122. Line 263: *the infernal Atë in good apparel*.—This phrase gave rise to a curious note of Warburton's; he says it was "a pleasant allusion to the custom of ancient poets and painters, who represent the *Furies* in rage" (Var. Ed. vol. VII. p. 45). But, as Steevens pointed out, unfortunately *Atë* is not one of the *Furies*, but the Goddess of Revenge or Discord.

123. Lines 265-267: *for certainly, while she is HERE, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary*.—This passage is very vague, and is another instance of the obscurity which arises from the speaker trying to be over-clever. Staunton (in a note on this passage) thinks that the obscurity may have arisen "from the author having first written *in hell*, and afterwards substituted *in a sanctuary*, without cancelling the former, so that, as in many other cases, both got into the text." The sentence would have been perfectly clear if the author had written "for certainly a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary *where she is*." Perhaps if, instead of *here* we were to read *there*, it would convey very much the same meaning; but it may be that the poet advisedly wrote *here*, meaning *here in this world*.

124. Lines 274-276: *I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia, &c.*—Asia was then the great land of marvels; the further east the traveller got the more wonderful the stories he ventured to tell. Africa was comparatively little known. It was in Asia that nearly all of the extraordinary prodigies, of which Mandeville gave an account, were to be found. Prester John was a semi-legendary potentate, to whom constant allusion is made in old plays. A somewhat similar feat to this one proposed in jest by Benedick was accomplished by Sir Huon of Bordeaux. The task prescribed him was to "goe to the citie of Babylon to the Admiral Gaudisse," and to bring his "hand full of the heare of his beard, and foure of his greatest teeth" (Huon of Bourdeaux. ch. 17).

125. Line 283: *I cannot endure MY Lady Tongue*.—So Q.: F. 1 has "this Lady Tongue," which F. 2 altered to "this *Lady's* tongue."

126. Lines 286-288: *he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it,—a double heart for his single one*.—This speech of Beatrice is not very intelligible; though none of the commentators seem to have thought it required any explanation; but I have little doubt she alludes here to some game or popular custom; perhaps to one resembling Philippine.

127. Line 305: *CIVIL as an ORANGE, and something of THAT JEALOUS complexion*.—So Q.: FI. read *a for that*. As to *civil*, see Cotgrave, who defines *agré-doux* as a "civil orange, or orange that is betweene sweet and sower." *Jealous complexion*, of course, refers to the yellowness which was the colour of jealousy. See Winter's Tale, II. 2. 100-108:



"monger all colours  
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's."

Steevens quotes from Nashe's *Four Letters Confuted*, 1592: "For the order of my life, it is as civil as an orange" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 47); and we have the very same phrase in the chap-book "Mother Bunch" (Reprint, p. 2). *Civil* here no doubt means "bitter," as the rind of the *Seville orange* is very bitter. Staunton thought that if this sense of the word had become at all general, it might explain some passages in which it occurs apparently as a misprint for *cruel*, e.g. in *Romeo and Juliet* (See note 5 of that play) *Civil* occurs very frequently in act iv scene 2 of Beaumont and Fletcher's Comedy, *The Scornful Lady*, where it seems to mean "respectable" in opposition to what we call "Bohemian."

\* 128. Line 308 *I think your BLAZON to be true*—According to Mr Sloane-Evans "*Blazon* is derived from the French *Blazonner*, Angl. —*To lay out, or open*. Hence, in a secondary meaning, *To give an account of*. It has been defined, either as a description of Arms in apt and significant terms, or, a display of the virtues of their bearers" (British Heraldry, p. 1). The greater part of his work is called *The Art of Blazon*. The meaning here is "I think your description of Claudio to be true, that you have 'displayed' him in his right colours in saying that his complexion is yellow or jealous." There may also be a reference to the second definition of the word *blazon* given above.

129. Line 327 *it keeps on the windy side of care*—Beatrice means that it (her heart) keeps to *windward* of care. When two sailing boats are racing, it is of course the object of each to get to *windward* of the other, because the vessel which is on that side gets the first advantage of any breeze as it springs up. Of course when there were nothing but sailing ships, it would be the great object of every vessel to get this advantage in an encounter at sea. If the idea were that *care* was a *shore* which Beatrice's heart wished to avoid, it would be, as a rule, worse for her to be to *windward*; as she would then run the risk of being driven on a lee shore.

130. Line 328 *tells him in his ear that he is in HER heart*—So Q, FY have "my heart."

131. Line 380 *Good lord, for alliance!*—Staunton explains this expression as equivalent to "Heaven send me a husband!" Boswell thought it meant "Good Lord, how many alliances are forming! Every one is likely to be married but me" (Var. Ed. vol. vii p. 49).

132. Line 381 *Thus GOES every one TO THE WORLD but I, and I am SUN-BURN'D*—It appears that the expression *go to the world*, which puzzled the early commentators, was a popular phrase for "going to be married." Compare *All's Well*, i 3 19-21, where the clown says "If I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isabel the woman and I will do as we may." *Sun burn'd* or *sun-burnt* means simply "homely-looking." Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, i 3. 282, 283.

The Grecian dames are *sun burn'd* and not worth  
The splinter of a lance.

133. Lines 342, 348. *I beseech your grace, pardon me I*

*was born to speak all worth and no matter.*—This apology of Beatrice is very graceful, and quite redeems her from the imputation of rudeness, to which her somewhat free utterances might have exposed her.

134. Line 372. *time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.*—Compare Rosalind's speech in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 381-385. "Marry, he (i.e. Time) trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a month, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year."

\* 135. Line 377. *a time too brief, too, to have all things answer MY mind*—So Q, FY omit *my*.

136. Lines 381-383: *to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other*—Johnson thought this a strange expression, and suggested "to bring into a *meeting* of affection, to bring them not to any more *meetings* of contention, but to a *meeting* or conversation of love. This reading is confirmed by the preposition with, 'a mountain with each other, or 'affection with each other,' cannot be used, but 'a *meeting* with each other is proper and regular' (Var. Ed. vol. vii p. 50). But no alteration seems necessary. It is one of those exaggerated phrases common enough. It simply means a huge affection as we might say "a heap of love."

## ACT II SCENE 2.

137. Line 21 *The poison of that lies in you* TO TEMPER—Shakespeare uses this verb (= to mix) in connection with poisons in three other passages in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii 5 98, *Hamlet*, v 2 389 *Cymbeline*, v 5 250.

138. Line 24 *whose ESTIMATION do you mightily hold up*—This word is only used twice by Shakespeare in its usual sense = 'the act of estimating.' He generally uses it in the sense of 'that which entitles a person to esteem.' Compare *All's Well*, v 3 3, 4.

As mad in folly lack'd the sense to know  
Her *estimation* home.

And generally, in the sense of reputation, as in *The Two Gent of Verona*, ii 4 55, 56.

I know the gentleman  
To be of worth and worthy *estimations*;  
in which sense it is common.

139. Line 44 *hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me BORACHIO*—Q FY read "hear Margaret term me Claudio." There is nothing to lead one to believe that there is a misprint here, but the difficulty is an obvious one, and, believing the author to have made a slip, we have adopted Theobald's emendation of *Borachio* for *Claudio* after serious consideration. It may be remarked that this is not only a question of verbal alteration, it is a question of making what is a very important incident in the plot—in fact one may almost say the main incident on which the play turns—intelligible to the audience. *Borachio* begins by saying "Tell them that you know that Hero loves me," he says nothing as to his being called Claudio by her, nor is there any subsequent mention of this fact in the account given of the scene by *Borachio*. Compare iii 3. 153-157. Nor does



*Claudio* make any allusion to it when he denounces *Hero* in the church, iv 1. 84, 85, nor does *Borachio* in his confession, v. 1. 235-251. If *Margaret* was intended, while personating *Hero*, to call *Borachio* by the name of *Claudio*, it could only have been, as *Malone* suggests (*Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 54*), because, in her assumed character, she wished to pass off her lover *Borachio* as her engaged husband *Claudio*, in case of anyone overhearing her talk. But of what possible use could such a deception have been? If a man was heard talking with *Hero* the night before her marriage under such suspicious circumstances, it could scarcely have made matters much better, if there had been anyone by, to hear her call him *Claudio*, because it would have given very serious ground for suspicion that she and *Claudio* had anticipated the marriage ceremony. But let us examine the question as to the effect which this notable device of *Borachio* was to have on *Claudio* and *Don Pedro*. To see her, as he thought, talking with another man, with whom it was evident she was carrying on an intrigue, and calling that man *Claudio*, would have given *Claudio* one of two impressions: either that he was so much in her mind that she had called her lover *Claudio* by mistake; or that, for some time past, this lover had been, as it were, impersonating him. surely such a detail in the plot would not have been passed over, either by him or by *Don Pedro*, in total silence. We should certainly have expected, if such really had been the case—that is to say, if *Claudio* had heard *Borachio* called by the name of *Claudio*—that he would have made some remark thereon. But though we do not see the scene absolutely in action, we have no less than three different accounts of it in the course of the play, and in none of these accounts is there anything to justify us in the belief that *Borachio* was called by the name of *Claudio*. It would appear that the whole incident did not occupy much space of time, that no attempt was made by *Claudio* or *Don Pedro* to identify the supposed lover of *Hero* at the time, and, for the dramatic purpose required, it is obvious that it would produce a much more violent impression upon *Claudio* to hear *Hero* use the name of *Borachio* than to hear her use his own name.

But there is another point which requires consideration as between *Margaret* and *Borachio*. Is it more probable that he would have induced her to take part in this deception, if it was arranged that she was to call him *Claudio*? I think not, because it would have made her suspect at once that something wrong was intended. The *Cambridge* edd suggest, in their note on this passage (*note xii. vol. II.*), that "the author meant that *Borachio* should persuade her to play, as children say, at being *Hero* and *Claudio*." There certainly is some probability that such might have been the original intention of the dramatist. It has been already pointed out that the incident is not represented it is only described; and it is quite possible that, in making up the plot in his own mind, *Shakespeare* might have pictured *Borachio* as saying something like this to *Margaret*: "I want you to put on your mistress's clothes and to talk to me to-night out of the window; I will call you *Hero*, and you can call me *Claudio*; and we can fancy that we are engaged to be married." Such a proposal, though not very probable, and one for which there could be no apparent object, might,

from its very childish absurdity, disarm *Margaret's* suspicions; but it is at least quite as probable that she was persuaded merely to put on *Hero's* dress out of womanly vanity, to see how she looked when dressed as her mistress; and that *Borachio* only called her *Hero* at the moment, when he saw that *Claudio* and the others were present. On the whole it seems to us that the reasons for retaining the reading of *Q. Ft.* involve an explanation too subtle for an audience to grasp at such a moment. If the actors were to speak the words *hear Margaret term me CLAUDIO* without any explanation, nine out of ten of the audience would come to the conclusion that he had made some blunder.

140 Line 50: *seeming TRUTH of HERO's disloyalty* — *Truth* is here used in a somewhat peculiar sense—"true or genuine proof." *Ft* have *truths* *Hero's* is the reading of *Q. Ft.*, unnecessarily changed to *her* by *Capell*.

## ACT II. SCENE 3

141 Lines 17, 18: *now will he tie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet*—This is probably a reference to the well-known wood-cut of the naked Englishman with a pair of shears in his hand, which figures at the head of the first chapter of *Andrew Borde's Boke of Knowledge*, having under it some verses commencing as follows.

I Am an Englysh man, and naked I stand here  
Musing in my mynd, what rayment I shal were  
For now I wyl were thys and now I wyl were that  
Now I wyl were I cannot tel what

See *Merchant of Venice*, note 57.

142 Line 19: *now he is turn'd ORTHOGRAPHY*.—This is the reading of *Q. Ft*. *Rowe* altered it to *orthographer*; *Capell* proposed *orthographist*. Many modern editors follow *Rowe*; but no alteration is necessary. It is an instance of the use of the abstract for the concrete, which is common enough in *Shakespeare*. Some instances of a very similar use of this by no means uncommon poetical license may be given. *blasphemy*=*blasphemer*, *Tempest*, v. 1. 218, *chastity*=*chaste woman*, *Cymbeline*, ii. 2. 14, *counsel*=*counsellors*, *Rich. III* ii. 3. 20, *enchantment*=*enchanter*, *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 445; *encounters*=*encounterer* *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 82; *information*=*informers* *Coriolanus*, iv. 6. 58, *reports*=*reporter*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2. 47. Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 29.

143 Line 35: *NOBLE, or not I for an ANGEL*.—Similar puns on the names of the coins, *noble* and *angel*, are common enough. Compare *Richard II* v. 5. 67, 68, and note 322. For the coin *angel*, see *Merchant of Venice*, note 180.

144. Line 36: *and her hair shall be of what colour it please God*—As to the practice of wearing false hair, here alluded to, see *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 184; and *Merchant of Venice*, note 227.

145 Line 38: Enter *Don Pedro*, *Claudio*, and *Leonato*, followed by *Balthazar* CARRYING A LUTE.—In the Quarto the stage-direction here is: Enter *Prince Leonato Claudio and music*; and, lower down, line 44, Enter *Balthazar, with music*. In *Ft.* the stage-direction is Enter *Princes*.

*Leonato, Claudio, and JACKIE WILSON; the latter being the singer who acted Balthazar. It would seem, from the stage-direction of the Quarto, that musicians came on with Don Pedro and the others, but the unnecessary repetition of with music at Balthazar's entrance shows that there was some confusion here. From Don Pedro's speech (line 45) "we'll hear that song again," it appears that Balthazar has already sung a song. It does not speak of any other music being heard, that is to say, if we take music in lines 39 and 43 to refer to the song as about to be sung. Most modern editors put the stage-direction music before Benedick's speech, line 60, the Cambridge edd put air for music. It is possible that Balthazar was intended to be accompanied in his song by one or more musicians on stringed instruments, but it is more probable that the accompaniment was intended to be played by himself, or rather to appear to be so played, being really furnished by the orchestra, because in Don Pedro's speech below (lines 86-89) he asks Balthazar to get them "some excellent music" for the next night. He would scarcely say that if any musicians were present.*

According to Burney (quoted in Var Ed vol vii p 59) the name Balthazar was perhaps taken "from the celebrated Balthazarino, called de Beaujoyeux, an Italian violinist, in great favour at the court of Henry II. of France 1577. But we have had the same name in the Merchant of Venice and Romeo and Juliet, in both cases as that of a servant.

146 Lines 43, 44

*the music ended,  
We'll fit THE KID FOX with a pennyworth*

This is the reading of both Q and F<sup>1</sup> in which *kid fox* is also hyphenated and the *k* is very distinct so that there is no doubt that, however unintelligible we must accept this as the reading of the old copies. The obvious and plausible emendation 'HID fox' was first made by Warburton and was followed by Dyce without a word of comment. Steevens also proposed the same reading basing it on the well known passage in Hamlet iv 2 32 33 "Hide fox and all after, which seems to refer to some popular form of the game of "Hide and Seek, or 'I spy,' as it is called in some schools. But, unfortunately, no passage has been found in any writer of the Elizabethan or ante-Elizabethan period giving any account of such a game or of the expression *hid fox* or *hid fox*. With regard to the proposed emendation of "hid fox," it may be worth noting that in a song, called The Concealment, in the collection entitled The Merry Drollerie (1661), there is a refrain

Nay that were a folly the fox is unholy  
And yet he hath the grace to *hide*

—Ebsworth's Reprint pt ii p 15

Ritson suggested that "kid fox" might mean nothing more than "young fox." But it is impossible to accept this suggestion, unless some instance can be brought forward of so very singular a use of the word *kid*. Such an expression as *dog fox* may be admissible, but what there can be in common between a *kid* and a young fox it is impossible to imagine. *Kid*, in its well known slang sense of a child, does not appear to have been used in Shakespeare's time, nor does the sense of to *kid*=to

cheat, which might give a clue to the meaning of "kid fox," appear to have existed at that period. If "HID fox" were the right reading, we should not expect to find the words hyphenated, unless such an expression was in use in the game of Hide and Seek as a regularly recognized phrase. A more plausible explanation of "KID fox" has been given by supposing that *kid* here has the same meaning as it has in Chaucer, who uses the word *kid* or *kidde* = "discovered," but the expression seems to have had no such meaning in the literature of Shakespeare's time. It is possible that "kid fox" may have been in use in the game of "Hide Fox, if there was such a game, and that it might have been employed by the children, when they discovered the hiding-place of the fox. It is evident, from the context, that Benedick was not successfully hiding (see line above), and that the two others saw him immediately after their entry, so that "kid fox" in this last sense, would be appropriate enough quite as appropriate as "hid fox."

147 Line 50 *I pray thee sing and let me woo no more*  
— For *woo*, in this sense = "entreat, 'urge, compare Cymbeline, iii 6 69 70

Were you a woman youth  
I should woo hard but be your groom  
and Othello, iii 3 293 *Woo'd me to steal it*

148 Line 59 *Note notes for south and NOTHING!*—It would appear that *nothing* was pronounced *noting* some times. We have it rhyming to *doting* in Honnet xx 10-12

Till Nature as she wrought thee fell a *doting*  
And by addition use of thee defeated  
By adding one thing to my purpose *nothing*

Probably it was usually pronounced *no thing* in two syllables the short pronunciation of the word in use now days is only a vulgarism, and was then unknown.

149 Lines 60-62 *Is it not strange that sheeps guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?*—We are so accustomed to talk of *catgut* in connection with fiddle strings, that the word *sheeps guts* here seems strange but it is nevertheless perfectly accurate. I am again indebted to Mr Julian Marshall for the following note on this point "Fiddle strings were never made from the intestines of cats always from those of sheep or goats, preferably the former but the best are made from the guts of lambs at a certain period of their development, September being about the time when the string making trade is most active. The best strings are made at Rome, or in Italy, next, in France last, in England. The reason is supposed to be that in Italy the manufacture is carried on in the open air which is not done here, nor in France, I think. The derivation of *catgut* is very uncertain, the only one given in any dictionary that I can find is in Worcester, on the authority of Notes and Queries (no reference given), namely, that it is a corruption of *gut cord*, but is it not more probably a corruption of *KIT GUT*, from *kit*, a small fiddle?

150 Line 71 *Hey nonny, nonny*—This refrain, like many refrains to songs, has no meaning. It occurs in a song called "The Shepherds lamentation for the losse of his Love" in the collection entitled The Choice Drollery, 1656, every verse of which ends with *Hey nonny*

*nonny no* (Ebsworth's Reprint, pp. 65-67). Compare Ophelia's song in Hamlet, iv. 5. 185:

*Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;*

and a somewhat similar refrain in As You Like It, in the Second Page's song, v. iii. 18:

With a *hey*, and a *ho*, and a *hey nonny*.

There seems to be a reference to this song in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, iii. 2, where the Captain says to the Steward, "Be blithe and bonny Steward."

151. Line 84: *I had as lief have heard the night-raven*.—Compare III. Henry VI. note 333. Harting says (p. 102) that Goldsmith, in his Animated Nature, calls the bittern the *night-raven*, and speaks thus of it from his personal experience: "I remember, in the place where I was a boy, with what terror the bird's note affected the whole village; they considered it as the presage of some sad event, and generally found, or made one to succeed it. If any person in the neighbourhood died, they supposed it could not be otherwise, for the *night-raven* had foretold it; but if nobody happened to die, the death of a cow or a sheep gave completion to the prophecy."

152. Line 96: *stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sit*.—This is an allusion to the use of the painted figure of a horse or bull for stalking wild-fowl and other game. In a Cavalier's Note Book, by William Blundell, written at the latter end of the seventeenth century (edited by the Rev T. E. Gibson, 1880), is given an interesting description of this device: "The use of *stalking-horses* is great and notably advantageous in some parts. Horses are easily taught. Some do use to have a painted horse carried upon a frame. But, doubtless, a bust is more easy and not less useful. I know some to have stalked so near to partridges that the birds have pecked at the horses' legs. Let your painted horse or cow have one side of a different colour to the other" (pp. 106, 107).

153. Line 107: *it is past the INFINITE of thought*.—Warburton made a great difficulty over this passage, and wanted to substitute *definite* for *infinite*; but the meaning is very simple. Speaking, intentionally, in an exaggerated style Leonato means to say that Beatrice's affection is so violent, that it is past the power of thought to conceive the depth or vehemence of her love. *Infinite* is used=*infinity* in two other passages in Shakespeare; in Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 7. 70: "Instances of *infinite* of love;" and Trolius and Cressida, ii. 2. 29: "the past-proportion of his *infinite*."

154. Line 114: *She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how*.—Leonato breaks off abruptly after *sit you*. He is probably going to say, "She will sit you ever so long, writing letters to Benedick." Compare what he says below, lines 187, 188: "there *will she sit* in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper."

155. Line 146: *she tore the letter into a thousand HALF-PENCE*.—Theobald thought that this only meant "pieces of the same bigness." Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 372: "they were all like one another as *half-pence* are." *Halfpence* in Elizabeth's time were of silver, and a very small coin, smaller (according to Rolfe) than an American half-dime. Silver pennies are still issued once a year,

on Maundy Thursday. Copper coins were *no*, regularly issued in England till 1672; though they were coined first in 1609, and more numerously in 1665. In Ireland they were issued as early as 1339; in Scotland, 1406; in France, 1630. The silver pennies were originally stamped with a cross, so that they could be broken into half or quarter pieces.

156. Lines 153, 154: *tears her hair, prays, CURSES*.—"O *swear*, Benedick! God give me patience!"—Collier's MS substituted for *curses*, *cries*. Certainly *curses* seems rather out of place here. Grant White and Hudson both adopt Collier's emendation. Halliwell suggests that perhaps Shakespeare wrote *curses*, *prays*. It is scarcely necessary to alter the text here. In both Q. and Ff. there is only a comma after *curses*; but by putting a break the sense becomes quite clear. The speaker is evidently pretending to quote Beatrice's own words, and imitating her manner; and his action supplies, as it were, the place of the words *and then she cries*, or some such expression.

157. Line 177: *I would have DAFF'D all other respects*.—This verb is the same as *doff*=do off. Shakespeare uses this form again in Lover's Complaint, 297:

There my white stole of chastity I *daff'd*.

It occurs again in this play, v. 1. 78: "Canst thou so *daff* me?" i.e. put me off, and in I. Henry IV. iv. 1. 96:

that *daff'd* the world aside,  
And bid it pass

It probably was either a later or a provincial form of *doff*; as, in two or three of the places in which it occurs, F. 2 alters it to *doff*; e.g. in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 4. 13, and Othello, iv. 2. 176. The word *daff*= "a fool" is used by Chaucer. *Daff* would seem also to mean to cheat, and the noun *daff* is used for a coward.

158. Line 189. *a CONTEMPTIBLE spirit*.—This is the only instance of the use of this word="scornful," "disdainful." It does not occur again in Shakespeare except in I. Henry VI. i. 2. 75.

To shine on my *contemptible* estate,

where he uses it in its ordinary sense of "despicable," "mean." In II. Henry VI. i. 3. 86, and John II. 1. 384, he uses *contemptuous* in the sense first given—"disdainful." Stevens quotes from Darius, a tragedy by Lord Sterling, 1603: "I, a proud and *contemptible* manner," where *contemptible* "certainly means contemptuous;" and from Drayton's 24th Song of his Polyolbion, where the passage refers to a hermit who

The mad tumultuous world *contemptibly* forsook,  
And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook.

—Var. Ed. vol. vii. pp. 66, 67.

159. Line 195: *And I take him to be valiant*.—This line is given by Q. to Claudio. We follow Ff. in giving it to Leonato.

160. Line 208: *let her WEAR it OUT with good counsel*.—This is a very forcible expression, the meaning being "let her efface gradually," i.e. conquer "her passion solely by good counsel," that is, by wise reflection. There is no precisely similar use of *wear out* in Shakespeare. Perhaps we may compare Cymbeline, i. 4. 66: "this gentleman's opinion by this *worn out*."

161 Line 214: *to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady*—So Q.; F1. read "unworthy to have so good a lady." But to have is unnecessary

\* 162. Line 241. 't is so, I cannot REPROVE it.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 737 "that I cannot reprove;" and II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 40:

*Reprove my allegation, if you can,*  
the only two other instances in which Shakespeare uses the word in this sense—"to disprove"

163 Line 258—The change in Benedick's manner towards Beatrice is very marked, so marked, in fact, that it seems strange that she does not perceive it. Benedick finds it easier to drop his satire than Beatrice. It is a touch which shows how well Shakespeare knew human nature, that when they meet in the church scene (iv. 1), although Beatrice "has taken the infection," and the occasion is still such a serious one, she cannot entirely drop her bantering manner.

164. Line 273 *if I do not love her, I am a Jew*—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 198 "or I am a Jew else, an Hebrew Jew."

### ACT III. SCENE 1

165 Line 3 PROPOSING with the prince and Claudio—This use of *propose* in the sense of "to converse" comes from the French *propos*, which is used for "talk," "speech," though the verb *proposer* never seems to be used in the sense of *causer*—"to converse." This is the only passage in which Shakespeare uses the verb *propose* in this sense. In the three other instances in which it is used by him, viz. in III. Henry VI. v. 5. 20, Othello, i. 1. 25, and in the well known passage in Hamlet, i. 5. 152

*Propose the oath, my lord*

the word is used in its proper sense of "to lay before," "to set forth," as we now say when a person *proposes* a toast. There is one passage from Othello where Shakespeare uses this verb in a somewhat similar sense, though there it has more of a technical meaning than here, where Iago, speaking of Cassio, says

Wherein the togged consuls can *propose*  
As masterly as he

—I. 2. 25. 26

The meaning is that Cassio knew nothing practically about military tactics, and the word, perhaps, might be paraphrased as "to explain theories or problems." Below, line 12, according to the reading of the Quarto, we have the noun *purpose* used in the same sense of "conversation," F1. read *purpose*

166 Line 4 WHISPER her ear, and tell her—For this use of the verb *whisper* compare All's Well, ii. 3. 75

She blushes in my cheeks thus *whisper* me  
and Winter's Tale, i. 2. 437

Your followers I will *whisper* to the business

167 Line 8 *Where HONEYSUCKLES, ripen'd by the sun*—On the question of the identity of the *honey-suckle* and *woodbine* compare below, line 30

Is couched in the *woodbine* coverture,  
and see Mid. Night's Dream, note 223

168. Line 12: *To listen our PROPOSE. This is thy office.*

—So Q.; F1 reads *purpose*, and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read "To listen to our *purpose*." There is no instance of Shakespeare using the verb *purpose* with the accent on the last syllable, and the reading of Q. here is probably the right one. Compare note 165 above.

169 Lines 24, 25.

*For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs  
Close by the ground, to hear our conference*

See Comedy of Errors, note 101. This refers to the habit of the female green plover<sup>1</sup> (*Vanellus cristatus*), called *lapwing* "from its peculiar mode of flight,—a slow flapping of its long wings, and *Peevut* from its cry which the sound of the word *peewee* closely resembles" (Yarrell, vol. ii p. 418). When disturbed on its nest the female bird runs close to the ground a short distance without uttering any cry, while the male bird keeps flying round the intruder, uttering its peculiar cry very rapidly and loudly, and trying, by every means, to draw him in a contrary direction from the nest. The *lapwing* is again alluded to by Shakespeare in Measure for Measure, i. 4. 32, 33

With maids to seem the *lapwing* and to jest  
Tongue far from heart

in Comedy of Errors, iv. 2. 27

Far from her nest the *lapwing* cries away

and in Hamlet, v. 2. 193, 194 "This *lapwing* runs away with the shell on his head." The latter passage refers, however, to quite a different matter in connection with this bird's history, namely, that their young run almost as soon as hatched. Harting remarks (p. 222) that it is rather curious that Shakespeare has not alluded to this bird under its popular name of *Peewit*, and that he never refers to it by the name of *wype*, a name for this bird which is frequently used in old household books and in privy purse expences. In a note Harting gives the modern Swedish name of the bird as *wipa*. The Promptorium Parvulorum gives the name of the bird in Latin as *Upupa*. Singular enough, in Russell's Boke of Nurture (1480-70) the Plover is never called anything else but the Plover or Lapwing (Furnivall's Reprint, p. 27), but in the Collocutanea Curiosa (1781), in "The Charges of my Lord of Leinster [chancellor of the University of Oxford] his dinner the 24 day of September 1570, we find as one of the items "For liij Pewetes, to Goodman Cortye of Staddome, xs (vol. ii p. 7). This would seem to show that they were not always to be bought as cheap as they are now, but were rather an expensive delicacy.

170 Lines 35, 36

*I know her spirits are as coy and wild  
As Haggards of the rock*

There seems to be some considerable incertitude as to the exact meaning of the word *haggard*. According to some authorities *haggard* would seem to be a distinct species of hawk. Turberville in his Book of Falconry, 1575, says that "the *haggard* doth come from foreign parts a stranger and a passenger," and Simon Latham (Falconry in two Books, 1615-18) says, speaking of the *haggard*, "that the tassel gentle her natural and chiefest companion, dares not

<sup>1</sup> Yarrell only gives the Green Plover as a synonym for the Golden Plover (*Charadrius pluvialis*).

come near that coast where she useth, nor sit by the place where she standeth" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 71). Drake (vol. i. p. 270) says: "A *haggard* is a species of hawk wild and difficult to be reclaimed, and which, if not well trained, flies indiscriminately at every bird." I cannot find any mention of this term in Gervase Markham's "The Gentlemans Academie, or, The Booke of S. Albons," 1585. In his reprint of the "Booke for Keping of Sparhawkes" (about 1575) Harting in the Glossary (sub "Eyes") quotes D'Arcussia in his "Fauconnerie," 1605, who, among the five different names assigned to hawks, gives "(5) *Agar* (mot Hébreu qui signifie, estranger), if she has once moulted." He adds "hence our word *Haggard* applied to a wild-caught old hawk" (p. 42). Under *Haggard*, however, he gives "*adj.* living in a hedge (*hag*); hence wild. Technically a hawk that has been caught after assuming its adult plumage" (p. 48). In his Ornithology of Shakespeare he thus explains this word: "By '*haggard*' is meant a wild-caught and unreclaimed mature hawk, as distinguished from an 'eyess,' or nestling; that is, a young hawk taken from the 'eyrie' or nest" (p. 57). It must be confessed that we have a choice of derivations, if not of meanings, for the word. Shakespeare uses the term *haggard* twice in Taming of the Shrew, iv. 1. 196:

Another way I have to man my *haggard*,

again, iv. 2. 38, 39:

which hath as long lov'd me

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful *haggard*

in Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 71, 72.

And, like the *haggard*, check at every feather

That comes before his eye

It is pretty certain, from the last quotation, that the sense in which Shakespeare uses the word is that of "an untrained hawk," and not of any particular species (Compare a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, v. 3, in a speech of the Elder Loveless.) The first quotation from the Taming of the Shrew confirms this; in the second case the meaning of the word might be doubtful. *Haggard* is used adjectively in Othello, iii. 3. 260-263:

If I do prove her *haggard*,

Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,

I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,

To prey at fortune,

where it would appear to mean "wild," "unfaithful." Of other instances of the use of the word *haggard* we have in The Spanish Tragedy or The Second Part of Hieronimo, act 1.:

In time all *haggard* hawks will stoop to lure

—Dodsley, vol. v. p. 36

The substantive *haggardness* occurs in Lyly, *Euphues*, 1579: "Though the Fawcon be reclaimed to the fist, she retyreth to her *haggardness* . . . education can haue no shewe, where the excellencye of Nature doth beare sway" (Arber's Reprint, p. 41). Compare also The City Nightcap (licensed Oct. 1624), act iv.: "What, have ye not brought this young wild *haggard* to the lure yet?" (Dodsley, vol. xlii. p. 161), in Massinger, *The Maid of Honour*, ii. 2:

A proud *haggard*,

And not to be reclaim'd!

—Works, p. 562.

in *Lingua* (1607), li. 5:

with a wondrous flight

Of falcons, *haggards*, hobbies, tercellets,

Landards and goshawks, sparrowhawks, and ravenous birds.

—Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 379.

In all these quotations, with the exception of the last passage from *Lingua*, it is pretty clear that *haggard* means "a hawk that is untamed or untrained," but in the last quotation it would seem to mean a particular species, as it is included among a list of the various kinds of hawks.

As to the expression *haggards of the rock*, in The Gentlemans Academie, in the section "To what Honour all Hawkes do belong" (p. 14, ¶ ii), we find, assigned to a duke, "a Falcon of the *Rocke*." This, one would think, meant a Peregrine Falcon; but in the very next paragraph we find that an earl may claim "a falcon peregrine," and in the two preceding paragraphs the gertalcon is said to belong to a king, and the "Falcon gentle, and a Tercel gentle" to a prince. Of the various members of the family of Falconidae used for hunting purposes, the Gertalcon and the Peregrine Falcon build only on rocks. The Merlin builds generally on the ground, but sometimes on rocks, and is still called in parts of the country the Stone Falcon. Yarrell says: "It is not, however, improbable that the habit of sitting on a bare stone or portion of rock, by which this species has acquired the name of Stone Falcon, is common to it at all ages, and in other countries. In France it is called *Le Rocher* and *Faucon de Roche*; and in Germany *Stein Falke*. This bird occasionally builds on rocks" (vol. i. p. 50). The Hobby and the Goshawk invariably build on trees, as also the Sparrowhawk. Yarrell says: "Young Peregrines of the year, on account of the red tinge of their plumage, are called, the female, a Red Falcon, and the male, a Red Tiercel, to distinguish them from older birds, which are called *Haggards*, or Intermewed Hawks" (vol. i. p. 35).

It would appear from the numerous quotations given above, that the word *haggard* was used by later writers in somewhat a lax sense. It certainly meant, generally speaking, a hawk more or less wild and untrained; and, probably from the fact that the females of some species were wilder than others, the word *haggard* came to be used by some writers of one species of Falcon only, but it never seems to be used of the male bird.

171. Line 42: *To wish him wrestle with affection*.—For this use of the verb *to wish*, compare I. Henry VI. ii. 5. 96: "the rest I *wish* thee gather;" and All's Well, ii. 1. 134

172. Line 45: *Deserve as FULL as fortunate a bed*—So Q. F. 1, F. 2. Some adopt the punctuation of F. 3, F. 4, and place a comma after *full*, making *full* an adjective used in the same sense as in Othello, i. 1. 66:

What a *full* fortune does the thick-lips owe;

but it seems better to take *full* as an *adverb*=*fully*. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 191:

Were *full* as lovely as is this of hers;

and Sonnet liv. 5:

The canker-blooms have *full* as deep a dye.

<sup>1</sup> This is really a new edition of Juliana Barnes' celebrated Boke of Hawkyng, &c. (1486).

<sup>2</sup> *Lanard*, i.e. a *Lanner*, the female of a certain kind of falcon (*Falco Lanarius*).

It is only fair to say that there does not seem any precisely similar instance of its being used redundantly as it is here. We have in this same play an instance of the duplicated as in I. 1. 116: "as like him as she is" = "however much she may be like him;" and it is used redundantly before *how* in As You Like It, iv. 3. 142:

How I came into that desert place.

173. Line 61: *she would spell him backward*.—This is said to be an allusion to the practice, attributed to witches, of uttering prayers backward. (See Comedy of Errors, note 100.) Though this is one of the commonest superstitions connected with witches, the origin of it is not very clear. I can find no mention of it in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft. It may be that the practice of saying prayers backward was supposed to be an insult directed against God, and prompted by the devil. One of the commonest tests applied to suspected witches was to say the Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed through—a ridiculous test, because, as most of the accused witches were very ignorant people, they were very likely to make mistakes.

174. Lines 61–67.—The following passages in Lyly's Euphues, The Anatomie of Wit, 1579, bear a strong similarity to these lines, and may have suggested them to Shakespeare: "Woemen deeme none valyaunt vnlesse he be too venterous . . . they accompt one a dastard if he be not desperate, a pynch penny if he be not prodigall, if silent a sottie, if fulle of wordes a foole" (Arber's Reprint, p. 109). Again: "If he be cleanebye, then terme they him proude, if meane in apparell a slouen, if talle a lungia, if shorte, a dwarfe, if bolde, blunt. If shamefast, a cowarde" (*ut supra*, p. 115). Steevens (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 73) quotes the latter of these two passages as well as one which resembles the former, but which I cannot identify.

175. Lines 63, 64:

If BLACK, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,  
Made a founte

The use of the word *black* for dark-complexioned people is very common in Shakespeare and in writers of his period. Indeed, it makes us doubt whether Othello is intended to be as *black* as he is very often painted. Douce says in a note quoted in the Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 78: "A *black man* means a man with a dark or thick beard, not a swarthy or dark-brown complexion;" but what authority he has for this statement I do not know. Certain it is that *black* is far oftener applied to a person with a complexion no darker than a brunette than it is to negroes. Compare Two Gent of Verona, v. ii. 8–12:

Thū What says she to my face?

Pro She says it is a fair one

Thū Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black

Pro But pearls are fair: and the old saying is,

Black men are pearls in beautiful ladies' eyes.

and see Love's Labour's Lost, note 132.

176. Line 65: *If LOW, an AGATE very viliely cut*.—For the use of *low*, as applied to a person's height, see Mids. Night's Dream, iii. 2. 295:

Because I am so dwarfish and so low.

For *agate*, which Warburton would absurdly have changed to *aglet*, compare Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 324:

His heart, like an *agate*, with your print impress'd;  
and II. Henry IV. i. 2. 18, 19, where Warburton refers to his little page, "I was never mann'd with an *agate* till now."

*Agate* here refers to the cut stones which were worn in Shakespeare's time. Florio gives under *Formaggio*, "any such, jewel, brooch, or tablet of gold, that yet some wear in their hats, or hanging at some chain or ribband with *Agate* stones, cut or graven with the heads or images of famous men or women;" so that, if a man were short, Beatrice compared him to one of the figures on *agate* stones very badly cut. There is no reference, as Steevens suggested, to the grotesque natural veining often found in *agates*.

177. Line 72. *No, NOR to be so odd*.—Q. Ff. read *not*. Rowe proposed to read *for*. Capell's emendation *nor* is generally accepted by most editors.

178. Line 76 *PRESS ME TO DEATH with wit*.—This is an allusion to that fearful punishment, known as the *peine forte et dure*, inflicted on persons accused of treason or felony, who "stood mute by malice," and refused to answer the questions put to them. It consisted of piling heavy weights on the body of the unfortunate victim till he was *pressed to death*. In Stow's Annals, under the year 1605, in the reign of James I., we find this paragraph: "Walter Calluery, of Calluery in Yorkshire Esquier, murdered 2 of his young children stabbed his wife into the bodie with full purpose to haue murdered her, & instantly went fro his house to haue slaine his youngest child at Nurse, but was preuented. For which fact at his triall in Yorke, hee stood mute, & was ludged to bee *prest to death*, according to which iudgment hee was executed at the castell of Yorke the 5. of August" (pp 870, 871); and compare Measure for Measure, v. 1. 528: "Marrying a punk, my lord, is *pressing* to death, whipping, and hanging." As late as 1792 a man, refusing to plead on a charge of burglary at Wells, was condemned and executed; and it was not till 1827 that an act was passed, directing the court to enter a plea of not guilty when the prisoner, "dumb by malice," refused to plead.

179. Line 79: *It were a BETTER death THAN die with mocks*.—So Q., except that it has *then* instead of *than*, a common misprint. F 1, for "than die" has "to die;" F. 2, F 3, F 4 read

It were a *biter* death to die with mocks.

*Bitter* is obviously either an error or an officious correction

180. Line 80: *die with TICKLING*.—Whether any person was ever *tickled to death*, except the unfortunate lady whose husband's effigy figured in Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks, is not known. It certainly was in the reign of Elizabeth that the monster who *tickled* his wife to death was supposed to flourish.

For the somewhat similar word *tacklings* used as a trisyllable, compare III. Henry VI. v. 4. 18:

The friends of France our throuds and *tacklings*.

181. Line 83: *empoison*.—This word only occurs once again in Shakespeare, viz. in Coriolanus, v. 6. 11:

As with a man by his own alme *empoison'd*.

## 182. Lines 100, 101:

When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, EVERY DAY, to-morrow.

I have adopted Mr. P. A. Daniel's explanation of the phrase *every day*—"Immediately, without delay as the French *incessamment*" (See New Shak. Soc. Trans., 1877-79, pt. ii. p. 145). But I cannot see that the passage he quotes from Middleton's *Your Five Gallants* is conclusive. In the Var. Ed. (vol. vii. p. 77) the line is thus punctuated:

Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in;

which does not render the sense much more intelligible. Staunton's explanation, which Dyce adopts, is that Hero means: "I am married (i.e. a married woman) *every day* [after] to-morrow;" but this is hardly satisfactory. It seems curious that Ursula should not know on what day her mistress is going to be married. Why may be equivalent here to *Why, did you not remember?*

183. Line 107: *What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?*—Surely there can be no doubt that Beatrice refers to the very common superstition that persons' ears burn when some one is speaking about them. Steevens (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 77) quotes from The Castell of Courtesie, &c., 1682, p. 78:

Of the burning of the eares  
That I doe credite giue  
vnto the saying old,  
Which is, when as the eares doe burne,  
some thing on thee is told

Chapman alludes to this same popular belief in the 22nd Book of the Iliad:

Now burnes my ominous eare  
With whispering, "Hector's self conceit hath cast away his host"  
—Works, vol. ii. p. 117

This superstition seems to be common to the folk-lore of many different parts of the world. According as it is the *right ear* or the *left ear*, which tingles or burns, so are you being praised or abused, though, in some parts, the sides are reversed, and the *left* burns when you are praised, the *right* when someone speaks ill of you.

184. Line 110: *No glory lives behind the back of such.*—That is to say, people who are proud and scornful are never praised behind their backs; and, therefore, when listening, are not likely to hear any good of themselves. Mr. Collier's Old Corrector could not leave this simple sentence alone, but altered it to:

No glory lives but in the lack of such

185. Line 112: *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.*—A simile evidently taken from falconry, and probably suggested to Beatrice through having heard her self compared to a "wild haggard of the rock." See above, line 86, and note 170

It will be noted that this soliloquy of Beatrice's is very inferior to that of Benedick's, and that it is written in alternate rhyme. Perhaps Shakespeare intentionally made the difference between the two soliloquies as marked as possible. Women are not, as a rule, given to self-analysis so much as men. Being accustomed to act on impulse, they do not care to prove, even to themselves, that their conduct is logical.

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

186. Line 4: *if you'll vouchsafe me.*—For this construction of the verb *vouchsafe* compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 293: "*vouchsafe me speak a word.*" In the text the infinitive is understood, and there is no instance of such a use of the verb, except it be in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 888, where Armado is interrupted while saying "*Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me.*"

187. Line 6: *the new GLOSS of your marriage.*—Compare Macbeth, i. 7. 33, 34:

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,

and Othello, i. 3. 227, 228: "to slubber the *gloss* of your new fortunes."

188. Lines 10, 11: *he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string.*—In Hansard's Book of Archery, 1840, we find (p. 107): "To rush upon an archer and sever his bow-string by the stroke of a sword, or otherwise, seems to have been a common expedient in ancient battles, either to place an enemy *hors du combat*, or check the impetuous valour of a brave companion in arms." He gives an instance taken from Hubbard's History of the troubles of New England, 1673, of an incident of this kind: "at which time an Indian, drawing an arrow, would have killed me, had not one Davis, my sergeant, rushed forwards and cut the bowstring with (his) courtlace (i.e. outlas)." Compare Mids. Night's Dream, note 62.

189. Line 11: *the little HANGMAN.*—See Two Gent. of Verona, note 106. This name may have been given to Cupid, because, as the God of Love, he is instrumental in tying the *fatal knot* of so many people. Compare III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 55: "With nuptial knot;" and Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 128, 129.

to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot

190. Line 21: *I have the TOOTHACHE.*—Boswell quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher's The False One, ii. 3:

Oh, this sounds mangily,  
Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!  
You had best be troubled with the tooth ache too,  
For lovers ever are

—Works, vol. i. p. 356

191. Line 24: *You must HANG it first, and DRAW it afterwards.*—The allusion is to the punishment for treason, to be *hanged, drawn, and quartered*. Under the barbarous law which was enforced in Shakespeare's time, drawing of the entrails took place while the wretched victim was still alive.

192. Line 27: *Where is but a humour or a WORM?*—The idea that the toothache was caused by a worm is a very old one, and still lingers in parts of Scotland. (See Romeo and Juliet, note 51.) In Batman upon Bartholomew (bk. v. chap. 20), we have: "And if Wormes be the cause, full more ache is bred: for they eating, pearce into the subtile sinew, and make the teeth to ache, and grieve them very sore" (p. 45). Batman's book is one that Shakespeare must almost certainly have read, and he might have been thinking of this passage. Chetive in Kier Hart's Dream, speaking of the practices of "tooth-drawers," says: "Another sort got hot wiers, and with them they burne out



the worms that so torments the greened" . . . "Others there are that perwade the pained to hold their mouths open over a basin of water by the fire side, and to cast into the fire a handfull of hembane seeds, the which naturally hath in every seede a little worme; the seedes breaking in the fire, use a kind of cracking, and out of them, it is hard, among so many, if no worme fly into the water; which wormes the deceivers affirme to haue fallen from the teeth of the diseased" (Reprint, New Shak. Soc. p. 59).

193. Lines 38-37: *as, to be a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the SHAPE of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all SLOPS, and a Spaniard from the hip upwards, NO doublet.*—The greater part of this passage (from *or in the to doublet*) is omitted in Ft., probably because some great German or Spanish ambassadors or personages were in England at the time it was played. In Dekker's *Seuen deadly Sinnes of London*, in the chapter entitled: "Apishnesse. Or The fift dayes Triumph" is the following passage: "For an English-mans suite is like a traitors bodie that hath been hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set vp in seuerall places: his Codpeece is in *Denmarke*, the collar of his Duble [t], and the belly in *France* the wing and narrow aleene in *Italy*; the short waste hangs ouer a *Dutch* Butchers stall in *Vtrich*: his huge *Sloppes* speaks *Spanish*. *Polonia* giues him the Boates: the blocke for his heade alters faster then the Feltmaker can fitte him, and thereupon we are called in scorne *Blockheades*. And thus we that mocke euerie Nation, for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from euerie one of them, to peece out our pride, are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scuriously becomes us" (Arber's Reprint, pp. 36, 37).

It is probable that *shape* here has the technical sense which it had in the language of the theatre, viz. a characteristic dress or disguise. For instance, in Middleton's *Part of the Entertainment to King James &c.* we have "The Four Elements, in proper *shapes*, artificially and aptly expressing their qualities &c." (Works, vol. v. p. 209); and again in Massinger's *The Bondman*, v. 3:

Look better on this virgin, and consider,  
This *Persian shape* laid by, and she appearing  
In a *Greekish dress*, such as when first you saw her

—Works, p. 131

See also Love's Labour's Lost, note 112.

Shakespeare uses *slops* in the plural in only one other passage, viz. in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 34: "the satin for my short cloak and my *slops*." For *slop* in the singular see Love's Labour's Lost, note 112. Planché in his *Cyclopaedia of Costume* (p. 489), under *slop*, says: "The '*slop*' above mentioned is a body-garment, a *hanseline*, a jacket or cassock, 'cut' so short that it exposed the tight-fitting, particoloured hose to an extent deservedly incurring the reprobation of the clergy." He also gives an extract from the wardrobe accounts of the reign of Edward IV. which proves that there were then a kind of shoes which were called *slops*, and says that Tarleton, the great clown in Shakespeare's time, was known by "his great clownish *slop*." There is little doubt that the wide breeches, so useful to the clown of modern pantomime as a storehouse for stolen goods,

are lineal descendants of the old *slops* or wide Dutch breeches.

For "no doublet" Mason proposed to read "*all doublet*," which he said corresponds with the actual dress of the old Spaniards; but Malone explains the words as meaning "all cloak." The Spanish cloak often figures in old plays as a means of disguise; the cloak would conceal the doublet.

194. Line 41: *He brushes his hat o' mornings.*—Is this one of the old signs of being in love? If so, no commentator seems to have found any passage in any contemporary work which describes it as such.

195. Lines 46, 47: *the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis balls.*—Undoubtedly it was the custom in old times, both in France and in England, to stuff tennis-balls with hair. (See Mr. Julian Marshall's *Annals of Tennis*, pp. 11 and 72.) To the allusions given in the Var. Ed. (vol. vii. p. 81) we may add this from Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook*: "A Mohammedan cruelty therefore is it to stuff breeches and tennis-balls with that, which, when 'tis once lost, all the hare-hunters in the world may sweat their hearts out, and yet hardly catch it again" (Reprint, 1812, p. 96). In fact hair was used generally for stuffing. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 1. 97-99: "your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle."

196. Line 50: *he rubs himself with civet.*—This appears to have been a favourite perfume in Shakespeare's time. It rather resembles musk in smell, and was made from the secretion of the anal glands of the *Civetta ziberra*. Shakespeare alludes to it in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 69, 70: "*civet* is of a baser birth than far, the very uncleanly flux of a cat;" and in *Lear*, iv. 6. 132, 133. "Give me an ounce of *civet*, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

197. Lines 55, 56:

*And when was he wont to wash his face?*  
D. Pedro. *Yea, or to paint himself!*

From the first of these two lines some commentators have conjectured that *washing* was not much practised in Shakespeare's time. Certainly much indulgence in it would have been dangerous to many of the ladies, or at least to their complexions; but is not the meaning of *wash* here, to wash with some preparation for beautifying the complexion?

Stubbes devotes nearly four pages (64-67) to a denunciation of the "oyles, liquors, unguents, and waters" used by women for colouring their faces. He calls all these things "sibber-sawces;" but he seems to think that they were made from "goodly condiments and holsonne confections," which certainly is not the case with many of the modern face washes. Stubbes apparently makes no allusion to the habit of men painting their faces; but no doubt effeminate men did so in Shakespeare's time, as they do sometimes nowadays.

198. Lines 59, 60: *his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and govern'd by STOPS.*—Q. Ft. read "*now governed*." Walker (vol. ii. p. 214) proposed "*new*



governed," which Dyce adopts. *Now*, as Walker points out, is often confused with *new*. He gives several instances, and refers to that passage, among others, in *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2. 60, "*new-repaired with knots*," where we have adopted the emendation "*new-repaired*" instead of "*now repaired*," but here we prefer to omit the *now*, which looks very much as if it had been repeated through a printer's mistake.

The *lute* being generally used to accompany love songs Claudio says Benedick's "*jesting spirit is crept into a lute-string*." *Stops* mean here the divisions on the finger-board of the *lute*, showing where the finger is to be pressed in order to produce certain notes.

199. Line 71: *She shall be buried—with her face UPWARDS*.—It is hardly credible that in the Var. Ed. (vol. vii. p. 82) there is absolutely a page of notes on this passage. Theobald gravely suggested that we should read "*with heels upwards*," or "*face downwards*." The meaning of the line is very obvious; and one would think that the tone of the conversation could scarcely have left a doubt on this point, namely, that the grave Beatrice was to be buried in was the marriage-bed.

200. Line 72: *Yet is this no CHARM FOR THE TOOTHACHE*.—The following charm is given in Chettin's *Kind Harts Dream*: "First he (*i. e.* the tooth-drawer) must know your name, then your age, which in a little paper he sets downe: on the top are these words *In verbis, et in verbis, et in lapidibus sunt virtutes*; vnderneath he writes in capital letters *A B ILLA HVRS GIBBELLA*, which he swears is pure Chaldee and the names of three sprites that enter into the bloud and cause rewmes, and so consequently the toothache. This paper must be likewise three times blest, and at least with a little frankincense burned, which being thrice vsed, is of power to expell the spirites, purifie the bloud, and ease the paine." He concludes: "for this I find to be the only remedy for the tooth paine, either to haue patience, or pull them out" (*New Shak. Soc. Reprint*, pp. 58, 59).

201. Line 74: *which these HOBBY-HORSES must not hear*.—*Hobby-horse*, as a term of contempt, is generally applied to women. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 59; *Winters Tale*, i. 1. 276; and *Othello*, iv. 1. 160. In the last passage the meaning of the word, as applied to women, is quite obvious; but, when applied to men, it seems to have had reference rather to the tricks which the person who played the hobby-horse in the ancient morris-dance was accustomed to perform. *Hobby-horse* is applied to a man in the following passage in *The Duchess of Suffolk* by Thomas Drew, 1631, c. 4. b:

Chu. Answer me *hobli therse*,  
Which way crost he you saw enow?  
Ien. Who doe you speake to sir,  
We haue forgot the *hobli therse*

A great deal of useful information about the *hobby-horse* will be found in act iv. scene 1 of Beaumont and Fletcher's *A Woman Pleased* (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 193).

202. Line 100: *AIM BETTER AT ME by that I now will manifest*.—This is a curious expression. We may compare *The Two Gent. of Verona*, iii. 1. 45:

That my discovery be not *aimed at*;

where *aimed at* means, as we have explained it in a footnote, "guessed." Don John evidently means to convey the notion, in his usual sullen manner, that he has been misjudged by Claudio; and the sentence may be paraphrased: "Make a better guess at my nature and real disposition than you have hitherto done."

203. Line 110: *Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero*.—This passage is imitated by Dryden in his *All for Love*. "Your Cleopatra, Dolabella's Cleopatra, every man's Cleopatra."

204. Line 112: *The word is too good to paint OUT her wickedness*.—Compare *Venus and Adonis*, line 290:

In lunning out a well-proportion'd steed.

205. Line 115: *you shall see her chamber-window entered*.—It would seem that Don John promises here rather more than was performed, for when this notable device was originally planned between him and Borachio, the latter only undertook that Margaret should appear at the window (see act ii. scene 2). Now, in the account given by Borachio afterwards in the next scene, is anything said about his actual entrance through the window, but only that he talked with Margaret; and all that Claudio asks in the church scene (iv. 1. 84, 85) is:

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight  
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

206. Line 132: *bear it coolly*.—Compare this with our modern expression: "Take it coolly."

### ACT III. SCENE 3.

207. Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, SEACOCK, OATCAKE, and Watch. — Q. Ff. have *Enter Dogberry and his companions with the Watch*. Most editors have *Enter Dogberry and Verges with the Watch*; but as we are told in the course of the scene that the names of the First and Second Watchmen were *Hugh Oatecake* and *George Seacock*, there is no reason why we should not give them their names as we give to *Verges* his name. Later on in this act, at the beginning of what is scene 5 in modern editions—the division of the scenes not being marked in the old copies—we have "*Enter Leonato and the Constable and the Head Borough*," evidently meaning *Dogberry and Verges*. As is frequently the case in the Qq., as well as in Ff., the prefixes to the speeches of the minor characters are very confusing. For instance, we have the prefix of *Verges* in Q.; *Vergy* in Ff. to the second speech in this scene; and to most of the speeches ordinarily assigned to *Verges* we have his name prefixed. To the speech beginning "*Hugh Oatecake, sir*" (line 11), Q. Ff. have *Watch 1.* as a prefix, which we have changed to *Verges*. The speech beginning, "Both which, master constable" (line 17) is given to the Second Watchman (*Watch 2*) in Q. Ff. It is evident from *Dogberry's* speech that the speaker's name was *Seacock*; but to most of the speeches given to this character there is simply the prefix *Watch* in the rest of the scene, up to line 72. It would appear from *Dogberry's* speech (lines 21-24) that *Seacock* was appointed *constable of the watch* for the night; and we have given him the speeches which belong to that character whether they have the prefix *Watch*, *Watch 1*, or *Watch 2*.

As to the names *Dogberry* and *Verges*, Halliwell says in a note that "*Dogberry* occurs as a surname in a charter of the time of Richard II. and *Verges* as that of a usurer in *M.S. Ashmol.* 38, where this epitaph is given: 'Here lyes father *Verges*, who died to save charges.'" *Dogberry* is the vulgar name for the *dogwood* (*Cornus sanguinea*), a common shrub in our hedgerows, called *dogwood*, not in any way from the animal *dog*, but because the wood, being very hard, was used for skewers; and therefore the shrub had its name—for it is rather a shrub than a tree—from the French *dague*, a dagger, or perhaps we should say from the same root as that word. *Verges* is the provincial corruption for *verjuice*.

208. Line 11: *GEORGE Seacoal*.—Halliwell would read *Francis*, supposing this *Seacoal* to be the same as the one mentioned in *iii.* 5. 62; but it appears that the latter was the sexton, and it is doubtful whether he was the same person as the *Seacoal* mentioned here. On the other hand, there is so much stress laid upon the fact that this *George* could both read and write, and as such mistakes with regard to Christian names are far from uncommon in Shakespeare and other dramatists, Halliwell's proposed alteration is very reasonable.

209. Line 23: *the most senseless and fit man for the CONSTABLE OF THE WATCH*.—It would seem that one of the watchmen was chosen each night to be *constable of the watch*; and that he acted as leader of the watchmen in the absence of the head constable, and that to him belonged the honour of bearing the lantern. In Samuel Rowley's play, *When You See Me You Know Me*, 1632, D. 2. b, there is a stage-direction: "*Enter the CONSTABLE and Watch. Priehall the Cöbler beeing one bearing a Lant-horne*;" and it appears from the scene that "the Cöbler" on this occasion acted, in the absence of the *constable*, as the commanding officer of the watch.

210. Lines 27-31.—This passage is imitated very closely in "An Excellent Pleasant New Comedy," called "*Lady Alimony*," *iii.* 5 (1659):

*Watch.* Report goes, that there be spirits that patrol familiarly in this sentry; what shall we say to them, if they pass by?

*Con.* Bid them stand.

*Watch.* But what if they cannot or will not?

*Con.* Let them take themselves to their heels, and thank God you are well rid of them. —Dodsley, *vol. xiv* p. 333

And it may be noted that the stage-direction at the beginning of that scene is, "*Enter CONSTABLE and Watch in rug gowns, bills, and dark lanterns*."

211. Line 89.—*We will rather SLEEP than talk*.—This joke about the watchmen sleeping seems to have been a very favourite one with the old dramatists. In Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, v. 1, Busy, the Constable, says:

For your selves you have  
Free leave for th' good old common wealth to  
Sleep after eleven.

—Works, *vol. i.* p. 227.

And further on, in the same act, two constables sing a song, the chief burden of which is that constables *sleep* for the good of the commonwealth; and in *When You See Me You Know Me*, in the same scene as the one alluded to above, one of the watch is named *Dormouse*, who goes

to sleep almost before his watch begins. In *Lady Alimony*, v. 1, the constable says: "if I hold constable long, the deputy of the ward will return me one of the Seven Sleepers" (Dodsley, *vol. xiv.* p. 338). In fact it would seem that the principal occupation of the watchman was to sleep on his "bulk" or bench.

212. Line 43: *have a care that your BILLS be not STOLN*.—In *When You See Me You Know Me*, D. 3. b. King Henry VIII. goes in disguise with Sir William Compton and steals all the bills of the watchmen. The king says:

The watch has given vs leave to arme our selues,  
They feare no daunger, for they sleepe secure:  
Goe larrie those bills we tooke to Baynards Castle.

213. Line 55: *the less you MEDDLE OR MAKE with them*.—Compare *Trollus* and *Cressida*, i. 1. 14: "I'll not meddle nor make no further." For this speech and the next speech of *Dogberry's* we may compare the speech of Busy in *Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable*, v. 1:

Next, If a theefe chance to passe through your watch,  
Let him depart in peace, for should you stay him,  
To purchase his redemption he'll impart  
Some of his stolne goods, and you're apt to take them,  
Which makes you accessory to his theft,  
And so fit food for Tiburne —Works, *vol. i.* p. 227.

214. Line 60: *they that touch pitch will be defil'd*.—This proverbial saying is a very ancient one. It is found in *Ecclesiasticus*, xlii. 1: "He that toucheth pitch, shall be defiled with it."

215. Line 60: *If you hear a child cry, &c.*—Steevens thought that "part of this scene was intended as a burlesque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe in 1595" (Var. Ed. *vol. vii.* p. 88). He gives some of the regulations, of which these two seem the most apposite: "22. No man shall blowe any horne in the night, within this citie, or whistle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of imprisonment;" and "30. No man shall, after the hour of nyne at night, keepe any rule,<sup>1</sup> whereby any such suddaine outcry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wyfe, or servant, or singing, or revyling in his house, to the disturbance of his neighbours, under payne of iiii*s.* iiid." &c.

216. Line 79: *This is the end of the CHARGE*.—It appears to have been the custom of the head constable to charge the watch every night. In *When You See Me You Know Me*, D. 2. b, the Constable says:

I need not to repeat your charge againe:  
Good neighbours, vse your greatest care I pray,  
And if vnriely persons trouble yee,  
Call and he come: so sirs goodnight.

In *Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable*, v. 1, the Constable gives a charge, a portion of which we have already quoted; and one of the watchmen says:

I have edified  
More by your charge I promise you, than by  
Many a mornings exercise.

—Works, *vol. i.* p. 226.

217. Line 84: *THAT knows the STATUTES*.—So F. 1; Q, F. 2,

<sup>1</sup> Rule here means "conduct," "regulation." Compare *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3. 132; and *night-rule*, *Mids. Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 5.

F. 3, F. 4 have *statutes*. Probably Dogberry was intended to mistake the word, and the reading of F. 1 is right.

218. Lines 90, 91: *Ha, ah-ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, CALL UP ME.*—The exclamation at the beginning of this speech shows that Dogberry, however unconscious he is of the liberties which he takes with his mother tongue, is perfectly conscious of his own wit. It seems to have been another part of the routine for the head constable, after he had charged the watch, to retire. In Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, Busy uses almost the same words as here, v. 1 (p. 229):

and if any businesse  
Be of importance, call me.

219. Line 92: *keep your fellows' counsels and your own.*—In that amusing pamphlet Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements Considered, the author, Lord Campbell, brings forward many quotations to support the theory that Shakespeare had been a clerk in an attorney's office. Amongst them this sentence in Dogberry's speech is noted as being "the very words of the oath administered by the Judges' marshal to the grand jury at the present day" (p. 46). Lord Campbell says (p. 45): "There never has been a law or custom in England to 'give a charge' to constables; but from time immemorial there has been 'a charge to grand juries' by the presiding judge." But the extracts we have given in the last note seem to prove that there was such a custom of giving a charge to the Watch on behalf of the head constable; unless we are to suppose that all the scenes in which constables and watchmen are brought on the stage owe their origin to this scene of Shakespeare's. Lord Campbell thinks that Shakespeare here ridicules the charge which Justice Shallow might have given to the grand jury. He may be stretching a point here; but as to Shakespeare's fondness for legal phraseology, see Mids. Night's Dream, note 11.

220. Lines 94, 95: *let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.*—It would seem from this that the Watch were off duty at two o'clock. We have already quoted a passage from one of Busy's speeches, in Wit in a Constable, which seems to show that this Constable's watchmen had an easy time of it, as they were allowed to sleep after 11. The old watchmen, who were the guardians of the night in towns before the establishment of the police, used to proclaim the hour of the morning and the state of the weather up to daybreak.

221. Line 104: Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.—*Borachio* and *Conrade* are generally made to enter before at line 102; but *Borachio's* two first speeches are better spoken without. The night is dark, and *Borachio*, who has evidently taken a glass or two, cannot at first find his companion.

222. Line 110: *Stand thee close, then, under this PENT-HOUSE.*—For *pent-house* see Love's Labour's Lost, note 55.

223. Line 111: *I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.*—The name *Borachio* seems to have been used for a drunkard, as we find from a poem entitled "To *Borachios*" in a volume of rare poetical pieces (*Annædicata*) by George Tooke, 1654, the last verse of which begins:

Up then ye base *Borachios*, call excess,  
But an insidious *Circe*. —C. 1. b.

Another peculiar use of the word is to be found in Greene's Looking Glass for London and England: "whereupon, offering a *borachio* of kisses to your unseemly personage" (Works, p. 183), where it would seem to mean "a quantity." Further on in the same play it is used in the sense of bottle (p. 140): "these *borachios* of the richest wine." The word is evidently a corruption of the Spanish *borracho* (not *bóracho*), drunk, which comes from *borracha*, a leather bag or bottle for wine, which is itself derived from *bórra*, a goat skin, such bottles being generally made of goat skins. *Borachio*, or *boracho*, would seem to have been used as a common term of abuse on the part of the Spaniards against the English, as appears from a passage in Dick of Devonshire, i. 2,<sup>1</sup> where an English merchant, speaking of the Spaniards at the time of the Armada, says:

These were the times in which they call our nation  
*Borachos*, Lutherans and Furies del Inferio.

—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. ii. p. 14.

224. Line 120: *if it were possible any VILLAIN should be so rich.*—Q. Ft. read *villanie*. Warburton first suggested the substitution of *villain*, which seems the right word. Walker supports this emendation very decidedly. We have followed Dyce in adopting it.

225. Line 124: *unconfirm'd.*—Shakespeare only uses this word in one other passage—"inexperienced," in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 19: "unconfirmed fashion," in the speech of Holofemes.

226. Line 137: *'t was the vane on the house.*—So Q., F. 2, F. 3, F. 4; F. 1 reads *veine*; Walker would here read *rain*, referring to "it drizzles rain" in *Borachio's* speech above (line 111). Dyce rejects this emendation, because in Q. we find in that line *rain* written *raime*, and in this passage we have *vane* properly spelt. According to the Cambridge edd (see their note xvii. on this play) Mr. Halliwell-Phillips had seen a copy of F. 1 which had *raime* in this passage.

227. Lines 142–146: *sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smitoh'd worm-eaten tapestry*—I suppose that *Borachio* is represented as thinking of a picture of the crossing of the Red Sea by Pharaoh and his army. A picture would easily become discoloured by smoke in those days, when the old-fashioned chimneys mostly drew downwards if there was any wind. *God Bel's priests in the old church window* alludes to some representation in stained glass of the story of *Bel* and the Dragon. In Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, iv. 1, we have "and say you look like one of *Bel's* priests in a hanging" (Works, vol. i. p. 94).

Warburton suggested that *the shaven Hercules* was meant Samson, and he has a long rignarole note upon the passage; but Stevens very properly observed that if it were Samson who was represented, he would be equipped probably with a jawbone and not with a club; and he

<sup>1</sup> The date of this play is uncertain; it was probably written after 1626.

suggested that by the *shaven Hercules* is meant Hercules, when shaved to make him look like a woman, while he was in the service of Omphale. But though Hercules is said to have put on woman's attire to please Omphale, and to have led a very effeminate life, there is no mention of his having been shaved. Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, speaking of the difference between "delight" and "laughter," says: "Yet deny I not, but that they may goe well together, for as in *Alexanders* picture well set out, wee delight without laughter, . . . so in Hercules, painted with his great beard, and furious countenance, in woman's attire, spinning at Omphales commandement, it breedeth both delight and laughter" (Arber's Reprint, p. 66). In the Illustrations of *The Twelve Labours of Hercules* given in Smith's *Classical Dictionary*, *Hercules* is represented with a beard in every case but in three of his Labours, viz.: iii *Hercules* and the Arcadian Stag; xi *Hercules* and the Hesperides; xii *Hercules* and Cerberus.

228 Line 162: *And thought THEY Margaret was Hero?* — So Q; Ff. have *thy*. There is not really much to choose between the two readings. All the old copies have a note of interrogation after the sentence. Borachio is a long time telling his story, and it is evident that Conrade is naturally impatient; so that it is very likely that, if Borachio paused at this point, he would interpose a suggestion rather than a question, especially as the point of the story must have been clear to him. On this account I should prefer to put a break at the end of Borachio's speech, and to adopt the reading of F. 1 *without* the note of interrogation.

229 Line 182: *'a wears a lock* — This is an allusion to the custom of wearing a long lock of hair, which was generally tied with ribbon and worn under the left ear. There seems to have been some confusion, in the minds of the commentators, as to the exact fashion to which allusion is here made. For instance, reference is made in Malone's note to the portrait of the Earl of Dorset by Vandyck, which was, of course, painted some considerable time after this play was written. *Love-locks* were worn in the reign of Charles I. According to Planché the *love-lock* was "a long ringlet of hair worn on the left side of the head, and allowed to stream down the shoulder, sometimes as far as the elbow" (*Cyclopædia of Costume*, vol. i p. 246). It was against this fashion that Prynne wrote his quarto volume entitled *The Unloveliness of Love Locks*. In Lilly's *Mydas* (1691), iii 2, we have "a low curl on your head like a bull, or dangling locks like a spaniel? . . . your *love-locks* wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggle to fall on your shoulders?" (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 30). This kind of *love-lock* was probably the one which was generally adopted by men of fashion in the reign of Charles I. But it appears that a kind of *love-lock* would seem to have been used by some persons, who especially affected French fashions, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as we see from the following passage in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier* (1592), quoted by Planché, where a barber asks a customer: "Sir, will you have your worship's hair cut after the Italian manner? . . . Or will you be Frenchified, with a *love-lock* down on your shoulders, wherein you may weave your

mistress's favour?" Dekker, in his *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, when speaking of the practice of the beaux of that day of sitting on the stage during the performance of a play, says that one of the advantages is the chance of displaying "the best and most essential parts of a gallant, good clothes, a proportionable leg, white hand, the *Persian lock*, and a tolerable beard" (Reprint, 1812, pp. 36, 37). *Persian*, very probably, was a misprint for *Parisian*. In Arden of Feversham, 1592, Bradshaw, describing the man who had brought him the stolen plate, says:

His chin was bare, but on his upper lippe

A *muchado*, which he wound about his eare.

—Bullen's Reprint, p. 30.

From this it would seem that the fashion of wearing the moustaches long was carried to such an extreme by some people that they curled the ends round their ears.

It is perhaps worth noticing that Prynne, in his *Histriomastix* (quoted by Nares *sub Lock* or *Love-lock*) speaks of these *love-locks* as "growne now too much in fashion with comly pages, youthes, and lewd, effeminate, *ruffianly* persons" (p. 206). Now "that Deformed," according to the worthy Seacoal was "a vile thief," and would come under the last category.

It is curious that the only survival of this custom, apparently, should be among the so-called dangerous classes. It was the practice of thieves, in our own time, to wear the hair very short with the exception of one lock, called a "Newgate knocker," which curled round the ear.

230 Lines 187, 188:

Con. *Masters*, —

Sen. *Never speak: we charge you, &c.*

This is Theobald's arrangement, followed by most modern editors. In Q. Ff. both these speeches are given to Conrade, evidently by mistake.

231. Lines 190, 191: *We are like to prove a goodly COMMODITY, being TAKEN UP of these men's BILLS* — There is so much play upon words here that it can hardly be explained in a foot-note. *Commodity* was a term used for any kind of merchandise. See Merchant of Venice, note 45.

*To take up*, besides its ordinary meaning — "to arrest," meant to obtain goods on credit. The pun on the word *bills* is obvious. In connection with this passage it may be as well to quote Greene's *Looking Glass* for London and England, where Thrasybulus says to the usurer: "this is the day wherein I should pay you money that I took up of you alate in a commodity" (*Works*, p. 120); and again a little further on "my loss was as great as the commodity I took up." It appears to have been a common practice for a borrower, then as now, to accept a considerable portion of the loan in goods; and it is very possible that Conrade is referring to this use (well known in Shakespeare's time) of the phrase *take up a commodity*.

232. Line 192: *in question* — There are only two other examples of the use of this expression in Shakespeare; one — "in or on a judicial trial," in *Winter's Tale*, v. 1. 197, 198: "who now has these poor men *in question*;" the other in *II. Henry IV.* 1. 2. 68, 69: "He that was *in question* for the robbery." Schmidt gives the meaning as "on judicial trial." In the last passage it would almost seem to mean

"under suspicion;" and in the passage from Winter's Tale it might very well be rendered "in custody" or "under examination."

## ACT III. SCENE 4.

223. Line 7: *rabato*.—*Rabato* is thus described by Planché (p. 416): "a falling band or ruff, so called from the verb *rabattre* to put back." They are often alluded to in the old dramatists. They were supported by wires known as *rabato* wires. These were called *potting-sticks*, or *potting-sticks*. (See Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 228.) Cotgrave under *rabat* has "also, a *Rabatoc* for a woman's ruff; also, a falling band." From this and other passages it is evident that the word *rabato* came also to be applied to the wire that supported the ruff as well as to the ruff itself.

224. Lines 13, 14: *I like the new TIRE within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner*.—It would appear from this that besides being worn, as it is now, mixed with the natural hair, *false hair* was worn inside the *tire* or head-dress. In Planché's Dictionary of Costume (p. 277) appears the following, which will afford the clearest explanation of this passage: "A list of her 'attiers,' as 'they are termed, is curious, as it informs us that the word *curel* was applied to false hair, of which Queen Elizabeth wore a constant change, but generally of a red colour (see p. 246): 'Item, one *curel* of hair set with pearles in number xliij. Item, one do. set with pearles of sundry sort and bigness, with seed pearle and seven buttons of gold, in each button a ruble."

225. Lines 18-22: *cloth-o'-gold, and CUTS, and lac'd with silver, set with PEARLS DOWN SLEEVES, SIDE SLEEVES, and SKIRTS round underborne with a bluish TINSEL*.—We have here a very interesting description of a lady's dress for grand occasions. The details given here of Hero's wedding dress are, doubtless, more interesting to those of her own sex than to male readers; but they give us a very good idea of the extravagance in costume which prevailed in Shakespeare's time. The *cuts* mentioned were the shaped edges of the *skirt* and *long sleeves*. These *cuts* were also called *dags*, and were made in different shapes to resemble letters of the alphabet, leaves of plants and flowers, &c. In 1407 Henry IV. issued a sumptuary edict against these *curels* or *slashes*; but, though the penalty of imprisonment and fine was inflicted on any tailor who should make any gown or garment ornamented with these *dags*, the penalty could not have been very strictly exacted, for we find the same fashion prevailing both in men's and women's dresses down to the time of Elizabeth (see Planché's Cyclopædia of Costume, *sub Dags*). The dress here described as having sleeves embroidered with *pearls* is after the fashion of the dress worn by Elizabeth in the engraving of her visit to Blackfriars, June 15, 1601, a copy of which is given in Harrison's Description of England (Shakespeare Society Reprint), and in Planché's Cyclopædia; it appears to have been somewhat similar to the one described by Hentzner (p. 40) in his account of the queen going to prayers at Greenwich, which he says was "of white silk, bordered with *pearls* of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads." *Pearls*

seem to have been a good deal used in the sixteenth century to ornament sleeves.

*Side sleeves* were long hanging sleeves which were worn over the tight-fitting sleeves, and which either formed, part of the upper dress or could be detached from the shoulder at the pleasure of the wearer. The word *side* in some of our north-country dialects still retains the sense of "long," "trailing." Compare *side-coats*, i.e. the long coats worn by young children. These *hanging sleeves* were most extravagantly decorated, and at last were allowed to reach such a length that they became a positive nuisance, as they trailed along the ground; many allusions to which occur in our old writers. Occleve, who lived just after Chaucer, in a passage of considerable length, part of which we quote, ridicules this fashion in his "Pride and Waste (Clothyng of Lordis mene which is ayens ther Astate" (lines 64-72):

What is a lord withoute his mene?  
I put case that his foom hym awayle  
Sodenly in the strete: what help shal he,  
Whos sleeves encombrous so syde trayle,  
Do to his lorde? he may hym not awayle,  
In such a case he nys but a woman;  
He may not stande hym in stede of a man.  
His armes twoo have righte ynow to don,  
And sunewhat more, his sleeves vp to hold.

—Early English Text Soc. Reprint, pp. 106, 107

From this it would appear that men, and not women, were the chief offenders; and in the fourth year of the reign of Henry IV. there was an act passed against these long trailing sleeves, which applied only to men. Stubbes (Anatomic of Abuses, p. 74), writing of women's dress, describes some gowns as having "sleeves hanging down to their skirts, trailing on the ground, and cast over their shoulders, like cow-tails."

For *tinseel* used in dress compare Marston's What You Will, i. 1:

A Florentine cloth-of-silver jerkin, sleeves  
White satin cut on *tinseel*, then long stock.

—Bullen's ed. of Marston, vol. ii, p. 337.

226. Lines 32, 33: *I think you would have me say, "SAVING YOUR REVERENCE, A HUSBAND."*—This is generally printed with the word *husband* only between quotation marks. The Cambridge edd. print the whole passage in quotation marks, and point out that Q. and Ff punctuate the passage thus: "say, saving your reverence, 'a husband.'" It seems to me that they are quite right in their conjecture that "Margaret means that Hero was so prudish as to think that the mere mention of the word 'husband' required an apology" (vol. ii, p. 98, note xx.). The sentence should be delivered with an elaborate cursey, as if apologizing for alluding to such a word as a *husband*. Certainly Margaret has not been over-delicate in her speech, three lines above, in which she alludes to the fact that her young mistress would soon be a bride.

227. Lines 43, 44: *Clay's into LIGHT O' LOVE; that goes without a burden*.—See Two Gent. of Verona, note 20. The air of this song is given in the Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 98.

228. Line 46: *YE LIGHT O' LOVE with your heels!*—So Q. Ff; Rowe altered *Ye* into *Yes*; while Dyce, and other modern editors, read "*Yea, light o' love*." It seems quite clear to me that the old copies are right. My only doubt is whether we should not read "*light o' loves*." The

sense in which this word was used is quite clear from the following passage in Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase*, iv. 1:

That she's an English whore! a kind of fang-dust,  
One of your London *tight o' looses*, a right one!  
Come over in thin pumps, and half a petticoat.  
—Works, vol. i. p. 555.

239. Line 51: *I scorn that with my heels*.—Compare Merchant of Venice, note 122. Margaret evidently refers to the first sentence of Beatrice's last speech.

240. Line 56: *For the letter that begins them all*, H.—This pun on the letter *H* and *ache*, which was pronounced as if spelt *aiche*, seems to have been a rather favourite one; but this pronunciation appears to have been confined to the noun and not to have applied to the verb, which is often spelt *ake*, e.g. in Lilly's *Mydas*, iii. 2: "my *teeth ake*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 28). Heywood's Epigram on the letter *H* is quoted by Steevens and other editors. The Epigram is the 59th of the "fourth hundred of Epigrammes."

*H* is worst among letters in the crosserow,  
For if thou finde him euer in thyne elbow,  
In thyne arme, or leg, in any degree,  
In thy hed, or teeth, in thy toe or knee,  
Into what place so euer *H* may pyke him,  
Where euer thou finde *ache*, thou shalt not like him

Compare also the Epigram (494) on the letter *H* in Wits Recreations:

Nor Hauk, nor Hound, nor Horse, those letters *AAH*,  
But *ach* its self, 'tis *H*'s bones attaches

—Reprint, vol. ii. p. 132.

John Kemble may have been ridiculed for his adherence to the old pronunciation of *ache* in Shakespeare, but he was perfectly justified, as is shown by the well-known passage in *The Tempest*, I. 2. 370:

Fill all thy bones with *aches*, make thee roar

It is said that one night when the manager had to announce from the stage the fact of Kemble being too ill to appear, a wag in the pit cried out: "Kemble's head *at-ches*."

241. Line 57: *an you be not TURN'D TURK*.—Compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 287: "if the rest of my fortunes *turn Turk* with me." Cooke, in his Greene's *Tu Quoque*, uses this expression. "This it is to *turn Turk*, from an absolute and most compleat gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover."

242. Line 62: *These GLOVES the count sent me; they are an excellent PERFUME*.—*Perfumed gloves* are alluded to in Winter's Tale. Among the articles Autolycus offers for sale are "*Gloves as sweet as damask roses*" (iv. 4. 222); and below in the same play Mopsa says to the Clown: "you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of *sweet gloves*" (iv. 4. 252, 253). Nares quotes from the continuator of Stow: "The queene [Elizabeth] had a payre of *perfumed gloves*, trimmed with foure tuftes or roses of culled silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that she was plectured with those gloves upon her hands" (p. 868). Elizabeth was very particular about the perfumes for her gloves; the one which she used most being called the "Earl of Oxford's perfume," "because Edward Vere, earl of Oxford, had brought it, with other refinements, from Italy" (Nares, sub. *Gloves*).

243. Line 64: *stuff'd*.—This is the only instance in which Shakespeare uses this word, in the same sense as we use it nowadays, of being *stuffed* with a cold. I cannot find any instance of a similar use of the word in any writer of Shakespeare's time. Probably the word is used here for the sake of the very poor pun which Margaret makes in the next speech.

244. Line 68: *how long have you profess'd APPREHENSION?*—*Apprehension* is used here, apparently, in the sense of "wit." Shakespeare uses it—"the faculty of observation" in Henry V. iii. 7. 145: "If the English had any *apprehension*, they would run away;" and perhaps in the well-known passage in Hamlet, ii. 2. 319: "In *apprehension* how like a god!" He never uses the word in the modern sense of "fear."

245. Line 73: *Carduus Benedictus*.—This plant, called the *Blessed Thistle*, is a native of the South of Europe. Hunter quotes from *Paradisus Terrestris*, 1629, p. 471: "the *Carduus Benedictus*, or the Blessed Thistle, is much used in the time of any infection or plague, as also to expel any evil symptom from the heart at all other times." He also quotes from Abel Redivivus, 4to, 1651, p. 44: "About the beginning of the year 1527 Luther fell suddenly sick of a congealing of blood about his heart, which almost killed him; but by the drinking of the water of *Carduus Benedictus*, whose virtues then were not so commonly known, he was perfectly helped" (Hunter, vol. i. pp. 253, 254). Certainly these quotations are very appropriate to Margaret's advice, "lay it to your hearts." This plant had the credit of being good for any disease under the sun, from the plague to a toothache.

246. Line 78: *you have some MORAL in this Benedictus*.—Compare Taming of the Shrew, iv. 4. 79: "to expound the meaning or *moral* of his signs and tokens;" and Richard II. iv. 1. 290.

Mark, silent king, the *moral* of this sport;

and Henry V. iii. 6. 35. This use of the word is taken from the *morals* appended to fables and such stories as these in the *Gesta Romanorum*, in which the meaning of the allegory or the hidden *moral* lesson of the story was explained.

247. Line 90: *he eats his meat without GRUDGING*.—Malone explains this, "and yet now, in spite of his resolutions to the contrary, he *feeds on love*, and likes his food" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 101).

I confess I do not quite see how the passage can be made to bear this meaning. Loss of appetite has always been supposed to be among the signs of love. Johnson thought that it might mean "he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithstanding his boasts, like other mortals, to have a wife" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 100); that is to say, to marry. If "to eat the leek" had become, at this time, a proverbial expression, which is scarcely probable, *he eats his leek without grudging* would be very appropriate. It is more than likely that we have here another indelicate allusion from Mistress Margaret. Compare the dialogue between the Lady and Welford in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, act v. sc. 4, especially Welford's speech beginning, "He that fares well is" (Works, vol. i. p. 104).

248. Line 100: *Help to dress me.*—As Mr. Daniel points out, in his Time Analysis of this play, this scene is supposed to take place early in the morning of Hero's wedding-day (see Beatrice's speech above, line 52), the night having intervened between this scene and the first scene of the act. Certainly it would seem that five o'clock in the morning (see line 52 above) was rather early to set out for church, even for a wedding.

## ACT III. SCENE 5.

249.—The stage-direction at the beginning of this scene in Q. F. 1 is "Enter Leonato and the constable and Headborough." By *Headborough*, evidently, *Verges* is meant. It would seem therefore that the *Headborough* was not the chief constable, but perhaps the next in authority to him, and undoubtedly superior to the *Thirdborough* (see Taming of the Shrew, note 4). Perhaps we get the explanation of the rank of these various guardians of the peace in the *Dramatis Personæ* to Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub, among whom we find "Tobie Turfe, high constable of Kentish-town; In-and-In Medlay, of Islington, cooper and head-borough; Rasi' Clench, of Hamstead, farrier and petty constable; To-Pan, tinker, or metel-man of Belsise, thirdborough."

250.—To illustrate the confusion which exists both in the Quarto and First Folio of this play as to the prefixes to the speeches of the various characters, it may be noted that in this scene, in Q. and F. 1, are the following prefixes. To the first speech of Dogberry's both Q. F. 1 have *Const Dog*. The prefix to the speech at line 8 is *Headb*. The prefix to the speech beginning line 10 is *Con. Dog.*, &c., till we come to the speech, line 56, which has the prefix *Constable*; but the speech beginning line 62 has again the prefix *Dogb*. The next speech has the prefix *Verges*. The next speech of Dogberry has the full prefix *Dogberry* in Q., and *Dogb*. in F. 1. In scene 2 of the next act, as we shall see, we have the matter further complicated by the names of the actors being given, in many instances, instead of the names of the characters.

251. Line 13: *honest as the skin between his brows*—This would seem a proverbial expression, though I cannot find it in Bohn, or in the numerous proverbs of John Heywood. Reed gives two instances of its use in Gammer Gurton's Needle, v 2 (1675): "I am as true, I would thou knew, as skin betwene thy brows" (Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 244); and in Cartwright's Ordinary, v. 4: "I am as honest as the skin that is between thy brows" (Dodsley, vol. xii. p. 310).

252. Line 18: *Comparisons are odorous.*—Compare in Sir Giles Goosecappe, iv. 2, 1603:

by heaven a most edible *Caparison*:

*Ru.* Odious thou woodst say, for *Caparions* are odious.

*Foul.* So they are indeed, sir *Cut*, all but my Lords

*Goos.* Be *Caparions* odious, sir *Cut* what, like flowers?

*Rud.* O aase they be odorous

*Goos.* A botts a that stinking word odorous, I can never hitt on't.

—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 65.

We have here also the original of Mrs. Malaprop's "*Comparisons* are odious."

253. Line 18: *palabras*.—This is probably elliptical for the Spanish phrase *pocas palabras*, "few words" which is

said to be pretty well the equivalent of our slang phrase "shut up." This expression seems to have been used even among the common people in England, having been imported probably by our sailors from Spain. Compare Taming of Shrew, Induction, l. 5, where Sly uses the corrupt form *pauca pallabris*. In the Spanish Tragedy, act iv., *Pocas palabras* occurs in its correct form (Dodsley, vol. v. p. 139). Neuman and Baretti's Spanish Dictionary does not give the phrase at all; but it gives *palabras* as an interjection—"I say, a word with you."

*Palabras* also meant the superstitious words used by sorcerers. The word still survives in English, in the form of "palaver."

254. Line 22: *we are the POOR duke's officers.*—Compare Measure for Measure, ii. 1. 47, 48: "I am the poor duke's constable."

255. Line 23: *if I were as TEDIOUS as a king.*—It is difficult to follow Dogberry's meaning here. In the other cases his mistakes are quite clear and natural enough; but what he supposes *tedious* or *tediousness* to mean I cannot imagine. He seems to mistake these two words as somehow connected with wealth.

256. Line 33: *our watch TO-NIGHT, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.*—To-night here, as Mr. Daniel points out in his Time Analysis of this play, means the night before, as we should say last night, as it does in several other passages in Shakespeare, e.g. in Merry Wives, iii. 3. 171: "I have dream'd to-night;" Merchant of Venice, ii. 5. 18: "I did dream of money-bags to-night;" and King John, iv. 2. 85.

257. Line 37: *When the age is in, the wit is out.*—An obvious mistake for the proverb: "when the ale is in the wit is out." See Heywood's Epigrams and Proverbs (edn. 1598), O. 4:

ALE AND WIT. 163.

When ale is in, wit is out:

When ale is out, wit is in.

The first thou shewest out of doubt,

The last in thee hath not bin.

258. Line 64: *we are now TO EXAMINE those men.*—Q. has to *examination*, a mistake Dogberry was not very likely to have made, as just above (line 52) he has used the word *examined* rightly. It was probably a mistake inserted gratuitously by the actor.

## ACT IV. SCENE 1.

259 Lines 12, 13: *If either of you know any INWARD IMPEDIMENT why you should not be conjoined.*—These words are very much the same as those used in the ceremony of marriage in the liturgy of the English Church. The marriage service in the Church of Rome is different. The sacrament of matrimony in that church commences with the priest asking first of the bridegroom: "Wilt thou take N., here present, for thy lawful wife, according to the rite of our holy Mother the Church?" Then he addresses the same question to the bride, putting the bridegroom's name of course instead of the bride's, and each answers: "I will." Then the bridegroom, "holding her by the right hand with his own right hand, plights



her his troth," and says much the same words as are used in the Anglican ritual: "I, N., take thee, N., to my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part, if *holy Church will it permit*; and thereto I plight thee my troth." The words italicized imply that there is no impediment either "of consanguinity, affinity, or spiritual relationship," nor of course any such impediment as being already married, or solemnly pledged to marry another. It will be noticed that Friar Francis uses here the expression, "any inward impediment," which probably means any impediment only known to the parties themselves. In Addis and Arnold's Catholic Dictionary we have under Impediments of Marriage: "Impediments are of two kinds. They may render marriage unlawful merely, in which case they are called 'mere impedientia'; or they may nullify it, in which case they are known as 'dirimentia.'" It is unnecessary to give here a list of all these impediments. It is sufficient to say that if the story against Hero had been true, and she had been, in any way, pledged to marry her supposed lover, she would have been bound to confess that fact as an impediment to marriage under the law of the old Church. It must be remembered that the Order of Matrimony so called, that is, the conferring of the sacrament of matrimony in the Church of Rome, is partly the old service of Betrothal or Espousal, and has nothing to do with what is called the "Mass for the Bride and Bridegroom," at which the nuptial benediction is generally given. Neither the celebration of Mass nor the bestowal of the benediction is necessary to the sacrament of marriage.

260. Line 21: *not knowing what they do*—So Q. Ff. omit these words.

261. Lines 22, 23: *How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, Ha, ha, he!*—This is a quotation from some old English grammar. Compare Lilly's *Endimion*, iii. 3:

*Tophas* Unriggogue Hey ho!

*Eps.* What's that?

*Tophas.* An interjection, whereof some are of mourning; as *eho, vak.* —Works, vol i p. 35.

There are other grammatical jokes in the same scene.

262. Line 42: *luxurious*.—Shakespeare uses *luxurious* in this sense—"lustful," in Henry V. iv. 4. 20: "*luxurious* mountain goat;" and Macbeth, iv. 3. 58:

*Luxurious*, avaricious, false, deceitful,

and, in the canonical sense of "lust," "lasciviousness," *luxury* is used pretty frequently, e.g. Hamlet, i. 5. 82, 83:

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

A couch for *luxury* and damned incest.

Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 55.

263. Lines 44-47:

Leon. *What do you mean, my lord?*

Claud. *Not to be married, not to knit my soul To an approved wanton.*

Leon. *Dear my lord—*

[He pauses from emotion] *If you is your own proof, &c.* These lines are printed thus in Q. Ff.:

Leonato. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be married,

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your own proof.

It may be observed that *Not to knit* is the reading of F. 1, while F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read *Not knit*. Stevens proposed to read;

*Nor knit my soul to an approved wanton.*

The arrangement in our text is substantially the same as Walker proposed, but we adopted it independently. The insertion of the stage-direction in line 46 explains why that line is imperfect. It seems natural that Leonato should be somewhat overcome by his emotion when he suggests that his daughter has yielded to the solicitation of Claudio before her marriage; and it gets rid of the very awkward line as it stands in the ordinary arrangement of the text:

*Dear my lord, if you in your own proof.*

264. Line 57: *Out on THY seeming! I will WRITE AGAINST IT.*—Q. Ff. read *thee* for *thy*. The misprint *thee* for *thy* is common enough. Grant White adheres to the reading of the old copies, and puts a note of exclamation after *thee*. For the expression *write against*, compare Cymbeline, ii. 5. 32: "*I'll write against them*," which appears to be the only other passage in which Shakespeare uses this expression. Schmidt explains it simply = declare; but surely it means something more, and refers to the practice of *writing pamphlets against people*.

265. Line 58: *You SEEM to me as Dian in her orb.*—So Q. Ff.; Hammer altered *seem* to *seem'd*; but the change does not seem necessary. Although the past tense might seem more natural, there is a force in the use of the present; it implies that Hero still bore that outward semblance of innocence to which, according to Claudio's belief, her conduct had given the lie.

266. Line 63: *Is my lord well, that he doth speak so WIDE?*—Collier altered *wide* to *wild*. Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 1. 97: "No, no, no such matter; you are *wide*," and Lear, iv. 7. 60: "Still, still, far *wide*!" There can be no doubt as to the meaning of the phrase = "*wide* of the mark;" it is here equivalent to "*far away from the truth*."

267. Line 64: *Sweet prince, why speak not you?*—Q. Ff. give this speech to Leonato. It seems more proper that Claudio should call upon the Prince to confirm his statement; and, as Dyce points out, the very expression *Sweet prince* has been used by him in addressing Don Pedro above (line 30).

268. Line 69: *This looks not like a NUPTIAL.*—Shakespeare uses this word in the singular as we should use the plural form *nuptials* = marriage. Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 222: "the *nuptial* appointed;" and Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 78: "The catastrophe is a *nuptial*."

269. Line 75: *And, by that fatherly and KINDLY power.*—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 84:

Washing with *kindly* tears his gentle cheeks;

and Timon of Athens, ii. 2. 228:

'Tis lack of *kindly* warmth they are not *kind*.

Compare also the use of *kindless* in Hamlet, ii. 2. 609, as = "contrary to nature," "unnatural."

Remoteless, treacherous, lecherous, *Andless* villain!



The adverb *kindly* is used in the same way in *Taming of Shrew*, Ind. I. 66:

This do, and do it *kindly*, gentle sirs.

270. Line 77: *I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.*—So Q. F. 2; F. 1 has *I charge thee do*; and F. 3, F. 4, "*I charge thee to do*;" both omit *so*.

271. Line 83: *Hero ITSELF can blot out Hero's virtue.*—So Q. Ff. Rowe substituted *herself* for *itself*, which certainly seems the more natural expression; but it is sometimes applied to persons, e.g. in *Mids. Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 171, 172:

Will make or man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees,

where it applies to man or woman. We have one other instance, however, where it appears to apply to women generally, in *Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 160: "*Woman it pretty self.*" Neither of these instances seems to me satisfactory, any more than the explanation that Claudio means by "*Hero itself*" the name of Hero, using it as an abstraction; for surely it is only a *personal* act, on the part of Hero herself, that can blot out her virtue. However, as the sense is clear, we have not altered the text.

272. Lines 93-95:

Who hath indeed, most like a LIBERAL villain,  
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had  
A thousand times in secret.

This use of *liberal*—"licentious" was a natural extension of its original sense of "free," "frank;" but it is not very common in Shakespeare. Some of the instances quoted by Schmidt are certainly not apposite, e.g. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 743:

The *liberal* opposition of our spirits

The only other passage where the sense of the word seems almost exactly similar to that which it bears here is in *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 171:

That *liberal* shepherds give a grosser name,

for we might almost paraphrase it, in both these passages, as "gross of speech."

None of the commentators seem to have noticed that this statement of Don Pedro's is scarcely reconcilable with the facts of the case. When could Borachio have confessed these *vile encounters*? Certainly not when he was talking to Margaret, who was pretending to be Hero; for had they spoken to him then, Claudio would at once have discovered the fraud. As he was arrested almost immediately afterwards by the constables, he could not have had time to make any confession in the interim. Perhaps Don Pedro is speaking on the authority of Don John, to whom one lie more or less was a matter of perfect indifference, and who might after the discovery of Hero's supposed misconduct, have volunteered the information that Borachio had confessed to him "these *vile encounters*." Certainly Don Pedro, and Claudio, for whom there is less excuse, accept all the evidence against Hero with the most perfect ingenuousness. As usual, in cases of slander, it is not thought necessary to cross-examine the witness. As long as he or she speaks evil against one of his or her fellow-creatures, we are ready to accept the evidence however weak it may be. It is only when good

is spoken of them that we give way to a spirit of honest scepticism.

273. Lines 96-100.—The assumption of a high moral tone, in this speech of Don John's, is very characteristic. One would have thought that Don Pedro, at least, knew him well enough to be able to detect his hypocrisy. The malice of this scoundrelly liar is well shown in the mocking profession of sympathy for Hero, with which the speech concludes.

274. Line 103: *About the thoughts and counsels of THY heart.*—This is Rowe's emendation. Q. Ff. read *the*.

275. Line 106: *For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love.*—This excellent resolution of Claudio does not seem to have been persevered in very long. In the first scene of the next act he receives the news of Hero's death with admirable resignation; but scarcely has he discovered the monstrous wrong he has done her, when he is read, to marry another young lady, whom he has never seen before, at the bidding of Leonato. Perhaps this was his idea of repentance.

276. Line 109: *And never shall it more be GRACIOUS.*—This sense of *gracious*, as applied to beauty, means that which finds *grace* or favour in one's eyes. Compare John, iii. 4. 81, where Constance, speaking of Arthur, says:

There was not such a *gracious* creature born

277. Lines 112, 113:

*These things, come thus to light,*

SMOTHER her spirits UP.

Shakespeare does not often use *smother* with *up*, and in a figurative sense only once, in this passage. Compare I. Henry IV. i. 2. 221-223:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world

278. Line 128: *rearward of reproaches.*—Compare Sonnet xc. 5, 6:

Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this sorrow,  
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe.

279. Line 130: *Chid I for that at frugal nature's FRAME?*—It seems pretty clear that *frame* here has the sense we have given it in the foot-note, that is to say, "order" or "disposition of things." Schmidt would give to *frame* the extraordinary sense of "a mould for castings," making the passage mean, "Did I grumble against the niggardness of nature's casting-mould?" i.e. "in giving me one child only; while Mason thinks that Leonato refers "to the particular formation of himself, or of Hero's mother, rather than to the universal system of things" (Var. Ed. vol. vii p. 112). Collier's Old Corrector settled the difficulty by calmly substituting *frown*.

280. Line 135: *Who smircheth thus and MIR'D with infamy.*—So Q.; Ff. have *smear'd*. Shakespeare only uses the verb *mirre* in one other passage, in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 147:

Paint till a horse may *mirre* upon your face;

where it is used in a different sense, that of a horse sinking in the mud

## 281. Lines 138-141:

*But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,  
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much  
That I myself was to myself not mine,  
Valuing of her.*

This passage is certainly not over-clear, though it would scarcely be improved by the adoption of Warburton's proposed emendation:

*But mine, as mine I lov'd, as mine I prais'd  
As mine that I was proud on.*

The construction is not an unusual one, the relative *that* being understood: "mine that I lov'd," &c. There is a good deal of unnecessary jingle in the whole passage, the latter part of which is even more obscure than the former. Perhaps it is for that reason that the commentators avoid any attempt to explain it. The sentence may perhaps be thus paraphrased: "So much and so dear a possession of mine, that I regarded myself as nothing in comparison with her, so greatly did I value and esteem her." It is a great pity that the sentiment, which is a very beautiful one, could not have been expressed in clearer language.

282. Line 146: *attir'd in wonder*.—Compare Lucrece, 1601:

Why art thou thus *attir'd in* discontent?

Compare also, for a similar expression, Psalm cix 18: "he clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment."

283. Line 154: *Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?*—Ff omit *two*.

## 284. Lines 157-162:

*Hear me a little;  
For I have only silent been so long,  
And given way unto this course of fortune,  
By noting of the lady I have mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions start  
Into her face.*

In Q. this passage comes at the bottom of page G 1 (r) and is printed as prose; the last line being marked with a comma after *lady*, and after *mark'd A* is the catch letter. The rest of the speech is properly printed as verse. F. 1 prints the passage also in prose, but puts a full stop after *mark'd*. The Cambridge edd. think the type was "accidentally dislocated," and some words lost in the process of resetting; they say the whole passage would therefore stand as follows (vol. ii. p. 93, note xxi.):

*Hear me a little; for I have only been  
Silent so long and given way unto  
This course of fortune . . .  
By noting of the lady I have mark'd, &c*

The usual punctuation:

*And given way unto this course of fortune,  
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd, &c.,*

makes but indifferent sense.

*I have only been silent* may mean "I alone have been silent."

We have arranged the passage as it is usually arranged, adopting in line 158 the transposition, first made by Grant White, of *silent been* instead of *been silent*, which is the reading of Q. Ff. If we take *by to* = "because of," the meaning will be perfectly clear. The Friar says "I have only been silent *because of* noting, or carefully watching

the lady." This is the sense of *by* described by Schmidt as "the idea of instrumentality passing into that of causality." Though we have no exactly similar instance of its use with the gerund, or present participle, yet the sense of the preposition is quite the same as this in *Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 56, 57:

All good seeming.

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought, &c.

This *course of fortune* = "this sequence of events," "this chapter of accidents." In line 161 Q. Ff read "To start" making the line an alexandrine:

To start into her face, a thousand shames

We have followed Reed's arrangement.

285. Line 162: *shames*.—Shakespeare frequently uses the plural of *shame* where we should use the singular. Compare Sonnet cxli. 6:

To know my *shames* and praises from your tongue,

and above, in this very scene, line 127:

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy *shames*

286. Line 167: *Trust not my reading nor my observation*.—Q. Ff have the plural *observations*; the emendation is Hamner's.287. Line 170: *My REVERENCE, CALLING, nor divinity*.—Collier, quite unnecessarily, altered this to *reverend calling*, which Dyce adopts; but as instances of *reverence* = "the qualities or character entitled to be revered," we have in this play, v. 1. 64:

That I am forc'd to lay my *reverence* by,

and, as applied to a priest, in *Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 154:

Father, I charge thee, by thy *reverence*

288. Line 172: *biting error*.—Here again Collier, quite unnecessarily, alters *biting* to *blighting*. It appears to me that *biting* is the much more expressive epithet of the two, for it exactly expresses the malicious nature of the *error*, or false evidence, on which Hero has been condemned.289. Line 187: *misprision*.—Shakespeare uses this word, in the sense of "mistake," in five other passages beside this. Compare Sonnet lxxvii. 11, 12:

So thy great gift, upon *misprision* growing,

Comes home again, on better judgement making

Once only he uses it in the sense of "contempt," in *All's Well*, ii. 3. 159.

290. Line 185: *Two of them have the very BENT of honour*.—Schmidt gives, as the second meaning of *bent*, "inclination," "disposition." It is much the same as the second meaning given in our foot-note; but, in the other passages that he quotes, e.g. *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 2. 143:

If that thy *bent* of love be honourable,

the word seems to have more the sense of "tendency." Johnson explains it: "the bow has its full *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be," most probably = "the utmost degree;" and comparing the passage in this play, ii. 3. 282: "her affections have their full *bent*," he says that the expression is derived from archery (*Var. Ed.* vol. vii. p. 115). Compare, in this sense, the passage in *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 30, 31:

And here give up ourselves, in the full *bent*  
To lay our service freely at your feet

291. Line 190: *The practice of it LIES in John the bastard.*—Q. Ff. have *lives*. The emendation is Walker's.

292. Lines 199, 200:

*But they shall find, awak'd in such a CAUSE,  
Both strength of limb and policy of mind.*

The old copies read "in such a kind," making a rhymed couplet, which is very awkward here, coming as it does in the middle of a passage of blank verse. Capell first suggested the emendation printed in our text, on which Collier's Old Corrector also hit. Apart from the objection to the rhyme, *kind* seems to have no particular sense. Dyce thinks that the close occurrence of *find* and *mind* in the passage led to the corruption *kind*.

293. Line 204: *Your daughter here the PRINCES left for dead.*—The old copies have *princess*; but Hero is never called by the title *princess*; nor does one quite see how she could be, for her father was not a prince any more than was her intended husband; while Don Pedro and Don John are called *princes*, lines 154 and 165 above.

294. Line 230: *More MOVING, DELICATE, and full of life*—All the editors, including the Cambridge, hyphen these two adjectives, I cannot tell why, as they are not hyphenated in the old copies, and they seem to be much more expressive when used as separate and independent epithets. For *moving*—"that which excites the emotions," compare Measure for Measure, II. 2. 36: "Heaven give thee *moving* graces;" and Richard II. v. 1. 47:

The heavy accent of thy *moving* tongue

The sense of *delicate* here is probably that of "delicious." Compare above, in this play, I. 1. 305:

Come thronging soft and *delicate* desires

If the words are hyphenated the meaning must be either "delicately-moving" or "graceful." For the *latter* as the supposed seat of love, see Love's Labour's Lost, note 113.

295. Line 247: *inwardness.*—This is the only passage in which Shakespeare uses this word as a substantive; but he uses the adjective *inward*—"familiar," "intimate." Compare Richard III. III. 4. 8:

Who is most *inward* with the noble duke?

296. Line 251: *Being that I FLOW in grief*—Compare Romeo and Juliet, II. 4. 41: "the numbers that Petrarch *flowed in*;" and Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 41: "You *flow* to great distraction."

297. Lines 253-256.—These four lines of rhyme, with a marked alliteration in the second of them, seem rather out of place, and could well be spared.

298. Line 257, &c.—This scene between Benedick and Beatrice, admirable as it is from a dramatic point of view, cannot but seem out of place in a church; and the incongruity of the surroundings is emphasized in modern times, when the resources of the scenic artist are so much more extensive than they were in the Elizabethan era. This incongruity, probably, did not strike Shakespeare, as there would be little or nothing in his time to indicate that the dialogue was taking place in a church, and almost in front of the sacred altar. But there is not the slightest necessity for the scene taking place in front of the *high altar*, as the marriage ceremony was, evidently,

not intended to be what is called a nuptial mass. In the revival of this play at the Lyceum Theatre, a small detail might easily have escaped attention in this scene. The ceremony was supposed to take place before one of the *side altars*, the lamp belonging to which was not alight, as a sign that the sacred Host was supposed not to be on the altar, which to Roman Catholics would make a very great difference.

299. Line 291: *Kill Claudio.*—There are few speeches more dramatic, in the whole of Shakespeare, than these two words. Great actresses have differed as to the mode of speaking them. It seems to me that they ought to be spoken with the utmost passion, in fact almost hissed into Benedick's ears. It is in this scene that the real intensity of Beatrice's character comes out for the first time. Her whole nature revolts against the meanness of Claudio's conduct. With the true instinct of a loyal heart she spurns the lying slander against her cousin, not stopping to inquire into the evidence, such as it was, much less receiving with a greedy ear the *fool* imputation on another woman's fair fame. True, the night before, almost for the first time, her cousin and she were not bedfellows; therefore the story of these precious princes might possibly not be a lie; but she, with true nobleness of disposition, looks at the great moral fact—greater far than any gobbets of circumstantial evidence that slander could scrape together—that her cousin was, to her knowledge, a pure and loyal girl. What the man who had won her cousin's love, who was bound by every tie of affection, and by every quality of his manhood, to defend her character *should* have done, Beatrice, woman as she is, *does* without one moment's hesitation. At the same time that she, without any effort or self-consciousness, displays the generosity, courage, and greatness of soul that Claudio should have shown, had he been worthy of the name of man, she feels such an overwhelming scorn and loathing for the cowardly wretch who has outraged, with such brutal publicity, her innocent cousin, that she naturally cries for his blood. Death is the only punishment which seems to her adequate for such an outrage. In these two simple words *Kill Claudio* her indignation bursts forth; afterwards she gives her reasons for this indignation, reasons not thought out or laboured, but which flashed upon her mind simultaneously with the events which had occurred in such rapid succession. It is the privilege of such nature, as that of Beatrice, undeformed by conventionality, unpoisoned by the lethal drug of worldliness, when any great question of right or wrong arises, not to have to reason out, with well-balanced arguments *pro* and *con*, the course they adopt, but to spring naturally, to their conclusion.

300. Line 295: [She is going, he holds her by the arm.] *I am gone, though I am here.*—[Struggling to free herself.]—The stage-direction we have inserted will explain the meaning of this sentence, to which some commentators have given a very strained interpretation. All that Beatrice means is that, although Benedick does detain her by force, she is, in spirit, *gone*. After his refusing her request she does not wish to have anything more to say to him.

301. Line 308: *Is he not approved in the height a villain?*

—Compare Henry VIII. l. 2. 214: "He's traitor to the height;" and Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 300:

Even in the strength and height of injury.

Compare also the expression in Hamlet, l. 4. 21: "our achievements, though perform'd at height."

302. Line 303: *bear her in hand*.—Compare Measure for Measure, l. 4. 51, 52:

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,  
In hand and hope of action;

and see Taming of Shrew, note 146.

303. Line 309: *I would EAT HIS HEART in the market-place*.—Steevens quotes from Chapman's Iliad, book 22nd:

Hunger for slaughter, and a hate that eats thy heart, to eat  
Thy foe's heart

Ferocious as this sentiment of Beatrice may seem, it is not unnatural by the light of what I have suggested above in note 299. The very lack of all manliness in Claudio makes her more than virile in her ferocity.

304. Line 316: Bene. *Beat*.—This is as Theobald printed it. Q. F. 1 have *Beat*? F. 2, F. 3 *Bett*? F. 4 *But*? Steevens conjectured *But Beatrice*. We prefer, however, to leave the mere fragment of a word, as the storm of Beatrice's indignation must sweep down everything before it.

305. Line 317: *a goodly count, count confect*.—So Q. substantially; F. 1 has *a goodly count, confect*. Some modern editors hyphen the two words *count confect*, unnecessarily I think. Beatrice uses the expression in supreme contempt—"count sugar-plum." Grant White would see a play upon the words *count* and the French word *conte*, in the sense of a story made up. He explains this sense of the passage as being "further evident from the inter-dependence of the whole exclamation, 'Surely a princely testimony, a goodly count,'—the first part of which would be strangely out of place if there were no pun in the second. In Shakespeare's time the French title *Count* was pronounced like *conte* or *compte*, meaning a fictitious story, a word which was then in common use." It is quite possible that Grant White is right, as the words which follow *sweet gallant* certainly seem to show that Beatrice is playing upon words.

306. Line 323: *men are only TURNED into tongue*.—The non-elision in F. 1 of the final *ed* in *turned* is here, I am convinced, intentional. The unpleasant alliteration of *turn'd into tongue* is very much modified by pronouncing the final syllable of *turned*.

307. Line 335.—Benedick is at last convinced; but mark, it has taken all Beatrice's wonderful energy, all the shock caused by the noble fury of her indignation, to bring this result about. To Benedick, with his opinion of women,—such as is, it must be confessed, held by many men, who, as they pass the best part of their lives in trying to corrupt the other sex, console themselves for any failure by thinking that nature has done their work for them,—the idea of Hero's having carried on a low intrigue up to the very night before her marriage presents no difficulty, and makes no demand upon his credulity. It is one of the many subtle touches in this scene, the way in which his newly-born love of Beatrice causes him to

detain her, but for which detention he would never have heard her eloquent vindication of her cousin. The nobler part of Benedick's nature is now awakened, and the viler part of it paralysed. Henceforth he is not only ready to challenge Claudio, but he firmly believes that he is challenging him in the cause of truth and justice. But a little before this, when unredeemed by love, he would have cracked his coarse jests over Hero's supposed unchastity, and laughed at the very idea of challenging anyone, much less his friend, in such a quarrel.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 2.

308.—In this scene the prefixes to the speeches afford ample proof how careless was the editing of this play in the First Folio. Instead of the names of the characters the names of the actors are prefixed, and, in one or two cases, even these are wrong. There are in all thirty-nine speeches in this scene, counting line 19, which is given both to Conrad and 'Borachio, as one speech. It will be more convenient to refer to the speeches rather than to the lines. The prefix to speech 1, Dogberry's, is both in Q. and F. *Keeper*, generally supposed to be a misprint for *Kemp*. The prefix to speech 2 is *Cowley*, to speech 3, *Sexton*; to speech 4, *Andrew*. This has been supposed to be another name, perhaps a nickname, given to Kemp on account of his playing so often the Merry Andrew. This explanation seems to be a little far-fetched; Kemp's Christian name was *William*; and there is no actor among those mentioned in F. 1 whose Christian name is *Andrew*. The prefix to the next speech, the 5th, is *Cowley*, to the 6th speech, *Sexton*; to the 7th speech, *Kemp*, to the 8th, *Bar*; to the 9th, *Ke* in Q., *Kemp* in F. 1; to the 10th, *Con*; to the 11th, *Ke* in Q., *Kee* in F. 1; to the 12th, omitted in F. 1, *both*; to the 13th, omitted in F. 1, *Kem*; to the 14th, *Con*; to the 15th, *Kemp*; to the 16th, *Bar*; to the 17th, *Kemp*; to the 18th, *Sexton* in Q., *Sext* in F. 1; to the 19th, *Kemp*; to the 20th, *Watch 1*; to the 21st, *Kemp*; to the 22nd, *Borachio* in Q., *Bora* in F. 1; to the 23rd, *Kemp*; to the 24th, *Sexton*; to the 25th, *Watch 2*; to the 26th, *Kemp*; to the 27th, *Const.*, to the 28th, *Sexton*; to the 29th, *Watch 1*; to the 30th, *Kemp*; to the 31st, *Sexton*; to the 32nd, *Watch*; to the 33rd, *Sexton*; to the 34th, *Constable* in Q., *Const* in F. 1; the next two speeches, 35th and 36th, are made one by mistake both in Q. and F. 1, Q. gives the speech to *Cowley*, F. 1 to *Sexton*; to the 37th, *Kem*; to the 38th, *Cowley*, to the 39th, *Kemp*.

I think it better to give the full details of this scene, because they may help us to settle two questions: the first, whether F. 1 was not simply transcribed from a printed copy of the Quarto, with a few cuts; the second, how the names of the actors came to be prefixed to the speeches in this scene, and not in any other part of the play. With regard to the first question, it will be noted that, with one or two slight exceptions, the prefixes given to the speeches are substantially the same both in Q. and F. 1, the only important exception being that of the two speeches, 36th and 38th, lines 70, 71, which, being hopelessly bungled together in both Q. and F. 1, are given in the former to *Cowley*, i. e. Verges, and in the latter to *Sext* or *Sexton*, who has just left the stage. In fact, except in the omission in F. 1 of speech 12 and part of

speech 13 (an omission evidently due to the frequent mention of the name of God), Q. F. 1 are substantially the same in this scene; and it is a powerful argument in favour of the theory that F. 1 is but a transcription of the Quarto that these prefixes should be retained in both. There is no other way to account for such a strange similarity in error, unless we suppose that both were transcribed from the same stage copy.

As to the second question, how it is that the names of the actors are found prefixed to the speeches in this scene and not elsewhere in the play, this is a difficult question to answer. There is an instance in *The Taming of the Shrew*, in Induction 1. (see note 9 on that play), where the name *Sinklo* is prefixed to a speech, the speech of one of the characters who has no other designation but a *Player*. *Sinklo* also figures in a stage-direction in III. Henry VI. iii. 1, as one of the Two Keepers; and in II. Henry IV. v. 4 as a *Beadle*. This actor's name does not appear in the list of the principal actors given in F. 1. He was probably an unimportant member of the company who took only very small parts. It will be seen that in all these three cases, where *Sinklo*'s name appears, it was substituted for a character such as a *Player*, a *Keeper*, a *Beadle*, to which there were assigned no specific names; but in the case of the scene before us it is quite different. Both Kemp and Cowley were important members of the company, and the proper prefixes of their respective characters are given to almost all their speeches. But it is to be noted that in act iii. scene 5 they are called in the stage-direction, prefixed to the scene, *Constable* and *Headborough*; and in the stage-direction at the beginning of act iii. scene 3, Verges's name does not appear, only *Dogberry* and *his companion*, although in that scene Verges's name is prefixed to all his speeches. It seems to me that the most probable explanation of this confusion as to the prefixes is, that when first the play was written and the parts distributed to the actors, Shakespeare had not yet decided upon the names which he would give to *Dogberry* and *Verges*; and in the copy used by the prompter it is possible that, in order to prevent any confusion in some scenes—in this one, for instance—he had written the names of the actors instead of such vague titles as *Constable*, *Headborough*, &c. When the names *Dogberry* and *Verges* were decided upon, they were prefixed to the speeches belonging to these characters in part of the MS. but not throughout. It may be noted that it would be much easier for the prompter, who had to see that the various actors were "called," as the technical expression is, in time for their various entrances, if he wrote down in his MS. the names of the actors of small parts such as *Keepers*, *Beadles*, *Officers*, and *Constables*, because then he could scarcely make any mistake as to the actor whom he had to call, and this may account for such things as the occurrence of the name *Sinklo* in the stage-directions already alluded to. Again, it is possible that this portion of the MS. had got torn or otherwise defaced; perhaps the margin containing the names of the speakers had been torn away, and it had been re-copied by the prompter or some other member of the company, who put the name of the actor instead of the name of the character which he represented. Unfortunately we know so very little about the interior life of the theatre in Shakespeare's time, that

we are almost ignorant how rehearsals were conducted, whether pieces were read to the company or not, and how parts were distributed. It is possible, in the case of actors who were regularly cast for a certain line of business, like Kemp, who always played the clown or comic character, that their own names were written on the part instead of the names of the characters they played. In such a case, a copyist supplying any deficiencies in the MS. prepared for the press from the actors' "parts"—which he would do, probably, in case of the stage copy being injured—would naturally write the name of the actor and not the name of the character.

309. Enter *Dogberry*, &c.—The stage-direction in Q. F. 1 is *Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Town Clerk; in gowns*. Here we have another proof of the confusion as to the designation of the characters in this piece; by the *Town Clerk* is evidently meant the *Sexton*, who takes down the examination of the prisoners. The stage-direction from *Lady Alimony* (1659) has already been quoted above (note 210) which says "Enter &c. in their *rug gowns*." According to a passage quoted by Malone from the *Black Book*, 4to, 1604: "—when they mist thei constable, and sawe the black gowne of his office lye full in a puddle—" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 122), the constables wore a *black gown* of office. Probably it was these *gowns*, and not the *rug gowns* which they wore when on their active duties, that were intended to be worn in this scene. The slovenly nature of the stage-direction will be noticed, as according to its wording *Borachio*, as well as the *Constable* and *Town Clerk*, would be in a gown; and all mention of *Conrade* is omitted.

310. Line 2: *O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton*.—Malone (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 122) points out that here perhaps was another cut at that favourite butt of all the Elizabethan dramatists, *The Spanish Tragedy* (act iv.):

*Hieron* What are you ready? *Balthazar*?  
Bring a chair and a cushion for the king

—Doddsley, vol. v p. 157.

It is worth noting that Malone misquotes this passage, making, by a curious mistake, *Balthazar* the name of the speaker of the second line quoted, whereas it is clear that the whole speech is addressed to *Balthazar* by *Hieronimo*.

311. Lines 5, 6:

*Sex. Which be the malefactors?*

*Dog. Hurry, that am I and my partner.*

This looks suspiciously like what is technically termed a piece of *gag*. It is difficult to understand for what word *Dogberry* can have mistaken *malefactors*. If this line was not introduced by the actor, Shakespeare may have intended *Dogberry* to claim the title of *malefactor*, because it was a long word which he did not understand, but which he thought from its very length would add to his and his fellow constable's dignity.

312. Line 6: *we have the exhibition to examine*.—Steevens explains this as a blunder for *examination* to *exhibit*, and refers to *Leonato*'s words in iii. 5. 53: "Take their *examination* yourself." He might also have referred to the words of the *Sexton* below, line 68: "I will go before and show him their *examination*." But is it not rather doubtful whether *Verges* would have known

the legal sense of the phrase to *exhibit*? It seems to me more probable that he is using *exhibition* in the sense of "allowance," or "permission," knowing that *exhibition* was used in the sense of "a money allowance," as we have it in *The Two Gent. of Verona*. See note 83 on that play.

312. Lines 19-22.—This passage, as has already been observed, is omitted in Ff. (see above, note 308) on account of the act, so often alluded to, passed in 3rd James I. chap. 21; but when the cut was made, by some mistake the sentence above was retained in Dogberry's part, probably because the person who had charge of the play-house copy was misled by the *Masters* in the second sentence commencing *Masters*, it is proved already. This mistake occasioned the absurdity noticed by Theobald, through which Dogberry asks a question without waiting for the answer. If we omit all between the word *Conrade*, line 18, and the sentence beginning *Masters it is proved*, line 23, the speech will read all right; and the omission of the passage, which contains the name of the Deity no less than five times, is certainly an improvement, at least as far as the reading aloud of the play, or its performance on the stage, is concerned.

314. Line 28: *but I will go about with him*.—This expression to *go about* is generally applied in such a phrase as "to go about your business," i. e. "to occupy one's self," "to undertake anything;" so we have it in *Venus and Adonis*, line 319:

His testy master goeth about to take him;

and in this very play above, iv. f. 65, 66:

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale,

where it almost has the meaning of "have taken pains," "have laboured." Hamlet uses it, in a rather peculiar sense, in the scene between Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, in 2. 361, 362: "why do you go about to recover the wind of me?" where it seems to imply a circuitous method of attaining an object. The passage in our text is the only instance, as far as I can find, of this expression being used "to go about with a person." It would probably be best translated into our modern vernacular by "I'll tackle you."

315. Line 37: *that's the RFTTEST way*.—Rowe suggested *easiest* for *eftest*. Theobald supposed that it was a blunder for *deftest*; but it is more probable that Dogberry is intended here to use the old word (of A. Sax. origin) *eft*. *Eft* has the sense of "quickly," and is frequently so used by Spenser, although its more proper meaning was "afterwards."

316. Lines 70, 71:

Verg. *Let them be in the hands—*

Con. *Off, Coxcomb!*

These two lines, as has already been stated, are printed as one speech in Q. and F. 1; Q. gives them to Cowley, the actor who played Verges; while F. 1 gives them to the Sexton, who has just gone off. The line is thus printed in the old copies; Q. has "Let them be in the hands of coxcombe;" F. 1 has "Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe." Probably there is some corruption here, besides

the mistake of making the two speeches one. Several emendations have been proposed: "Ver. Let them be in the hands of—Con. Coxcomb!" (Malone); "Ver. Let them be in bands. Con. Off, coxcomb!" (Capell); "Let them bind their hands;" afterwards withdrawn (Tyrwhitt). "Ver. Let them be bound. Con. Hands off, Coxcomb!" (Collier MS.). Shakespeare never uses the expression *Hands off*. It may be that, originally, Verges was going to say, "Let them be in the hands of the law;" but that when he got as far as *of*, Conrade interrupted him with "Off, coxcomb!" or "Of a coxcomb." But *of* and *of* are very often confounded, and the usually accepted reading we have given in our text is as satisfactory as any.

317. Line 85: *as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina*.—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 30, 31: "thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria."

318. Line 87: *a fellow that hath had losses*.—It is scarcely conceivable that the Old Corrector absolutely changed *losses* to *leases*. He did not add "copyholds" and "freeholds," which he might as well have done, when he tried to rob us of one of the most delightful bits of Shakespeare's humour. Human nature is much the same, nowadays, as it was in Shakespeare's time; and the pride which people take in referring to "better days" is but a piece of the same kind of vanity as that which Dogberry here exhibits. Indeed some people take such a delight in recounting their losses that one cannot grudge them the pleasure, since it seems a sort of compensation for their misfortunes.

#### ACT V. SCENE 1.

319.—In both Q. and F. 1 the stage-direction, at the beginning of this scene, is *Enter Leonato and his brother*. There are altogether ten speeches assigned to Antonio before he and Leonato "go off." The prefix to these ten speeches in Q. is *Brother*, with the exception of the last speech (line 100), which has the abbreviation *Bro.* prefixed to it. In F. 1 the 1st and 3rd have the prefix *Brother* in full, the 2nd, *Broth.*; the 4th and 5th, *Brot.*; the 6th, *Bro.*; the 7th, and 8th, *Brot*; the 9th—and here is a difference worth recording—has the prefix *Ant.*; the 10th has the same prefix as the Q., *Bro.* I have thought it worth while to point out the discrepancies between Q. and F. 1 in Antonio's speeches, trifling as they may appear to be, because we may possibly find in them some indirect evidence as to the question whether F. 1 was simply printed from a copy of the Q., or from a separate MS. (See above, note 308.) The only really important difference between the Q. and F. 1, which would seem to show that F. 1 was printed at least from a corrected copy of the Q., is the fact of the prefix in line 100, in F. 1, being *Ant.*, i. e. an abbreviation of Antonio's name, while to the other many speeches the prefix is practically identical in both editions.

It is possible that the copy of the Q. from which F. 1 was printed had a few corrections made on it, and that this prefix *Ant.*, instead of *Brother*, to the speech referred to above, was one of those corrections, it having been obviously suggested by the fact that Leonato calls him there by his name; but still this is not a very satisfactory explanation, for Leonato also calls his brother by

his name above (line 91). On the other hand, we may note that in both Q. and F. 1 there is the same variation in the spelling of the name *Antonio*, which in line 91 is spelt *Anthony*, and in line 100 *Antonie*, in both copies. The use of the form *Anthony* is rather out of place, and may be compared with the obvious mistake in l. 1. 9 and 10, where *Don Pedro* is called *Don Peter*.

It would certainly seem that *Antonio* was one of the characters in this play to whom the author had not assigned any name when he commenced this comedy. (See above, note 308.) In act i. scene 2, Q. F. 1 have *Enter Leonato and an old man brother to Leonato*; and the prefix to Antonio's speeches is simply *Old*. In act ii. scene 1 the stage-direction is *Enter Leonato his Brother, &c.*, and the prefix to his speeches throughout is *Brother* in both Q. and F. 1. In line 116 he is, for the first time, named *Anthony* by Ursula, and the prefix to his speeches with Ursula, lines 119, 121, 125, is *Antho*. in Q.; *Anth*. in F. 1.

320. Lines 3-82.—For a comparison between portions of this speech of Leonato's with the speech of Adriana in the Comedy of Errors, see note 27 on that play

321. Line 6: *Nor let no COMFORTER delight mine ear*—So Q; F. 1 has *comfort*; F. 2 *comfort els*; F. 3, F. 4 *comfort else*.—It is rather remarkable that the editors of F. 2, when trying to correct the faulty line in F. 1, should not have resorted to the Q. rather than have accepted the reading of F. 1; or was the addition of the *else* made by the actors, and taken by the editors of F. 2 from the then theatre copy?

322. Line 10: *And bid him speak of patience*—So Q. Ff; most editors adopt the emendation of Hammer, who added the words *to me* after *speak* in order to make the line metrically complete. With all due deference to Dyce, and other commentators, who have adopted this supposed improvement without any question, I must beg to differ from them as to there being either any necessity for an addition to the line, or as to such an addition being, in any way, an improvement on the text of the old copies. We have had a great many *mine's* and *me's* already in this passage; e.g. line 5, *me*; line 6, *mine*; again, line 7, *mine*; line 8, *me*; line 9, *mine*; and, in the next line, we have *mine*; so that unless there were any necessity for it, I do not think the poet would have wished to add the words *to me* in this line. There is another reason for the omission of these words, and that is, that we require the emphasis to be put on the *him* in this line. Anyone who will read the whole sentence beginning with *Bring me a father*, will see, if he has any ear for rhythm, that by omitting the words *to me*, the conclusion of the sentence is both more forcible and more rhythmical. The *to me* is really unnecessary. We must remember that the slurring slovenly style of pronouncing our beautiful native tongue, which prevails nowadays, was not prevalent in Shakespeare's time, when *patience* was not pronounced *pay-shense*, but distinctly as a trisyllable.

323. Line 12: *And let it answer every STRAIN for STRAIN*—The sense of *strain* in this line is, perhaps, rendered as nearly as possible by the word given in our foot-note, viz

"feeling." *Strain*, in this sense, is by no means uncommon in Shakespeare, e.g. in II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 171:

Or swell my thoughts to any *strain* of pride;

and Coriolanus, v. 8. 149:

Thou hast affected the fine *strains* of honour.

This sense of the word is not connected with its peculiar sense = "note" or "tune," but with the original meaning of an "effort." We have had the word used above in this play, in l. 1. 304, in the sense of "natural" or "inherited disposition," where Don Pedro, speaking of Benedick, says "he is of a noble *strain*."

324. Lines 15-18:

*If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,  
And, SORRY wag, cry "hem" when he should groan,  
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk  
With CANDLE-WASTERS.*

This very difficult passage, which has, with some reason, puzzled all the commentators, can only be understood by a careful consideration of the context. What does Leonato intend to say? He may express himself obscurely, but his meaning is obvious enough. We may thus paraphrase his speech. "I do not want sententious comfort. I want some one who has suffered what I have suffered to come and talk to me. If you can find anyone who has loved his child as I have loved mine, and whose joy and pride in her has been overwhelmed by such a catastrophe as that which has overtaken my daughter; and if this man will talk to me of patience—if this man will be calm and sententious, and will attempt to mend my grief with proverbial sayings, and to drug my sense of unhappiness with essays upon resignation—the work of those who waste candles in sitting up to labour out such dull and tedious performances—if such a one will attempt to console me thus, and preach to me patience, I will listen to him; but you cannot find such a man, for it is only those who have not to bear sorrow that can preach patience; directly we have to endure sorrow ourselves our patience goes to the winds." To come to the special difficulties in this passage: first, as to the well-known crux in line 16, the reading of Q., F. 1, F. 2 is as follows:

*And sorrow, wagge, crie hem when he should groan.*

The correction of F. 3, F. 4 seems, at first sight, scarcely worth notice. The former reads: "And *hallow*, wag, cry hem:" the latter reads the same, except that it has *hollow* instead of *hallow*. This attempt at an emendation may be interpreted in two ways: "And *halloo* wag," i.e. "and cry out *wag* (=go your way);" or it may be meant for "And *hollow* wag, *hollow* being used, as it frequently is by Shakespeare, in the sense of "insincere." It is possible that the alteration in F. 3 was originally made by one of the actors. Of the many—far too many—proposed emendations emanating from various commentators, it will be sufficient to say that they will be found duly recorded in the Cambridge edn. The one we have adopted in the text, which occurred to me, independently, many years ago, is the same as a conjecture by Stevens, which, for some mysterious reason or other, he subsequently abandoned. The other emendation, which is most generally accepted, is that of Capell, "*BID sorrow wag, cry*



hem; and the next most received one is that of Johnson, which Stevens adopted: "GAY, sorrow wag! and hem." Johnson, before adopting this arrangement of the words had pointed out that the text, as it stands in the old copies, would make sense if we read, *And sorrow wag! cry, hem*, but on account of the harshness of the order in which the words *and* and *cry* are placed he adopted the arrangement given above, which Stevens thoroughly approved of and followed. The meaning of the sentence is "And cry 'away with sorrow' " or "sorrow avaunt!" Stevens supports this reading by quoting the use of the phrase *care away*, from Acolastus, comedy, 1540 "I may now say, *Care away!*" and "Now grievous sorrows and care away!" also from Barnaby Rudge's "third Eglog

Som chestnuts have I there in store  
With cheese and pleasant whaye,  
God sende me vittayles for my need  
And I syng C re aw ye!

Stevens tells us also he was assured that *Sorrow go by!* is "a common exclamation of hilarity even at this time, in Scotland (Var Ed vol vii p 129). There does not seem to me to be much force in the comparison between the expression *sorrow wag!* and such a very natural expression as *care away!* or *'sorrow away!* or *'away with sorrow!* or in the more common form, *'away with melancholy!* With regard to the word *wag* in the sense of 'to go on a way', it is remarkable that it is used no less than four times in The Merry Wives (all ways by the Host of the Garter), 1 3 7 let them *wag*, trot, trot, 1 1 288 Here, boys, here, here! shall we *wag!* and also 1 3 74 101 We have it once in As You Like It, 1 7 23, in the proverbial expression how the world *wags* where I do not think it has the same meaning exactly that it has in Merry Wives. However, it is worth remarking that Shakespeare only uses *wag* in this sense, in the four passages cited and, from his putting the expression into the mouth of the Host, it would seem that he considered it rather an affected one. As to the imaginary comforter that Leonato is describing he might perhaps be termed an affected prig, and the use of the verb *wag*, in this rather unusual sense would not be out of place. Both because it involves very little alteration in the text and also makes very fair sense Johnson's emendation is a very plausible one. The reason why we have preferred the one printed in the text is that it involves even less alteration of the reading of the old copies, and because the misprint of *sorrow* for *sorry* is a very probable one although no other instance of such a misprint seems to occur in Shakespeare. In Dymock's translation of Il Pastor Fido (1602) *shadow* appears to be used in two passages = *shady* in act ii scene 5

About noone time among these *shadow* trees  
Come you without your nimphs

(F 3, back F 4)

Again, in act iii scene 5

unto my garden there

Where a *shadow* hedge doth close it in (I 1)

It is possible that in those two passages *shadow* may be used as an adjective, but it looks more like a misprint. We must remember that all words like pretty, heavy, sorry, were formerly spelt *prettie*, *heavie*, *sorry* (we have an instance in F 1, Love's Labour's Lost, v 2. 730), and if

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anyone will compare the two words *sorry* and *sorrow*, in the handwriting of any M.A. of Shakespeare's time, he will see how easily they might be mistaken for one another. The expression *sorrow wag* seems to me very applicable to the type of character that Leonato is describing: one utterly devoid of sympathy, unable to enter into the griefs, or indeed into any of the higher feelings of the sufferer. Such a man *smiles, strokes his beard, cries hem*, offers for consolation stale proverbs and conventional exhortations to patience, gathered from the laborious writings of scholars who consume the midnight oil, and are learned in everything but human nature.

The second difficulty, which I am inclined to think almost greater than the first is as to the meaning of *candle wasters* in this passage—in fact as to the meaning of the last sentence altogether. In the paraphrase of the speech given above I have taken *candle wasters* to mean "students" or "book worms," in fact those who sit up late at night reading or writing. On account of the occurrence of the word *drunk* in the sentence, the meaning generally accepted for *candle wasters* is, as Malone says, 'men who waste candles while they pass the night in drinking (Var Ed vol vii p 130) that is to say drunkards or "revellers" but we have no instance of the use of *candle wasters* in such a case while we have a very striking instance of its use in the sense of "one who burns the midnight oil, as we say. Thus we have in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, iii 2 'spoiled by a whoreson book worm, a *candle waster* (Works vol ii p 277), and in The Antiquary, act iii 1 'he should catch more delicate court-eat, than all you head scratchers, thumb biters *lamp wasters* of them all (Dodsley vol xii p 466). Both the above passages are quoted by Whalley (Var Ed vol vii p 180) but we may add the following expression from the Prologue to Wily Beguiled *cotton candle eloquence* (Dodsley, vol ix p 221) It has been suggested in connection with the word *drunk* that Shakespeare might have been thinking of one of the practices of extravagant lovers namely that of drinking off flap dragons (see Love's Labour's Lost, note 152), which is alluded to in II Henry IV i 4 287 'and drinks off *candles ends* for *flap dragons*. In a passage, however in The Return from Parnassus (iv 3) students are described as

*Drinking, a long lank watching can the sn oke  
Spending the marrow of their flow'ry age  
In fruitless poring on some worn eat leaf*

—Dodsley vol ix p 200

This passage confirms one in the opinion that *candle wasters* here should be interpreted in some such sense as we have given to the word, in the paraphrase of Leonato's speech above

325 Line 28 WRING under the load of sorrow—This intransitive use of the verb to wring—"to writhe, or perhaps, "to be wrung, is found in two other passages in Shakespeare, in Henry V iv 1 252, 253

Of every fool whose sense no more can feel  
But his own wringing

and, more appositely, in Cymbeline, iii 6 79 "He wrings at some distress. This elliptical use of the verb is one of which Shakespeare and the writers of his time were rather fond



326. Line 30: *moral*—"moralizing."—Compare Lear, iv. 2. 58: "a moral fool." Schmidt also takes the passage in *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 28, 29:

When I did hear  
The motley fool thus *moral* on the time,

to be another instance of the use of the adjective in this sense, though generally *moral*, in that passage,\* is considered to be a verb. I have not been able to find a similar use of the word in any other author.

327. Line 32: *My griefs cry louder than* ADVERTISEMENT.—This use of *advertisement*—"exhortation" is given by Baret in his *Alvearie* (1578), *sub voce*: "A warning: an admonition: an *advertisemet*." The vulgarized use of the word has become so common in this, which may be considered, emphatically, "the age of advertisements," that the original meaning of the word has been almost, if not entirely, lost. In Sherwood's dictionary, which is bound up with Cotgrave (1650), *monition* is given as one of the French equivalents to *advertisement*. But the verb, to *advertise* would seem by that time to have nearly lost all connection with the idea of moral advice, and only to have retained the sense of "to give notice" or "information," "to notify," through which sense it came to have its modern meaning. The only explanation of this line is given by Seymour, who explains it "my griefs are too violent to be expressed in words." Seymour's explanation is plausible enough; but it would seem from the answer of Antonio, in the next line,

Therein do men from children nothing differ,

that the meaning is "My griefs cry louder than your moral exhortations;" that is to say, "The voice of my grief makes itself heard so loudly in my own breast, that I cannot hear the moral consolations that you offer;" but Antonio takes the more literal sense of the word *cries*, and endeavours to ridicule his brother out of his excessive dwelling on his unhappiness, by comparing him to a child who *cries* so loudly that it cannot hear the remonstrances, or good advice, of its instructor.

328. Lines 37, 38:

However they have writ the *STYLE* OF GODS,  
And made a *PUSH* at chance and sufferance.

Warburton thought this referred to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wise men (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 131). Steevens, more probably, explains it "in the style of gods," i.e. "in exalted language," as if they were divine beings above the level of ordinary men (*ut supra*).

The phrase *made a push at* seems to have given the commentators some trouble. Pope altered *push* to *push*, which, with due deference to him, is an alteration for the worse. The meaning undoubtedly is the one we have given in the foot-note. Compare I. Henry IV. iii. 2. 66, 67:

stand the *push*  
Of every beardless vain comparative,

and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 187;

To stand the *push* and enmity of those;

from which it is evident that the expression *make a push at* means here "attack," "defy."

329. Line 52:

Who wrongs him? *Who!*  
Leon. *Who!*

We have followed Dyce in adopting Walker's addition of the word *Who!* at the end of this line in order to complete it. Hammer printed "*wrongeth him*," and Capell, "Who wrongs him, *sir!*" but Walker's emendation seems to us much the best, as it is very natural Leonato should repeat the word *Who!*

330. Line 57: *my hand meant nothing to my sword*.—None of the commentators notice this phrase, though it is rather an obscure one. It may either mean "I had no intention of drawing my sword in touching it;" that is to say, it was a mere mechanical action; or, perhaps, the meaning is, "My hand laid to my sword meant nothing."

331. Line 65: *And, with grey hairs and* BRUISE *of many days*.—This is a very expressive phrase. It would be difficult to express more forcibly the effect of old age, which makes us feel, both in mind and body, as if we had been sorely bruised. Shakespeare only uses the word *bruise* in two other passages: II. Henry IV. iv. 1. 100:

That feel the *bruises* of the day before,

where it is also used figuratively, though not in precisely the same sense as in the text; and (in the literal sense) in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 57, 58:

the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parricet for an inward *bruise*

Compare with this passage II. Henry VI. v. 3. 3, and see note 338 on that play.

332. Line 68: *Do challenge thee to* TRIAL *of a man*.—Compare Richard II. i. 1. 81:

Or chivalrous design of knightly trial

333. Line 75: *Despite his nice fence and his active* PRACTICE.—Practice is explained by some commentators as "experience." Surely the sense we have given it in the foot-note is the right one. Leonato would have had more experience than Claudio; but he could not have had such active habits, and he could not have exercised his skill in fencing very much of late. Compare Hamlet, v. 2. 220, 221, where Hamlet says, apropos of his approaching combat with Laertes, "since he went into France, I have been in continual practice."

334. Line 76: *His May of youth and bloom of* LUSTIHOOD.—Shakespeare only uses this word in one other passage, in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 49, 50:

reason and respect  
Make livers pale, and *lusthood* deject

335. Line 78: *Canst thou so* DAFF *me?*—See above, note 157.

336. Lines 80-101.—The sudden anger of Antonio at this point is one of the cleverest touches in the whole of this charming comedy. Leonato has been working himself up into a towering passion, and his brother, who, during the first part of the scene, has been endeavouring to argue him into patience, not only abandons that useless endeavour, but, taking up the cudgels for his slandered niece, works himself into a genuine passion. The contempt of the brave old man for the boy Claudio, and the fearless scorn which the representative of the old school pours upon the head of the representative of the new school, are admirably expressed; but what is best of all, in this outburst of Antonio, is the true knowledge of

human nature shown by the poet. Whenever any good-hearted but quick-tempered man gets into a passion, there is only one sure way of calming him; and that is either really to be angry one's self, or to make believe to be angry as naturally as possible. Brother Antony knew this; and sure enough, directly he begins to rave against Claudio, Leonato recovers his temper and begins to try and soothe him. How much can be done with a very small part by a good actor, was seen when Mr. Howe played the part of Antonio at the revival of this play at the Lyceum in 1882.

337. Line 88: *Come, follow me, boy! come, SIR BOY, FOLLOW me.*—Q. FY read *come, sir boy, come follow me* Capell, whose emendation we have followed, omitted the second *come*. Pope reads, *come boy follow me*. There would seem to be something especially irritating in the application of the term *boy* to grown-up men. Antonio, doubtless, repeats advisedly the phrase *sir boy* here and in the next line. Compare Coriolanus, v. 6. 101, where Aufidius in his quarrel with Coriolanus says:

Name not the god (i.e. Mars), thou *boy* of tears;

and Coriolanus answers, line 104: "*Boy!* O slave!" and again, line 113: "*Boy!* false hound!"

338. Line 84: *I'll whip you from your FOINING fence.*—Baret gives under "*to Foine*, to prick, to sting," and gives as the Latin equivalent "*Pungo. & Cōpungo.*" It seems to have been used in fencing, as meaning "*to thrust.*" Cotgrave gives under "*Coup d'estoc, A thrust, foine, stab.*" Compare Lear, iv. 6. 251: "no matter vor your *foins*." The verb is used in three other passages. In Merry Wives, ii. 3. 24; II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 17; ii. 4. 252. In the latter passage it is used in a very equivocal sense.

339. Line 89: *That dare as well answer a man indeed.*—We have adopted Warburton's suggestion of placing a comma after *indeed* here, giving to the words *a man indeed* the sense of "one who is *indeed* a man." In Hamlet, iii. 4. 60:

A combination and a form *indeed*,

the word is used in the same emphatic or intensive sense.

340. Line 91: *Boys, apes, JACKS, braggarts, milksops!*—This word is often used as a term of contempt. Compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 4. 77:

A thousand raw tricks of these braggart *Jacks*,

and our modern *Jack-in-office*. We have followed Hamner in transposing the position of *braggarts* and *Jacks*. Q. FY. read *apes, braggarts, Jacks*. Dyce puts an accent on the last syllable of *braggarts* in order to make the rhythm of the verse correct; but surely this is not allowable, as the word *braggart* occurs nine times in verse in Shakespeare, and on every occasion it is accented on the first syllable, e.g. in All's Well, iv. iii. 370, 372

341. Line 94: SCAMBERING, OUT-FACING, FASHION-MONGERING boys.—For *scambering* see King John, note 252; for *out-facing* compare As You Like It, i. 3. 123, 124:

As many other mannish cowards have  
That do outface it with their semblances

*Fashion-mongering* is the reading of Q. F. 1; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read "*fashion-mongring.*" Dyce (note 72) quotes Mr. Arrowsmith, Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators,

p. 34: "*monging* is the present participle regularly inflected from the Anglo-Saxon verb '*mangian*,' to traffick." From this verb comes the noun *monger* found in such words as *fashion-monger*. Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 34: *fashion-mongers*.

342. Line 95: *That lie, and cog, and flout, DEPRAVE, and slander.*—Schmidt defines *cog* = "to cheat, to deceive, especially by smooth lies;" and compares the passage in Merry Wives, iii. 3. 76: "Come, I cannot *cog*, and say thou art this and that," &c. The word seems to come nearest, in sense, to our modern word "*to gammon.*" Afterwards to *cog* came especially to be applied to loading, or otherwise falsifying dice. The verb to *deprave* is used in only one other passage in Shakespeare, in Timon, i. 2. 145:

Who lives that's not *depraved* or *depraves*?

343. Line 96: *Go antickly, show outward hideousness*—Q. FY read "*and show*" We have adopted Spedding's emendation in omitting *and*, which is clearly unnecessary, and spoils the line. Stevens quotes an expression in Gower's speech in Henry V iii. 6. 81: "*a horrid suit of the camp;*" the whole passage being: "and what a beard of the general? cut and a *horrid* suit of the camp will do, among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on." There is no doubt it was the practice of these braggarts to assume the most warlike dress and accoutrements they could.

344. Line 101: *Do not you meddle; let me DEAL IN this.*—Compare above in this play, iv. 1. 249, 250 *With* is the preposition generally used with *deal*, but we have the same expression—"have to do with," in I. Henry VI. v. 5. 56 "*dealt in* by attorneyship," and again in The Tempest, v. 1. 270, 271:

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,  
And *deal* in her command without her power

345. Line 102: *we will not WAKE your patience.*—There have been several proposed emendations for *wake*, which certainly does not seem to be quite the right word here. Warburton proposed *wack*; Hamner *rack*, Talbot conjectured *waste*. Johnson explained it: "will not longer force them to *endure* the presence of those whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot resist" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 135) Henley explains it thus: "The ferocity of wild beasts is overcome by not suffering them to sleep;" and therefore the sentence means "we will forbear any further provocation" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 135). I confess I do not quite understand this explanation. Stevens compares the well-known passage in Othello, iii. 3. 362, 363:

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog  
Than answer my *wake'd* wrath!

But surely there is a good deal of difference between *wrath* and *patience*. One naturally speaks of *waking* a person's wrath, but not of *waking* his patience. There can hardly be two things more opposite than *wrath* and *patience*; but we find somewhat similar expressions elsewhere in Shakespeare; for instance, in Richard II. i. 3. 131-133:

set on you  
To *wake* our peace, which in our country's cradle  
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;

Richard III i 3 288, where Margaret is speaking of the effect of curses

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace,  
and Coriolanus, iii 1 98, 99

awake

Your dangerous lenity

which last passage bears a very strong resemblance to the one in our text, because there is no mention in the other two passages, as quoted, of sleep, but the idea is essentially the same as here, viz. that by provocation the passive quality of non resistance is turned into the active quality of resistance

346 Lines 106-109

Leon My lord, my lord,—

D Pedro I will not hear you

Leon No!—Come, brother, away—I will be heard

Ant And shall, or some of us will smart for it

Hamlet whom Dyce follows, arranges these lines as follows—

I Leon My lord my lord—

D Pedro I will not hear you

I Leon Come brother away—I will be heard Not—

Ant And shall A is shall

Or some of us will smart for it

The one objection to this arrangement is that line 109 is left imperfect, while line 108 is not very rhythmical. The arrangement of the old copies it seems to me better suits the sense of the words

347 Line 109 [Exeunt Leonato and Antonio—The stage direction in F 1 is *Exeunt ambo* after Leonato's speech, 'I will be heard' and "*Enter Benedick*" after line 107, in Q "*Enter Benedick*" comes before line 110. It is pretty clear that F 1 was printed from the theatre copy, for nearly all the entrances are marked too early

348 Line 114 *you are ALMOST come to part ALMOST a fray*—Is not the first *almost* here a printer's error or is the repetition intentional? Most commentators seem to think that the second *almost* ought to be omitted but I cannot help thinking that it is the first which is redundant. The phrase *almost* is used by Don Pedro in a somewhat contemptuous sense which is quite consistent with the tone adopted by him and Claudio. Another objection to the repetition of *almost* is that the sentence makes a blank verse which as it occurs in prose is objectionable

349 Line 120 *In a false quarrel there is no true valour*  
—Compare II Henry VI iii 2 23.—235

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,

As he but naked though lock'd up in steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted

350 Lines 128 129 *I will bid thee DRAW, as we do the minstrels, DRAW to pleasure*—There seems to be a difference of opinion here, among the commentators, as to whether *draw* means to *draw* an instrument out of its case, or to *draw* the bow along the strings of the viol. Douce suggests that there is an allusion to the itinerant sword dancers. It will be easier to decide the exact meaning of *draw* here, when we can find any passage in which the direction is used to *minstrels* to *draw* either their instruments out of the case, or their bows.

100

351 Line 132 *care kill'd a cat*—This seems to have been a common proverb. In his *Complete Alphabet of Proverbs* (p 335) Bohn gives it in the form "Care will kill a cat, yet there's no living without it," but at page 76 of the same work it is given in the simple form "Care will kill a cat." The proverb is alluded to in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, i 3 "hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat" (Works, vol. i p 38).

352 Line 135 *I shall MEET your wit in THE CAREER, an you charge it against me*—The allusions in this and the following speech are to tilting. *To meet in the career* is to meet in the full charge

353 Line 139 *give him another staff—this last was broke cross*—Claudio keeps up the metaphor from the tilting-field. It was considered a disgrace when the spear, used in tilting, was broken across the body of the adversary instead of being snapped by the force of the charge, after having struck him full

354 Line 142 *he knows how to turn his girdle*—There seems to be no doubt that the reference here is to the practice of turning the large buckle of the girdle behind one, previously to challenging anyone to a personal encounter but for what reason the girdle was turned does not seem quite clear. Holt White explains it "Large belts were worn with the buckle before but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge" (Vol. Ed vol vii p 138). I confess I do not understand this explanation. In wrestling the object is to try and get a good hold on one's adversary, which is done by putting the arms round him and trying to join your hands in the middle of his back. How it would help matters to have a great buckle there I do not know surely it would render it more difficult to get a good hold, and perhaps that may be the real explanation of the practice, if such a practice existed among wrestlers. In the case of combatants going to fight with flints, one could understand the turning round of the buckle, in order that it might not cut one's opponent's hands, though he would have to hit rather low down to come in contact with it, but still it would not be hitting "below the belt, and we must remember that these large buckles came quite as high as what I believe in sporting parlance is called the 'bread basket.'" Halliwell explains the passage "you may change your temper or humour, alter it to the opposite side, but Grant White and Hunter think that the girdle was turned round in order to get at the sword hilt."

355 Line 156 *he hath bid me to a CALF'S HEAD and a CAPON*—Schmidt thinks that there is a pun intended here in *capon*, as—"cap on," i.e. cockcomb and that Claudio means to say a *calf's head* with a fool's cap on, but *capon* was frequently used as a term of contempt, and figures among the humorous terms of abuse used by Dromio of Syracuse, in *Comedy of Errors*, iii E 32

356 Line 172 *trans-shape thy particular virtues*—Compare Webster's Cure for a Cuckold. "O to what a monster would this trans-shape me" (Works, vol. iv p 17).

357 Lines 181, 182 *God saw him when he was bad in the*

garden.—This is of course a reference to li. 3, where Benedic is hid in the arbour, and it is also a rather profile allusion to the story of Adam and Eve.

\* 358. Line 184: *the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedict's head*.—An allusion to Benedict's speech above, in l. 1. 264-266.

359. Line 208: *when he goes in his doublet and hose*.—It is pretty certain that the meaning here is simply "without his cloak;" it being the custom to take off the cloak before fighting a duel. Compare *Merry Wives*, iii. 1. 46, where Page says to Sir Hugh Evans, who is awaiting the arrival of Doctor Calus with hostile intent: "in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!" This seems to be the more probable meaning of the phrase than to suppose that it refers to the negligence in the matter of dress which is said to characterize lovers, and of which Rosalind makes such fun in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 392-403.

360. Line 207: *soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad!*—Hammer proposed to read *let be*, a phrase which occurs in *Winter's Tale*, v. 3. 61: *Let be, let be*, used in a deprecatory sense and = "Forbear speaking to me; leave me alone." The same phrase, with the same meaning, occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 4. 6, and is applied by Antony to Cleopatra when she attempts to help him on with his armour. Compare also *Matthew xxvii. 40*: "Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to save him."

As to *pluck up, my heart*, compare *Taming of Shrew*, iv. 3. 38. "*Pluck up thy spirits*."

361. Line 211: *she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance*.—Some commentators think that there may be a pun here on *reasons* and *rawins*, as in *I Henry IV.* ii. 4. 264-266: "Give you a *reason* on compulsion! if *reasons* were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a *reason* upon compulsion, I." It seems that *reason* was in Shakespeare's time pronounced *rayson*, as if it were an anglicized form of the French *raison*; in fact, the word was often spelt so, e.g. in *Tragicall Discourses* (fol. 50): "wherin certainly she had *rayson*;" ten lines lower down the word is spelt *reason*.

362. Line 242: *Don John your brother INCENSED me to slander the Lady Hero*.—For a similar use of the verb *incense* compare *Merry Wives*, i. 3. 109: "I will *incense* Page to deal with poison;" *Winter's Tale*, v. 1. 61, 62:

and would *incense* me

To murder her I married

Nares supposes that the word has the same sense here as in *Henry VIII.* v. 1. 43, 45:

*Incens'd* the lords o' the council, that he is

A most arch heretic,

in which passage, and in *Richard III.* iii. 1. 152, where Buckingham suggests that the young prince, York, was "*incens'd* by his subtle mother" to taunt his uncle, the meaning is "to instruct," "to inform," a sense which it still bears in *Staffordshire*.

363. Lines 293, 294:

*Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,  
And sing it to her bones.*

Blakeway gives an extract from "*Le Monnoie en Bayle, au mot Arstin (Pierre)*," note G: referring to this practice: "C'est la coutume parmi les Catholiques d'attacher a quelque colonne, ou ailleurs, près du tombeau des morts, et surtout des morts de reputation, des inscriptions funebres en papier" (*Var. Ed.* vol. vii. p. 144); i.e. "It is the custom among the Catholics to attach to some column, or elsewhere, near the tomb of the dead, and especially of dead celebrities, funeral inscriptions on paper." An instance of this practice is exemplified in Ben Jonson's well-known lines on the Countess of Pembroke, commencing "Underneath this sable hearse," which were intended to be hung as an epitaph on her tomb.

364. Line 290: *And she alone is heir to both of us*.—This is one among the many proofs of the carelessness with which this play was written. The author forgot that already, in i. 2. 1, Leonato, speaking to Antonio, says: "Where is my cousin, your son?"

365. Lines 301-304.—Nothing perhaps makes the character of Claudio more contemptible than the prompt fickleness with which he transfers his affections to order, even at the very moment when he has just discovered how cruelly he had wronged his first love, whom he supposed to be dead.

366. Line 308: *Who, I believe, was PACK'D in all this wrong*.—Compare *Comedy of Errors*, v. 1. 219, 220.

That goldsmith there, were he not *pack'd* with her,  
Could witness it.

i.e. "if he were not in conspiacy with her." Compare the passage in the *Taming of the Shrew*, v. 1. 121 and note 202 on that play. The noun *pack* is used for "a gang of conspirators" in *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 4. 105.

367. Lines 300-312. — As if Shakespeare was determined to heap contempt upon the head of Claudio he makes Borachio, villain as he is, a striking contrast to the young count in generosity of character. He will not allow, hardened ruffian though he be, the woman who unconsciously aided him in his conspiracy to suffer any unjust blame.

368. Line 318: *he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it*.—This looks very suspiciously like a piece of gag on the part of Master Kemp. In iii. 3, 182 Seacoal has already spoken about this Deformed wearing a *lock* (see note 229). The *key in the ear* may be a satire on the fashion of wearing roses in the ears, alluded to in *King John*. (See note 43 on that play.) But the joke on the *lock* and the *key* is very much on a par with some of those attributed to Kemp.

369. Line 319: *borrow money in GOD'S NAME*; i.e. "he is a common beggar;" to ask for money in *God's name*, or for *God's sake*, being the usual adjuration of beggars when begging for alms. Minshew (1599) has under *Porcioneros* "men that ask for God's sake, beggars." Halliwell says that "this phrase was used in the counterfeit passports of the beggars, as appears from Dekker's *English Villanies*."

370. Line 327: *God save the foundation!*—This was the recognized mode of thanksgiving employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses.

## ACT V. SCENE 2.

371. Line 2: *deserve well at my hands* by *HELPING ME TO THE SPEECH OF Beatrice*.—We have a similar phrase in another passage in Shakespeare, in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 796: "If I may come to the speech of him."

It seems rather doubtful where this scene is supposed to take place. In Mr. Irving's arrangement of the play it formed part of scene 1, which seems the most sensible plan, as it would certainly seem to be intended to take place out of doors and near Leonato's house. Pope was the first to assign any locality to the last scene (v. 1), which he described as "before Leonato's house." He placed this scene "In Leonato's house." Reed rightly placed it "In Leonato's garden;" for it is clear from line 98 below, where Ursula says "Yonder's old coil at home," that the scene did not take place in the house. At the same time there is an objection to placing it in the same part of the garden as the previous scene, namely, that Benedick, after the angry leave he had taken of Claudio and Don Pedro, would hardly risk meeting them again; but this objection is of very little force where there is what is called a "full set scene" to represent the garden, occupying the whole of the stage. We have, however, in order not to interfere with the usual division into scenes of this act, placed this scene as in another part of Leonato's garden.

372. Lines 9, 10: *To hate no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?*—The meaning of this latter phrase is not very clear. The conversation between Margaret and Benedick is not very edifying at this point; still, it is as well to try and make some sense of it. Theobald simply altered it to "keep above stairs." Steevens proposed to read "keep men below stairs," i.e. "never suffer them to come into her bed-chamber." Singer made a very similar conjecture: "keep them below stairs." Schmidt explains the phrase, "in the servants' room," and so presumably "never get married." This conjecture seems rather founded on the arrangement in modern houses, by which servants' rooms are in the basement; but that portion of the house, if it existed at all in Elizabethan times, was used for cellarage only, the servants' rooms being on the ground floor. Probably the meaning is: "Shall I never get up to the bridal-chamber?" There is possibly also some double meaning in the expression to which the clue is wanting.

373. Lines 26-29: *The god of love, &c.*—This is (according to Ritson) the beginning of an old song by "W. E." (William Elderton).

374. Line 33: *carpet-mongers*.—The same as *carpet-knights*, the title given to those knights who received their knighthood at court and not on the battle-field, and for accomplishments which could be better displayed in the lists of Cupid than in tournaments or in battle. In Fenton's *Tragical Discourses* (1587) we have "a crew of Venesyan and *carpet knights*" (fol. 89. b.). It appears to have been used generally as a term of contempt. Cotgrave gives under *Muguet*, "an effeminate youngster, a spruce *Carpet-knight*." Shakespeare does not use this term anywhere; but he describes such a person very well in Twelfth

Night, iii. 4. 257, 258: "He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on *carpet* consideration." Shakespeare uses many compounds of the word *monger*, such as *ballad-monger*, I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 130; *barber-monger*, Lear, ii. 2. 36, &c.; and compare *fashion-monging* above, in the last scene, line 94. A *carpet-monger* is well described in Richard III. i. 1. 12, 13:

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

375. Line 41: *I cannot woo in FESTIVAL terms*.—Compare Merry Wives, iii. 2. 69: "he speaks *holiday*;" and I. Henry IV. i. 3. 46, 47:

With many *holiday* and lady terms  
He question'd me.

376. Line 47: *let me go with that I came FOR*.—Q. El. omit *for*; but it seems necessary for the sense. Pope was the first to add this word, an emendation which most editors have adopted. The Cambridge edd. adhere to the reading of the old copies. They give in a note (xxvi.), as an instance of the same construction, "i.e. the non-repetition of the preposition," a line from the following passage in Marston's *Fawne*, i. 2:

I will revenge us all upon you all  
*With* the same stratagem we still are caught,  
Flittere it selfe. —Works, vol. 1 pp. 24, 25

But the preposition there to be repeated is the same. Here it is a different one; for "*with* that I came *with*" would make no sense at all. Their instance would very well apply if the preposition *with* was omitted in the following sentence.

377. Line 57: *Claudio UNDERGOES my challenge*.—Schmidt explains *undergoes* here "in a bad sense, = to suffer, to bear;" but it seems rather to have the sense of "is under = has received," which we have given it in our foot-note; that is to say, "he goes, or is under my challenge to which he has not yet replied;" for no hostile meeting had absolutely been arranged between Benedick and Claudio. We may compare, generally, King John, v. 2. 99, 100.

Is't not?

That *undergo* this charge?

378. Line 77: *an old INSTANCE*.—For this sense of *instance*, compare As You Like It, ii. 7. 156:

I all of wise saws and modern instances;

and Troilus and Cressida, v. 10. 40, 41: "what verse for it? what instance for it?"

379. Lines 79-82: *If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in MONUMENT than the BELL RINGS and the widow weeps*.—So Q. El. read *monuments* and *bells ring*. In *monument* is almost equivalent here to "in men's memory," *monument* being that which is erected to preserve one's memory in the minds of men. We may, perhaps, compare the well-known line in Horace, Ode xxx. bk. iii. line 1:

Exegi *monumentum* me pæganus.

380. Line 85: *an hour in clamour, and a quarter in RHEUM*.—Shakespeare uses *rheum* for tears in two or three other places. Compare especially Coriolanus, v. 6. 46: "a few drops of women's *rheum*."

381. Line 86: *Don WORM, his conscience*.—Compare

Richard III. i. 3. 222: "The worm of conscience." Some theologians interpret "the worms that dieth not" as meaning the human conscience, which shall reproach us for ever, in a future state, if we do not listen to its voice here.

382. Line 98: *Yonder's old COIL at home*.—Perhaps the colloquial expression we have given in the foot-note, "The devil to pay," is the nearest rendering of the expression *old coil*. Cotgrave has under *Faire le diable de Vauvert*, "To keep an *old coyle*, horrible stirre." *Old* is often used as a colloquial intensive. Compare Merchant of Venice, iv. 2. 15: "We shall have *old* swearing;" and see Comedy of Errors, note 64, and Two Gent. of Verona, note 23.

383. Line 106: *I will go with thee to thy UNCLE*.—So Q. FF. Modern editors generally print the word *uncle's*, and Bowe altered it to *uncle*, a slight alteration very frequently adopted, and in support of which we may refer to line 97 above, where Ursula says: "you must go to your *uncle*." But as it is generally agreed that this scene takes place in the garden of Leonato's house, if not within the precincts of the house itself, there does not seem to be much sense in Benedick's saying "I will go . . . to thy *uncle's*." On the other hand some may think that the expression of Ursula just above, in line 98, "Yonder's old coil at home," may seem to imply that they were not in the grounds of the house itself; but this may be explained by comparing it to our common form of expression "up at the house," which we use under exactly similar circumstances. For instance, if a message is brought to anyone who is in the grounds belonging to a country house, it is very common to say "You are wanted *up at the house*." We have adopted the reading of the old copies without printing it *uncle's*, and I think that the explanation given in the foot-note is probably the right one. Benedick would be very likely to know that the two brothers, Leonato and Antonio, were together. At any rate that fact was present in the dramatist's mind, and would account for his writing *uncles* instead of *uncle*.

## ACT V. SCENE 3.

384. Line 3: *Done to death*.—This expression is now obsolete, but was common enough in the sixteenth century. Shakespeare uses it in only one other passage, II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 179: "who should do the duke to death?" Chapman has it in the Argument to the 22nd Book of the Iliad:

Hector (in Chi) to death is done  
By pow'r of Peleus angry sonne.

—Vol. i. p. 208

Steevens says that *to do to death* is merely an old translation of the French *Faire mourir*. Surely the literal translation of that would be "to make to die." The fact is that the verb *to do* had many more senses in Shakespeare's time even than it has now. We have in III. Henry VI. i. 4. 106 the peculiar expression: "take time to *do him dead*."

385. Line 10: *Praising her when I am DUMB*.—So FF.; Q. has "when I am *dead*," a reading which, but for the necessity of a rhymed or quasi-rhymed line here, we

might prefer. It <sup>may</sup> be supposed that *dumb* was pronounced, as it is now in the North,

386. Line 18: *Those that slow thy virgin knight*.—Steevens has expended a great deal of unnecessary erudition in a note on this passage, in which he seeks to make out that *virgin knight* means *virgin hero* without any intention of a pun; the expression being taken from that of a *virgin* or *maiden knight*, applied to a knight who had not yet achieved any adventure; and he goes further in seeking to prove from certain lines in Spenser that "an ideal order," called Knights of Maidenhead, "was supposed as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth's virginity" (Var. Ed. vol. ii. 154). Many ideal compliments have been offered up at the same durable shrine; but it may be doubted if this was one. *Knight* originally meant "servant," and *virgin knights* means nothing more than "virgin servants of Diana." Compare All's Well, i. 3. 120: "Dian no queen of *virgins*, that would suffer her poor knight surprised."

387. Lines 20, 21:

*Till death be uttered,  
Heavily, heavily.*

So Q. FF. read here *Heavenly, heavenly*, a reading which Knight, Staunton, and Grant White all adopt. The last-named editor gives a singular interpretation to the passage; viz. "that death is to be uttered (*i.e.* expelled, outer-ed) by the power of Heaven." So far from the sense demanding the reading of FF., that of Q. is infinitely preferable, the meaning being "till death be expressed, commemorated in song;" but Schmidt takes it to mean, "the cry '*graves, yawns*,' etc. shall be raised till death." But, in any case, *heavenly* can have little meaning, while, for the use of *heavily* in this passage, we may compare the well-known passage in Hamlet, ii. 2. 309: "and indeed it goes so *heavily* with my disposition," where F. 1 misprints *heavenly* for *heavily*; and also Sonnet xxx. 10:

And *heavily* from woe to woe tell o'er,

and again, Sonnet, l. 11:

Which *heavily* he answers with a groan

388. Lines 30-33:

D. Pedro *Come, let us hence, and put on other WEED;*  
*And then to Leonato's we will go*  
Claud. *And Hymen now with luckier issue SPEED*  
*Than this for whom we render'd up this woe!*

F. 1 read *weedes* and *speeds*; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *speed*. Theobald adopted the conjecture of Thirlby, *speed's*, *i.e.* *speed us*, on the ground that Claudio could not know what the issue of his coming marriage was to be, and that therefore the verb should be in the subjunctive. Many editors, including the Cambridge, have adopted this emendation; but though it is a very plausible one, I cannot help agreeing with Malone in his objection to it, though not on the same ground that "it is so extremely harsh" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 155); but rather that it must be perfectly valueless, as a guide to the sense or construction, when the line is spoken; for, unless the actor says *speed us* in full, it is impossible to make any clear distinction between *speeds* and *speed's*. I have therefore ventured to alter *weed* to the singular, and to adopt the reading

*speed*, feeling that Claudio's wish should be in the optative. *Weed* is used, apparently as a plural noun, in a passage in Pericles, iv. 1. 14:

No, I will rob Tellus of her *weeds*,

where it certainly might be paraphrased as "clothing," which is the sense that we require here. But more in instances of this use of the word are to be found, given under "Weeds," in Richardson's Dictionary, e.g. from Robert of Gloucester

Hiy sende her feble messagers in pouere monne *weeds*,

from Chaucer, A Ballade in Com. of our Lady

Thy mantel of mercy on our misery sprede

And er we awake wrap vs under thy *weeds*,

and from Spenser, Fairy Queen, bk. ii. c. 8. st. 16.

To spoyle the dead of *weeds*

Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed

It may be that Shakespeare intended *speeds* to be in the indicative mood, because Claudio knew that there was not likely to be any such interruption to his marriage, on this occasion, as there was before. But the *And*, at the beginning of the line, certainly makes one think that the sentence is meant to express a wish.

In the last line there seems to me a fault that none of the commentators have pointed out, and that is the first *this*, which is certainly very weak, and coming immediately after *than* is extremely cacophonous, the repetition of the word again, in the same line, being, to say the least, very clumsy. Might not we read *hers*, that is, "her marriage," referring, of course, to Hero?

#### ACT V. SCENE 4

389.—Enter Leonato, &c., Margaret, &c.—Most of the modern editors omit Margaret's name, though it occurs both in Q and F here, and also when Antonio re-enters, with the ladies masked, after line 52 below. There is no reason for the omission of her name here, for, as Dyce pertinently observes, there is nothing said of her at the beginning of this scene which would prevent her being present. Leonato lets her off with a very slight rebuke (lines 4, 5 below), which he might well emphasize by turning towards her. Her presence later on in the scene seems to us to be implied by Beatrice's speech (line 78).

390. Line 6. *In the true course of all the QUESTION*—There is no doubt that *question* here means "investigation;" though Schmidt, curiously enough, gives it as "subject, matter, cause."

391. Lines 22, 23

*Your niece regards me with an eye of favour*

Leon. *That eye my daughter lent her 'tis most true*

Leonato means to say that by means of the harmless plot carried out against Beatrice by his daughter, Hero, and her waiting-women, Beatrice has been brought to regard Benedick with favour, just as he had been brought to love her through the plot conducted by Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato himself. So Leonato says (line 25) to Benedick.

The sight whereof I think you had from me, that is, "The sight of an eye of love I think you had from me." It is noticeable that in his answer, line 27, Benedick overlooks this suggestion with the most dignified blindness.

Your answer, sir, is enigmatical.

392. Lines 41, 42

*such a February face,*

*So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness.*

It is needless to explain this expression to anyone who has experienced the delights of February, 1888. It may be some satisfaction, to those who have suffered from the amenities of that month and its successor, to recollect that, in Shakespeare's time, matters do not seem to have been much better.

393. Line 43, 44

*I think he thinks upon the savage bull—*

*Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold.*

This is another reference to i. 1. 203-206 above.

394. Line 45. *And all EUROPE shall rejoice at thee*—For some reason, best known to himself, Stevens wanted to amend this passage by printing "And all our Europe, &c." in support of which utterly unnecessary alteration he brought forward the line in Richard II. i. 4. 35.

As were our England in reversion his

But the meaning of the passage would be destroyed by Stevens's proposed emendation, as it is, evidently, the author's desire to mark the reference to the story of Jupiter and Europa.

395. Lines 48-51.—It is plain Benedick is not quite reconciled yet to Claudio. The facility with which that plausible young gentleman transfers his affections, at the bidding of his father-in-law that was to be, does not quite satisfy Benedick's notions of honour. His answer to Claudio's chaff here is certainly not polite, and it was probably written by the author, deliberately, in rhyme, in order that it might be robbed of some of its offensiveness by being put into the same form as the rhymed epigrams, such as those of Heywood, which were great favourites in Shakespeare's day.

396. Line 54. *This same is she, and I do give you her*—In Q. F. this line is given by evident mistake, though the mistake may have been that of the author, to *Leonato*. It is plain from lines 14-16 above in Leonato's own speech that this line should belong to *Antonio*, as it was he, and not *Leonato*, that was to give the veiled Hero to Claudio.

It is worth while remarking here the extreme levity of Claudio's behaviour. Having hung up his rhymed epitaph on the grave of the woman whom he believed he had helped to kill he does not seem, at this point, to have the slightest thought or memory of his dead love.

397. Line 59. *I am your husband, if you like of me*—This construction is pretty frequent in Shakespeare. Compare *Tempest*, iii. 1. 67. "Besides yourself, to like of," and *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 107.

But like of each thing that in season grows

398. Line 63. *One Hero died deceiv'd; but I do live*—F. omits *deceiv'd*, and Collier substituted *be'ed*. It is pretty evident from the next line that the word *deceiv'd* must have been omitted accidentally from F. 1.

399. Lines 75, 76. *Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio have been deceiv'd; they swore you did.*—So F. (except that the final *ed* in *deceiv'd* is not elided; Q. prints the passage as verse:

Why, then your uncle and the prince and Claudio  
Have been deceived, they swore you did.



In order to make the verse complete Capell inserted the word *for* before *they swore you did*; while Hammer printed the line *for they did swear you did*, making it correspond with line 79 below. If there is to be any emendation, this is much the more plausible one; but I think that F. 1 is quite right in printing the passage as prose. It is most likely that Benedick, after the words, *have been deceiv'd*, would turn round to Claudio, the Prince, and Leonato for confirmation of his words; he would be met, on their part, by an explosion of smothered laughter, upon which he would turn away and say with emphasis, and rather in a tone of vexation, "*they swore you did*."

## 400. Lines 80-82:

Bene. *They swore THAT you were almost sick for me.*

Beat. *They swoor THAT you were well-nigh dead for me.*

Bene. *'T is no SUCH matter.—Then you do not love me!*

So Q; Ft. omit *that* in lines 80, 81, and *such* in line 82. I am not at all certain, although nearly all editors adopt the reading of Q, that F. 1 is not right here. It looks very much as if *that* in the first two lines, and *such* in the last line, had been put in to make the verse complete. It must be remembered that Benedick and Beatrice find out now, for the first time, the trick that has been played upon them; and the fun of the scene is that this discovery very nearly leads to a quarrel between them. Beatrice, who has really learned to love Benedick, is at heart less annoyed than he is, because her love is much stronger than her vanity; but in Benedick's case, he being a man, the wound to his vanity, or self-love, is more acutely felt. In this frame of mind,—he, in real vexation, and she, in vexation more or less assumed,—the sharper the sentences they speak the better; and the omissions in Ft. certainly seem to improve the lines, which are then easier to speak in a petulant tone than if they were verses, made complete by the addition of the word *that*.

As for line 82 the reading of Q. makes the sense different to that in F. 1. Benedick (according to Ft.) says: *'T is no matter*, i.e. "It is not a matter of the slightest importance which they swear." According to Q. he says "The statement<sup>1</sup> that I was well-nigh dead for love of Beatrice is not true in any sense." In either case the point is, "you do not love me;" and that point he is eager to reach; but according to the reading of the Q. he stops

to deny the statement that he was *well-nigh dead* with love for Beatrice. Here again it seems to me that the reading of Ft. is the better one.

401. Line 98: *Peace! I will stop your mouth.* [Kissing her.—This line, in Q. Ft., is given to Leonato. Theobald was the first to make the obvious suggestion that it should be given to Benedick, and he added at the same time the stage-direction [Kissing her].

402. Line 118: *double-dealer*.—There is an obvious play upon the word here, which Shakespeare only uses in one other passage, in *Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 37, 38: "I will be so much a sinner, to be a *double-dealer*," said by the Duke to the Clown when asked to give the latter another gold coin.

403. Lines 125, 126: *there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with HORN*.—Malone thinks that there was some allusion here to the ancient trial by Wager of Battle or Combat. Stow gives an account in his *Annals*, under the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, of the ceremonies observed at a trial of this kind (in a civil action) which was to have taken place, but which was stopped before the two champions, chosen by the plaintiffs and defendants, actually came to blows, he says: "The names of these two champions were, Henry Nailor for the plaintiff, George Thorne for the defendant. The combat was to have been fought in Tuthill Fields, Westminster." Stow says: "the gauntlet that was cast downe by George Thorne was borne before the sayd Nailor upon a sword's poynt, and his baston (a *staffe* of an elle long, made Taper-wise, *tipt with horne*;) with his shield of hard leather, was borne after him by Askam a yeoman of the Queenes gard." Minshew, under the word *Combat*, gives a more elaborate account of this ceremony.

Reed quotes "Britton, Pleas of the Crown, c. xxvii. f. 18: 'Next let them go to combat . . . with two bastons tipped with horn of equal length'" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 163). The probability is that there is no special reference here to the combat between Nailor and Thorne, nor to any other instance of the Wager of Battle, but to the simple fact that horn was commonly used to tip staves with in the place of what is now called the ferrule. Of course there is an obvious play on the word *horn*, in the sense of a cuckold's *horn*.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

NOTE.—The addition of sub, adj., verb, adv in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Accordant . . . .	i. 2 1f	Brothel-house	i. 1 25b	*Church bench	iii. 3 95	Continuer . . .	i. 1 143
Achiever . . . .	i. 1 1	Bugle <sup>2</sup> . . . . .	i. 2 244	Clapper . . . .	iii. 2 18	Conveyance <sup>6</sup> . .	ii. 1 253
Anticly . . . . .	v. 1 9c	Burglary <sup>3</sup> . . .	iv. 2 52	Claw <sup>4</sup> (verb)	i. 3 18	Coverty . . . .	ii. 2 9
Baldrick . . . .	i. 1 244	Candle-wasters	v. 1 18	Cloudiness	v. 4 42	Cross <sup>7</sup> (adv) . .	v. 1 139
Blazon <sup>1</sup> (sub)	ii. 1 307	Carpet-mongers	v. 2 33	Contemptible <sup>5</sup>	ii. 3 159	Crossness . . .	ii. 3 186
Blat (sub.) . .	v. 4 51						
Bluish . . . . .	iii. 4 22						

<sup>2</sup> = a hunting horn.

<sup>3</sup> Dogberry's blunder for per-

<sup>1</sup> = explanation. See note 128. <sup>1</sup> *jury*.

<sup>4</sup> = to flatter

<sup>5</sup> = scornful; used in modern sense of *despicable* in I. Henry VI. l. 2 75.

<sup>6</sup> = skill of a juggler; frequent used in other senses.

<sup>7</sup> = athwart.



# WORDS PECULIAR TO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Dearness.....	iii. 2 101	Huddling <sup>11</sup> (trans.)	ii. 1 252	*Parrot-teacher	i. 1 138	Tartly .....	ii. 1 3
Desartless <sup>1</sup> ....	iii. 3 9	*Ill-headed....	iii. 1 64	Perfumer.....	i. 3 61	Tax <sup>24</sup> (verb)...	ii. 3 46
Despite (verb)..	ii. 2 31	*Ill-well.....	ii. 2 122	Pipers.....	v. 4 132	Terminations..	ii. 1 257
Drover.....	ii. 1 202	Interjections..	iv. 1 22	Pitiful (adverbially)	v. 2 29	*Thick-pleached	i. 2 10
Etteat.....	iv. 2 38	Inwardness....	iv. 1 247	*Pleasant-spirited	ii. 1 355	Thirdly .....	v. 1 223
Employer.....	v. 2 31	Kid-fox .....	ii. 8 44	Pralseworthy..	v. 2 90	Tinsel.....	iii. 4 22
Endings <sup>2</sup> .....	v. 2 39	Kind <sup>12</sup> (adj.)..	i. 1 26	Preceptial....	v. 1 24	Toothpicker...	ii. 1 275
Enigmatical...	v. 4 27	Lackbeard.....	v. 1 195	Predestinate (adj.)	i. 1 135	Trans-shape...	v. 1 172
Epigram .....	v. 4 104	Largely <sup>13</sup> .....	v. 4 69	Prohibit .....	v. 1 335	Trencher-man..	i. 1 51
Excommunication <sup>3</sup>	iii. 5 69	Leaped <sup>14</sup> .....	v. 4 49	Quiver (sub)...	i. 1 274	Tuition.....	i. 1
Experimental..	iv. 1 163	Love-god <sup>15</sup> ....	ii. 2 403	Rabato .....	iii. 4 6	Twine (sub.)...	iv. 1 252
Fashion-monging v.		Low (sub.)....	v. 4 48	Recheat .....	i. 1 243	Underborne <sup>16</sup> ..	iii. 4 21
Featured <sup>4</sup> .....	iii.	Lute-string....	iii. 2 59	Reclusive .....	iv. 1 244	Underneath <sup>17</sup> (adv.)	v. 1 185
February (adj.)	v.	March-chick...	i. 3 59	Reportingly...	iii. 1 116	Unhopefullest.	ii. 1 392
Flights.....	i.	Marl .....	ii. 1 66	Secondarily...	v. 1 222	Unkissed.....	v. 2 53
Frame <sup>5</sup> (sub.)..	iv.	Meet <sup>16</sup> (adv.)..	i. 1 47	*Self-endear'd.	iii. 1 56	Unmitigated...	iv. 1 308
Giddily <sup>7</sup> .....	iii.	Mired <sup>17</sup> (verb)	iv. 1 135	Side <sup>20</sup> (adj)...	iii. 4 21	Untowardly...	iii. 2 134
Gossip-like (adj.)	v.	Misgovernment	iv. 1 100	Snapped (verb tr.)	v. 1 116	Upwards (adv.)	iii. 2 71
Greedily .....		Misuse <sup>18</sup> (verb)	ii. 2 23	Sole <sup>21</sup> .....	iii. 2 10	Vagrom .....	iii. 3 25
Gull <sup>8</sup> (sub.)..		Necessarily...	ii. 3 201	Squarer .....	i. 1 82	"	v. 2 21
Hare-and-er...		*New-trothed.	iii. 1 33	Stalk <sup>22</sup> (verb)	ii. 3 95	Waggling.....	ii. 119
Hearsay <sup>9</sup> ....		Night-raven ..	ii. 3 85	Start-up .....	i. 3 68	Warren .....	ii. 222
Hideousness		Orange.....	ii. 1 305	Stuffing (sub.)	i. 1 59	War-thoughts..	i. 303
*High-proof (adj.)	v.	Orthography <sup>19</sup>	ii. 3 22	Style <sup>23</sup> .....	v. 1 37	Watchings (sub)	ii. 337
*Holy-thistle..	iii.	Over-kindness	v. 1 302	Taker <sup>24</sup> .....	i. 1 88	Winded <sup>25</sup> (verb)	i. 243
Householder <sup>10</sup>	iv.					Wit-crackers..	v. 102
						Woollen (sub) ..	ii. 33

1 Dogberry's form of *desartless*  
 2 Of words.  
 3 Dogberry's blunder for *examination*.  
 4 Sonn. xxix. 6.  
 5 = a kind of light arrow.  
 6 = contrivance. Compare iv. 1. 130 and note 279.  
 7 = Inconstantly. Used once again (=heedlessly) in Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 87.  
 8 = a trick. Used frequently elsewhere = a dupe.  
 9 Sonn. xxi. 13.  
 10 Used only once elsewhere, in I. Henry IV. iv. 2. 37, where, per-

haps, it means "one of a household."  
 11 Used intrins. in Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 23.  
 12 = natural. Also in Lucrece, 1423.  
 13 = fully.  
 14 Used, sexually, of a bull.  
 15 Sonn. cliv. 1.  
 16 = even.  
 17 = soiled with mud.  
 18 = to deceive; used frequently in other senses.  
 19 Here = orthographer; used in its ordinary sense in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 22.

20 Used in the phrase "side sleeves." See note 235.  
 21 Of the foot. Used several times in Shakespeare of the bottom of the shoe.  
 22 In sporting sense. Also in Lucrece, 365.  
 23 Of composition. Used three times in the Sonn. in this sense (xxxii. 14, lxxviii. 11, lxxxiv. 12); used frequently in other senses in Shakespeare.  
 24 Of a disease. Used twice in the sense of one who swallows anything; Sonn. cxxix. 8; Rom. and Jul. v. 1. 62.

25 = to lay a burden on. Used literally, in its fiscal sense, II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 116; and frequently in the sense of "to censure, to accuse."  
 26 = trimmed. In the sense of "to endure;" the verb occurs in John iii. 1. 65 and Richard II. 4. 29.  
 27 The preposition is of common use in Shakespeare.  
 28 A screw; used in the sense of a carpenter's vice (figuratively), II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 24.  
 29 = to blow.

## ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note  
 74. i. 3. 54: *And who—and who—which way looks he?*  
 iv. 1. 44-47:  
 Leon. *What do you mean, my lord?*  
 Claud. *Not to be married, not to knit my soul*  
*To an approved wanton.*  
 Leon. *Dear my lord—*

Note  
 [He pauses from emotion.] *If you, in your own proof, &c.*  
 So Walker; except the stage-direction.  
 324. v. 1. 16: *And, SORRY wag, cry "hem" when he should groan.*  
 So Stevens's conjecture, afterwards abandoned.

## ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note  
 123. ii. 1. 265-267: *for certainly, while she is THERE, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary.*  
 223. iii. 3. 160-162: *saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter --*  
 Con. *And thought thy Margaret was Here*

Note  
 316. iv. 2. 70, 71: \*  
 Verg. *Let them be in the hands—*  
 Con. *Of a coxcomb.*  
 348. v. 1. 114: *You are come to part almost a fray.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, living in banishment.

FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, }  
JAQUES, } lords attending on the banished Duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending on Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER, }  
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Roland de Bois.  
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, }  
DENIS, } servants to Oliver.

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, }  
SILVIUS, } shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing Hymen

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, Pages, and Attendants, &c.

— —

SCENE—First (and in act ii. sc. 3), near Oliver's house; afterwards, partly in the usurper's court, and partly in the Forest of Arden. •

HISTORIC PERIOD: during the fourteenth century.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

The action of the play covers ten days, with intervals, the divisions being as follows:—

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.

Day 2: Act I. Scenes 2 and 3; and Act II. Scene 1.

Day 3: Act II. Scene 2 —An interval of a few days, the journey to Arden.

Day 4: Act II. Scene 4

Day 5: Act II. Scenes 5, 6, and 7.—An interval of a few days.

Day 6: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.

Day 7: Act III. Scene 3

Day 8: Act III. Scenes 4 and 5; Act IV. Scenes 1, 2, and 3; and Act V. Scene 1.

Day 9: Act V. Scenes 2 and 3.

Day 10: Act V. Scene 4. •

The third scene of Act II, must be referred to the second day, and the first scene of Act III. to the third day.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

The date of *As You Like It* can be fixed with approximate closeness: it was probably written in 1600, the evidence in favour of that date being as follows. On the registers of the Stationers' Company occurs this entry:

4 August	
As you like yt/a booke	} To be staied.
Henry the fift/a booke	
Euery man in his humour/a booke	
The commedie of muche A dooabout nothing a booke/	

Unfortunately the year is not given; the date, however, of the previous entry is May 27, 1600, and we know that the other plays mentioned in the list were printed in 1600 and 1601; it seems, therefore, a fair inference to conclude that the undated entry should be referred to 1600, and that year in all likelihood saw the production of this most delightful comedy. Of other incidental points of testimony that support this conjecture several are worth noting. *As You Like It* is not mentioned in *Mere's Palladis Tamia*: hence it cannot have been printed prior to 1598. Again, in act iii. scene 5 we have the oft-quoted line from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*: "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" Marlowe's poem was published in 1598. There are other less satisfactory pieces of internal evidence: e.g. in i. 2. 94: "for since the little wit that fools have was silenc'd," Mr. Fleay finds an allusion to "the burning of satirical books by public authority, 1st June, 1599." Malone, too, has pointed out that the expression "like Diana in the fountain" (iv. 1. 134) may be a reference to the "curiously-wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an image alabaster of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast," which,

according to Stow—whose words we have just quoted—was set up in 1596.

Combining these individual points, and emphasizing the importance of the entry on the stationers' registers, we may, I think, with tolerable safety assign the composition and production of *As You Like It* to the year 1600; with 1599 (late) as a possible, though not very plausible, alternative.

It will have been noticed that the play was "stayed;" i.e. a proviso was made against its being printed. Mr. Aldis Wright ingeniously suggests that this may have been because the piece was not properly finished, and he points out that even in its present state, or rather as given in the Folio of 1623—where, by the way, it seems to have been first published—there are slight signs of hurry and carelessness. For instance: in the first scene the second son of Sir Rowland is called *Jaques*; at the end he is introduced as the "second brother," for fear, no doubt, that he might be confounded with the melancholy *Jaques*; this is unlike Shakespeare's usually careful method. Again, in i. 2. 284, Le Beau's reply to Orlando "but yet indeed the *taller* is his daughter," is a significant slip; for in the very next scene *Rosalind* says of herself: "because that I am more than common tall." And there are other trifling touches that point the same way.

To turn now to the source of the play. For the main incidents of his comedy-romance Shakespeare drew (with his accustomed freedom) upon a novel by Lodge. Lodge's story—itself a partial reminiscence of the *Tale of Gamelyn*, often ascribed to Chaucer—was published in 1590 and again in 1592; the full title being, "*Rosalynde; Euphues Golden Legacie: found after his death in his cell at Silixedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes.*"

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noured up with their Father in England." In the introduction Lodge tells us that he "fell from books to arms," and sailed with Captain Clarke to the island of Terceras and the Canaries; writing his euphuistic pastoral to beguile the dullness of the voyage; so that, in his own charming phrase, "every line was writ with a surge, and every humorous passion counter-checkt with a storme. *If You Like it*, so; and yet I will be yours in duty, if you will be mine in favour." The words italicized need no comment. It may be worth while to observe that in the editions of Lodge's novel prior to 1598 the name Rosalind does not appear on the title-page, the addition being subsequently made on account, no doubt, of the popularity of Shakespeare's play. How closely Shakespeare followed his authority, the extracts from *Rosalynde* which I have given in the notes will sufficiently show. As to points of divergence, the two dukes are not brothers in the novel; the episode of Aliena's rescue from robbers is omitted in the play; in Lodge's version of the forest scenes Rosalind and Celia pass for a lady and her page; and—most important variation—Audrey, Jaques, and Touchstone are altogether creations of the dramatist.

To the history of the play there is nothing further to be added, except indeed to mention the tradition that Shakespeare himself acted the part of Adam, a tradition which is pleasant enough and upon which every one will remember Coleridge's comment, but which may be a tradition *et præterea nihil*.

### STAGE HISTORY.

Of seventeenth-century performances of *As You Like It* no record exists; Downes and Pepys, authorities most copious and valuable, are silent about it, and we may reasonably conclude that the play was not among the Shakespearian drams which after the Restoration fell on the evil days of revivals and merciless mutilations. In 1723, however, this immunity ceased:

Omnes eodem serius ocios  
Cogimur,

and the *Tempest*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and

others having known the hand of the restorer, the turn of *As You Like It* came. A certain Charles Johnson—of whom we are only told that he was fat "and famous for writing a play every year and being at Buttons every day"—produced at Drury Lane, with a strong cast that included Cibber (Jaques), Wilks (Orlando), Booth (the banished Duke), Theophilus Cibber (Le Beau), and Mrs. Booth (Rosalind), a by no means "respectful perversion" of Shakespeare's faultless comedy. The new piece was called *Love in a Forest*, and from Genest's account of it—which I venture to borrow—we get a good idea of the splendid courage of the last-century adapters of Shakespeare, and, still more, of the callousness of literary opinion which tolerated such massacres of the flawless and innocent. "*Love in a Forest*," says Genest, iii. 100, "altered from *As You Like It*: this is a bad alteration of Shakespeare's play by Charles Johnson—he entirely omits the characters of Touchstone, Audrey, William, Corin, Phoebe and Sylvius, except that the last, in act 2nd, speaks about 18 lines which belong to Corin. Johnson supplies the deficiency from some of Shakespeare's other plays, adding something, but not a vast deal, of his own. Act 1st. The wrestling between Orlando and Charles is turned into a regular combat in the lists—Charles accuses Orlando of treason, several speeches are introduced from Richard II. Act 2nd. When Duke Alberto enters with his friend, the speech about the wounded stag is very properly taken from the first Lord and given to Jaques—in the next scene between the same parties, notwithstanding Touchstone is omitted, yet Jaques gives the description of his meeting with a fool—much, however, of his part in this scene is left out very injudiciously, as is still the case when *As You Like It* is acted. Act 3rd. The verses which Celia ought to read are omitted, and Touchstone's burlesque verses are given her instead—when Orlando and Jaques enter, they begin their conversation as in the original, and end it with part of the 1st Act of *Much Ado*, Jaques speaking what Benedick says about women—when Rosalind and Celia come forward, Jaques walks off with Celia—

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Rosalind omits the account of Time's different paces—Jaques returns with Cælia and makes love to her—after which he has a soliloquy patched up from Benedick and Touchstone, with some additions from C. Johnson. Act 4th begins with a conversation between Jaques and Rosalind, in which he tells her of his love to Cælia—in the scene between Orlando and Rosalind considerable omissions are made, and Viola's speech ('she never told her love') is inserted—Robert (Jaques) de Bois brings the bloody napkin to Rowland, instead of Oliver, who does not appear after the 1st act. Robert says that he (not Oliver) was the person rescued from the lioness—that Oliver had killed himself—the act concludes with the 2nd scene of Shakespeare's 5th act, in which Rosalind desires all the parties on the stage to meet her to-morrow. Jaques and Cælia are made in some way to supply the place of Sylvius and Phœbe. Act 5th consists chiefly of the burlesque Tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe from *Midsummer Night's Dream*; this is represented before the Duke, while Rosalind is changing her dress, instead of Touchstone's description of the quarrel. When Rosalind returns the play ends much as in the original—except that Jaques marries Cælia instead of going in quest of Duke Frederick—and that the Epilogue is omitted."—Genest, *Some Account of the English Stage*, vol. iii. p. 100–102.

It is a comfort to know that this preposterous pasticcio (dedicated, by the way, to "The Worshipful Society of Freemasons") only held the stage for six nights.

In 1740, for the first time, *As You Like It* was restored to the boards; produced on December 20th, it was acted some twenty-five times, a considerable success in those days. The cast was excellent: Jaques, Quin; Silvius, Woodward; Celia, Mrs. Clive; and Rosalind, Mrs. Pritchard—not to mention others. This revival (Genest iii. 627) took place at Drury Lane, and two years later, January 8, 1742, we find Covent Garden following the lead of its rival; the Rosalind again being Mrs. Pritchard, with Ryan as Jaques (Genest, iv. 5). Mrs. Pritchard was great as Rosalind, her chief competitor being

Peg Woffington; who made her entry in the part at Drury Lane, in 1747; the Touchstone on that occasion was Macklin, with Kitty Clive as Celia. We may note in passing that it was while playing in *As You Like It* that Peg Woffington was struck down by paralysis; garrulous Tate Wilkinson gives us a graphic account of the painful "last scene of all."

Excluded by unfriendly space, I cannot describe in detail all the revivals mentioned by Genest; here, however, are the dates. October 22, 1767, at Drury Lane: Touchstone, King; Orlando, Palmer; Celia, Mrs. Baddeley; Rosalind, Mrs. Dancer (*i.e.* Barry), whom some people preferred to Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Woffington. April 5, 1771, at Covent Garden; January 24, 1775, Covent Garden, the play-bill announcing that the "cuckoo song," from *Love's Labour's Lost*, would be introduced; December 17, 1779, Covent Garden; July 4th, 1783, Haymarket; April 30th, 1785, Drury Lane. This last was a very important event: it was the début in the part of Rosalind of the great Mrs. Siddons. Was she a success? Who could say? The town was divided, and the friendships of a lifetime were dissolved, over this vexing question. Her biographer Boaden boldly says (ii. 167): "Rosalind was one of the most delicate achievements of Mrs. Siddons. The common objection to her comedy, that it was only the smile of tragedy, made the express charm of Rosalind—her vivacity is understanding, not buoyant spirits." There is much truth in this: unfortunately play-goers had grown accustomed to the stage Rosalind of the romping type, and even those who prided themselves on being nothing if not critical were dissatisfied with what seemed coldness and want of spontaneity in the great actress. Hear, for instance, the *dicta plusquam Johnsoniana* of the epically eloquent Miss Seward: "For the first time I saw the justly celebrated Mrs. Siddons in comedy, in Rosalind; but though her smile is as enchanting as her frown is magnificent, as her tears are irresistible, yet the playful scintillations of colloquial wit, which most mark that character, suit not the dignity of the Siddonian countenance." Genest, vi. 341, writes to the same effect: "Mrs.

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Siddons did not add to her reputation by her performance of Rosalind, and when Mrs. Jordan had played the character, few persons wished to see Mrs. Siddons in it." This brings us to the greatest of eighteenth-century Rosalinds: in point of popularity, if not of actual merit, Mrs. Jordan seems to have been unrivalled. Her first appearance in the part was on April 13, 1787, for her own benefit; and she was triumphantly successful. "Her laugh and her voice," says Boaden (*Life of Kemble*, i. 428), "were irresistible;" Shakespeare himself, to quote Campbell's magnificent compliment, would have gone behind the scenes to congratulate her.

To follow the fortunes of *As You Like It* in the past century were a long story. It must be sufficient to mention that Kemble played, in 1805, Jaques to the Orlando of Charles Kemble; that Miss Tree was a not inglorious Rosalind; that actress and critic Helen Faucit has interpreted the same part with equal mastery and magic; and that this play was among the Shakespearean revivals of Macready.

Turning to quite modern times, we may mention the production of the play at the Opera Comique Theatre in 1875, when Mrs. Kendal first appeared as Rosalind, the Orlando being Mr. Kendal, with Mr. Hermann Vezin as Jaques; nine years later very much the same cast was representing *As You Like It* at the St. James's Theatre; and in the interval—in 1880—had taken place the brilliantly successful revival at the Imperial Theatre. On the last occasion, the Rosalind was Miss Litton; the Orlando, Mr. Kylie Bellew; Jaques, Mr. Hermann Vezin; Touchstone, Mr. L. Brough; and Adam, Mr. W. Farren—a fine cast. At the Shaftesbury Theatre, Oct. 20, 1888, J. Forbes Robertson and Miss Wallis played Orlando and Rosalind; W. Farren was the Adam, and Arthur Stirling the Jaques. Mrs. Langtry appeared as Rosalind at the St. James's in 1890, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Shaftesbury in 1891. Miss Rehan played the part at Daly's Theatre (London) in 1894. Mr. George Alexander revived the play at the St. James's in December, 1896; and played Orlando to Miss Julia Neilson's Rosalind.

In concluding we may mention, as an unconsidered trifle of some interest, that, thanks to the effort of the Pastoral Players, Rosalind and Orlando have met and made love, if not in a veritable forest of Arden—where are such fairy lands to be found?—at least, *sub Jove frigido*.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

*As You Like It* is not one of Shakespeare's greatest plays; it is merely one of his most delightful works, delightful alike to reader and to critic, if only on account of its perfect simplicity of motive. We are out in the open air; we hear the wind rustling in the fragrant leaves of the fairy-land of Arden; and we are far too lazy and too genially contented to think of purposes, and leading ideas, and things philosophic. We take the play as it is, without peering beneath the surface for subtle significance, and never once does Touchstone's query rise to our lips—"hast any philosophy in thee?" only the most Teutonic of Teutons would look for a *tendenz* in this fantastic study of an impossible Arcadia, a pastoral Utopia which "never was on sea or land." For *As You Like It* is, I take it, from beginning to end, purely ideal; the characters, or some of them, we may possibly have met, but their life and environment exist only in the fine frenzy of the poet. And we need not wonder that it should be so, not at any rate if we remember when the play was written. It came immediately after the great historic trilogy. Shakespeare had sounded forth to all the world the silver note of patriotism, had carried men's minds back from a splendid present to an equally splendid and imperishable past, and made an incomparable appeal to the old and eternally fresh sentiment—*pro focis et aris*. And now he hangs up his arms in the temple of the goddess of war, and steep himself in the freshness and fairness of a life where sorrow and sin are not, where truth is on every shepherd's tongue, where the time fleets by as in the golden days of Saturn, and where the thought of each and all is—"Come live with me and be my love." Such the *mise-en-scène*, such the atmosphere of careless

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buoyancy, and with what art is the latter maintained throughout! True, we are told of "the uses of adversity." But Adversity here, as some one has said, is really a fourth Grace, less celebrated by the poets because so seldom seen, but none the less a true sister of the classic Three. She lays the lightest of chastening hands on her children, just revealing "the humorous sadness" of existence, and no more; she is not the pitiless goddess whose stoney glare chills and kills the gazer; she is in perfect harmony with the tone of a play in which no deep chord of passion is ever struck.

Of the characters who live and move in this fairy and fantastic world of romance, a world all touched with the tints of young desire and the purple light of love, it is difficult to speak; they are so familiar to us. Yet a word must be said; and first of Rosalind. She is wit and womanliness in equal proportions; and her womanliness is the spiritualized tenderness that Thackeray gives us. Hence the difficulty of rendering the part aright. It is so easy for an actress to sink the intellectual side of the character and emphasize the *abandon* and buoyancy which find vent in the forest scenes; it is so easy, too, to make those scenes a series of boisterous romps. Thus the eighteenth century Rosalind appears to have been a touselled hoyden, for whom the part was pure comedy, and comedy of no very dignified type; and when Mrs. Siddons restored that element of intellectual refinement and sobriety which is essential to the character, the verdict of critics and public was: "cold, unemotional; we prefer Mrs. Jordan." Yet this swash-buckler Rosalind, forever reminding us of her hose and doublet, though too often, perhaps, the stage Rosalind, is emphatically not the Rosalind of Shakespeare. The latter is never a mere boy, a "moonish youth, longing and liking, proud, changeable, fantastic;" under the mask of careless abandonment to every passing freak of fancy she preserves gracious and intact her perfect womanliness and dignity; so that when at last the little comedy has played to its close, and the time comes for all disguise to be laid aside, she moves quite naturally into her new position

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as bride and princess. She was at home in the forest glade. She will be no less so at the court.

The contrast between Rosalind and Aliena is too obvious to require comment; who runs may read; Shakespeare in his earlier plays is fond of placing two characters in striking antithesis. Far more interesting, because less natural, is the distinction between Rosalind and Jaques. Each represents an aspect of wit: only Jaques' is the wit of the scoffer. He is intellectual and endowed with a keen capacity to feel; but he lacks moral soundness, and sensibility minus morality too often ends in cynicism. The cynicism of Jaques, partly conscious and exaggerated, partly unconscious and quasi-constitutional, is the cynicism of men like Heine. The duke, indeed, charges Jaques with having been a mere libertine, and Gervinus dismisses him as "a *blasé* man, an epicurean." But the duke was not a great judge of character—he was not great at anything except mild moralities—and perhaps the Heidelberg philosopher-critic went equally stray. I think we shall be much nearer the truth if we regard Jaques as typical of the emotional man who is offended by the incongruities and injustices of life, by the sight of evils which he cannot explain, and who, for lack of faith and firmness, takes refuge in what is the last resource of the witty and unwise, indiscriminate mocking. Rosalind has all the wit of Jaques, but she has something more, a something that keeps her intellect clear and trustful. Rosalind and Jaques—these are the central figures of the play, or rather those on which the poet has mainly expended the resources of his art. But throughout the characterization is fine. Orlando is simply the ideal lover; the dainty, delicate, imperious Phebe we have often met, now on a piece of Dresden china, now in a *fête champêtre* by Watteau; Touchstone is an elder brother of the clown in the Comedy of Errors and The Two Gentlemen, only his fooling has an uncomfortable amount of wisdom about it; and Audrey, Adam, William—these may have lived, and their counterparts be still living, not a hundred miles from Stratford.

It is a just criticism that Shakespeare is



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always "at the height of the particular situation;" that whatever he writes he writes, not merely well, but perfectly; that every dramatic style comes naturally to him. As You Like

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It admirably illustrates this maxim: from the first page to the last there is nothing, nothing at any rate of significance, to which we can point and say. "Were not this best away?"





THE HEYEN AGES.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Oliver's orchard.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—he bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in

him lies, mines<sup>1</sup> my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [*Adam retires.*]

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Now, sir! what make you here?

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile!<sup>2</sup> 39

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks

<sup>1</sup> *Mines*, i.e. undermines

<sup>2</sup> *Be naught awhile*, a north-country expression—"a mischief on you."

with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir? 43

*Orl.* O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain!

*Orl.* I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast rail'd on thyself.

*Adam.* [*Coming forward*] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance,<sup>1</sup> be at accord. 67

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery<sup>2</sup> my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do—beg?—when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog!

*Adam.* Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness,<sup>3</sup> and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Holla, Denis! 93

*Enter DENIS.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles the duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit Denis.*].—'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship. 100

*Oli.* Good morrow, Monsieur Charles.—What's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 111

*Cha.* O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies lov'd as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet<sup>4</sup> the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

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<sup>1</sup> For your father's remembrance, i.e. for sake of your father's memory.

<sup>2</sup> Allottery, portion.

<sup>3</sup> Rankness, insolence.

<sup>4</sup> Fleet, make it pass quickly.

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young

and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment,<sup>1</sup> or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.



*Adam* [Coming forward] Sweet masters, be patient for your father's remembrance, he at word — (Act I 1 65 67)

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labour'd to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never

leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize<sup>2</sup> him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall

<sup>1</sup> *Intendment*, purpose.

<sup>2</sup> *Anatomize*, i.e. expose his faults.

see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised:<sup>1</sup> but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. *[Exit.* 180

SCENE II. *A lawn before the Duke's palace.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banish'd father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee. 15

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport, then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally. 36

*Ros.* I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

*Cel.* No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at<sup>2</sup> Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 50

*Enter TOUCHSTONE.*

*[Ros.* Indeed, then is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of<sup>3</sup> such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. ]—How now, wit! whither wander you?

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father. 61

*Cel.* Where you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn. 71

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: stroke

<sup>1</sup> *Misprised*, despised; *Fr.*

<sup>2</sup> *Flout at*, jeer, scoff at.

<sup>3</sup> *Reason of*, talk about

your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave. 78

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any;

or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honour him enough speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation<sup>1</sup> one of these days. 91



*Touch* stand you both forth now stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave — (Act I 2 78 79)

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenc'd, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.—Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us,<sup>2</sup> as pigeons feed their young. 100

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

*Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

*Enter LE BEAU*

*Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau.* what's the news?

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport

*Cel.* Sport! of what colour?<sup>3</sup>

*Le Beau.* What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will. 110

*Touch.* Or as the Destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.<sup>4</sup>

[*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

<sup>1</sup> Taxation, censoriousness, talking satirically.

<sup>2</sup> Put on us, pawn off on us

<sup>3</sup> Colour, description

<sup>4</sup> With a trowel—in clumsy fashion.

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell. ]

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of. 117

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three sons,—

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

*Ros.* With bills on their necks, "Be it known unto all men by these presents,"

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping. 140

*Ros.* Alas!

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to feel this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? 152

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it. [They retire.

*Flourish.* Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

*Duke F.* Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man? 160

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

*Duke F.* How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so: I'll not be by.

[Duke goes apart.

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty. 178

*Ros.* Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler.

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts: herein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing;

1 Knew yourself, &c, i.e. if you used your senses.

only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you! 210

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant [that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth!

*Orl.* Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a [more modest working.]

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first. 219

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now Hercules bethyspeed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[*Charles and Orlando wrestle.*]

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[*Charles is thrown. Shout.*]

*Duke F.* [*Advancing*] No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breath'd.<sup>1</sup> 230

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away.

[*Charles is borne out.*]

• What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois.

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still<sup>2</sup> mine enemy:  
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, 240

Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.  
[*Exeunt Duke Frederick, Train, and Le Beau.*]

*Cel.* [*To Rosalind apart*] Were I my father, coz, would I do this? 244

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son, His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick. [*Retires back.*]

*Ros.* My father lov'd Sir Roland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart—Sir, [*Orlando advances*]  
you have well deserv'd:

If you do keep your promises in love  
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with<sup>3</sup> fortune,

That would give more, but that her hand lacks means.— 250

Shall we go, coz?

*Cel.* Ay Fare you well, fair gentleman.

[*Going.*]

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you! My better parts  
Are all thrown down; and that which here  
stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

*Ros.* [*Going*] He calls us back: [*Stops*] my pride fell with my fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. [*Returns*—Did you call, sir?—

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you.<sup>4</sup>—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon  
my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.  
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown! 271  
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

<sup>1</sup> I am not yet well breath'd, i. e. I am not yet warmed to my work

<sup>2</sup> Still, always

<sup>3</sup> Out of suits with, not favoured by.

<sup>4</sup> Have with you, come away.



*Re-enter LE BEAU.*

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd  
High commendation, true applause, and love,



*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place. —(Act 1 2 273, 274)

Yet such is now the duke's condition,  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
The duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,  
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir. and, pray you, tell  
me this,—

Which of the two was daughter of the duke,  
That here were at the wrestling? 282

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge  
by manners;

But yet, indeed, the lesser is his daughter:  
Th' other is daughter to the banish'd duke,  
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
To keep his daughter company; whose loves  
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
But I can tell you, that of late this duke  
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,  
Grounded upon no other argument<sup>3</sup> 291  
But that the people praise her for her virtues,  
And pity her for her good father's sake;  
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well:  
Hereafter, in a better world than this,  
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you: fare you  
well. [*Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;  
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—  
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the palace.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid  
have mercy!—not a word?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be  
cast away upon curs; throw some of them at  
me; come, lame me with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up;  
when the one should be lam'd with reasons,  
and the other mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father? 10

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my child's father.  
O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon  
thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the  
trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch  
them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat: these  
burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try, if I could cry "hem," and  
have him. 20

<sup>3</sup> *Argument, reason, occasion*

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself! 23

*Cel.* [O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.]—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Roland's youngest son? 30

*Ros.* The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;<sup>1</sup> yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

*Ros.* Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the duke. 41

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.*

*Duke F.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,  
And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin;<sup>2</sup>  
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found  
So near our public court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:

If with myself I hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;  
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic, 51  
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,  
Never so much as in a thought unborn  
Did I offend your highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors:  
If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself:—  
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter;  
there's enough. 60

*Ros.* So was I when your highness took his dukedom;

So was I when your highness banish'd him:  
Treason is not inherited, my lord;  
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:  
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
To<sup>3</sup> think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake, 69

Else had she with her father rang'd along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay;  
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:<sup>4</sup>  
I was too young that time to value her;  
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,  
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupl'd and inseparable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience, 80  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;  
And thou wilt show more bright and seem  
more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her;—she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence, then, on me,  
my liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

*Duke F.* You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself: 89

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

<sup>1</sup> *Dearly*, extremely.

<sup>2</sup> *Cousin*, here = niece.

= as to.

<sup>4</sup> *Remorse*, clemency.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin;  
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke  
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No, hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the  
love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:  
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?  
No: let my father seek another heir. 101

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far! 111  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber smutch my face;  
The like do you: so shall we pass along,  
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were't not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh, 119  
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart—  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—  
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;  
As many other mannish cowards have  
That do outface it with their semblances.<sup>1</sup>

*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a  
man?

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's  
own page;

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.  
But what will you be call'd?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my  
state;

No longer Celia, but Aliena. 120

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with  
me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together;  
Devise the fittest time and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight. Now go we in content,  
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and other Lords,  
in the dress of foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in  
exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these  
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we but<sup>2</sup> the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,

This is no flattery; these are counsellors 10  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:  
And this our life, exempt<sup>3</sup> from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:  
I would not change it.

*Ami.* Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us veni-  
son?

And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,

<sup>1</sup> *Semblances*, i.e. their appearance of being brave

<sup>2</sup> *But*, the Folios read "not."

<sup>3</sup> *Exempt*=far from.

Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should, in their own confines with forked heads,  
Have their round haunches gor'd.

*First Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself

Did steal behind him, as he lay along 30  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool, 40  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?  
Did he not moralize<sup>1</sup> this spectacle?

*First Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping in the needful stream;  
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testa-  
ment

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much:" then, being  
alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; 50

"T is right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part  
The flux of company:" anon, a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,

And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth  
Jaques,

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
'T is just the fashion: wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through

The body of the country, city, court, 59  
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,<sup>2</sup>  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this con-  
templation?

<sup>1</sup> *Moralize*, draw a meaning from, interpret.

<sup>2</sup> *Up*, i. e. completely.

*Sec. Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and  
commenting 65

Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place:  
I love to cope<sup>3</sup> him in these sullen fits,

For then he's full of matter.

*First Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. A room in the palace.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and  
Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man saw  
them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*First Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did  
see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,  
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mis-  
tress.

*Sec. Lord.* My lord, the roynish<sup>4</sup> clown, at  
whom so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10  
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard

Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler<sup>5</sup>  
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;  
And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* Send to his brother's; fetch that  
gallant hither:

If he be absent, bring his brother to me;  
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;  
And let not search and inquisition quail 20  
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III. Before Oliver's house.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What, my young master?—O my  
gentle master!

<sup>3</sup> *Cope*, encounter.

<sup>4</sup> *Roynish*, a term of contempt=mangy.

<sup>5</sup> *Wrestler*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

O my sweet master! O you memory  
Of old Sir Roland! why, what make you here?  
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and  
valiant?



Adam O unhappy youth,  
Come not within these doors! within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives—(Act II. 3. 16-18)

Why would you be so fond to overcome  
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before  
you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies? 11

No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,  
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you. 13  
O, what a world is this, when what is comely,  
Envenoms him that bears it!<sup>1</sup>

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,  
Come not within these doors! with-  
in this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives:  
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet  
the son—

Yet not the son—I will not call him  
son 20

Of him I was about to call his  
father)—

Hath heard your praises; and this  
night he means

To burn the lodging where you use  
to lie,

And you within it. if he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut  
you off:

I overheard him and his practices.  
This is no place; this house is but a  
butchery:

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst  
thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you  
come not here. 30

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go  
and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword  
enforce

A thievish living on the common  
road?

This I must do, or know not what  
to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;  
I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted<sup>2</sup> blood and bloody  
brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five  
hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,  
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse 40

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the poisoned shirt of Nessus by which Hercules was killed.

<sup>2</sup> Diverted, i. e. unnatural, that has been turned from its proper course.







AS YOU LIKE I  
Act II Scene V hres 17

My now art in Arden  
II 176 1 11





When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
And unregarded age in corners thrown: 42  
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;  
A<sup>1</sup> this I give you. Let me be your servant:  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility; 51  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,  
When service *swet* for duty, not for meed!  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion; 60  
And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having: 't is not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
In lieu of<sup>1</sup> all thy pains and husbandry.  
But come thy ways; we'll go along together;  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.— 70

[*Exit Orlando.* Adam goes into the house,  
and immediately returns with pouch,  
staff, and hat.

From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week:

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better 75  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, as Ganymede,  
CELIA dress'd like a shepherdess, and TOUCH-  
STONE.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs  
were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace  
my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman;  
but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as  
doublet and hose ought to show itself coura-  
geous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good  
Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go  
no further. 10

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with  
you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,<sup>2</sup>  
if I did bear you; for I think you have no  
money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden; the more  
fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better  
place: but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look  
you, who comes here; 20

A young man and an old in solemn talk.

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.*

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you  
still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do  
love her!

*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not  
guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine,—

As sure I think did never man love so,—

How many actions most ridiculous 30

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?<sup>3</sup>

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd.—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> In lieu of = in reward of

<sup>2</sup> See note 45

<sup>3</sup> Fantasy, fancy = love.

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapp'd hands had milk'd: [and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears,<sup>1</sup> "Wear these for my sake."] We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

*Ros.* Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it. 60

*Ros.* Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man,

If he for gold will give us any food:  
I faint almost to death

*Touch.* Holla, you clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say. [*Touchstone retires to back of stage with Celia*].—Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed: Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,

And faints for succour.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her, And wish, for her sake more than for mine own, My fortunes were more able to relieve her; But I am shepherd to another man, And do not shear the fleeces that I graze: My master is of churlish disposition, 80

And little reckes to find the way to heaven By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote,<sup>2</sup> his flocks, and bounds of feed,

Are now on sale; and at our sheepecote now, By reason of his absence, there is nothing That you will feed on; but what is, come see, And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing. 90

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with<sup>3</sup> honesty, Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock, And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* [*Coming forward*] And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold:

Go with me: if you like, upon report, The soil, the profit, and this kind of life, I will your very faithful feeder be, 99 And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt Coria, followed by Rosalind and Touchstone supporting Celia.*]

SCENE V. Another part of the forest.

*Enter AMIENS, JAUQUES, and others.*

*Song.*

*Ami.* Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
*Com.* lithor, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

*Jag.* More, more, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques. 11

*Jag.* I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged:<sup>4</sup> I know I cannot please you.

*Jag.* I do not desire you to please me; I

<sup>2</sup> Cote, hut

<sup>3</sup> Stand with = he not inconsistent with.

<sup>4</sup> Ragged, rough.

<sup>1</sup> Weeping tears, an intentionally affected phrase.

do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza;—call you 'em stanzas? 19

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names, they owe me nothing Will you sing?

*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself

*Jaq.* Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing, and you that will not, hold your tongues



*Ami* Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me  
And turn his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat  
(Come hither, come hither come hither  
—(A t i 5 1 5)

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song—Sirs, cover the while, the duke will drink under this tree—He hath been all this day to look you

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable<sup>1</sup> for my company I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them Come, warble, come

*Song*

Who doth ambition shun,  
[All together here  
And loves to live i' the sun, 41  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather

*Jaq.* [I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it 50

*Jaq.* Thus it goes,

If it do come to pass  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me

<sup>1</sup> Disputable, fond of disputing

*Amr* What's that "ducdame"? 60  
*Jaq* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools  
 into a circle ] I'll go sleep, if I can, if I can-  
 not, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.



*Adam* Dear master I can go no further O I die for  
 food! Here lie I down and measure out my grave Fare  
 well kind master — (Act II 5 13)

*Amr* And I'll go seek the duke his banquet  
 is prepar'd [Exeunt severally

SCENE VI Another part of the forest

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

*Adam* Dear master, I can go no further:  
 O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and mea-  
 sure out my grave Farewell, kind master.

130

*Orl* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart  
 in thee? Live a little, comfort a little; cheer  
 thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield  
 any thing savage, I will either be food for it,  
 or bring it for food to thee Thy conceit<sup>1</sup> is  
 nearer death than thy powers For my sake  
 be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's  
 end I will be here with thee presently, and  
 if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give  
 thee leave to die but if thou diest before I  
 come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well  
 said! thou look'st cheerly, and I'll be with  
 thee quickly — Yet thou heest in the bleak air  
 come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and  
 thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there  
 live any thing in this desert Cheerly, good  
 Adam! [Exeunt

SCENE VII Another part of the forest (the  
 same as in Scene V) A table set out

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and others

*Duke S* I think he be transform'd into a  
 beast,

For I can no where find him like a man

*First Lord* My lord, he is but even now gone  
 hence

Here was he merry, hearing of a song

*Duke S* If he, compact of jays, grow musical,  
 We shall have shortly discord in the spheres<sup>2</sup>  
 Go, seek him tell him I would speak with him

*First Lord* He saves my labour by his own  
 approach

Enter JACQUES

*Duke S* Why, how now, monsieur! what a  
 life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your com-  
 pany

What, you look merrily!

*Jaq* A fool, a fool! — I met a fool i' the forest,  
 A motley fool; — a miserable world! —

As I do live by food, I met a fool;  
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
 In good set terms, — and yet a motley fool.  
 "Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir,"  
 quoth he,

<sup>1</sup> Conceit, fancy.

<sup>2</sup> Discord in the spheres, referring to the old idea of the  
 music of the spheres.

"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune;"

And then he drew a dial from his poke,<sup>1</sup> 20

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:

Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;

And after one hour more 't will be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral<sup>2</sup> on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30

That fools should be so deep-contemplative;

And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!

A worthy fool!—Motley's the only wear.

*Duke S.* What fool is this?

*Jaq.* O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know't: and in his brain,—

Which is as dry as the remainder<sup>3</sup> biscuit  
After a voyage, — he hath strange places  
cramm'd 40

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms.—() that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit;  
Provided that you weed your better judgments—

Of all opinion that grows rank in them  
That I am wise. I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must  
they so? 51

The "why" is plain as way to parish church:  
He that a fool doth very wisely hit  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd  
Even by the squandering<sup>4</sup> glances of the fool.

<sup>1</sup> *Poke*, pocket

<sup>2</sup> *Moral*, i. e. moralize.

<sup>3</sup> *Remainder*, used adjectively = that is, left over.

<sup>4</sup> *Squandering*, aimless.

Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and  
through 59

Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Duke S.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou  
wouldst do.

*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do but  
good?

*Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding  
sin.

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

As sensual as the brutish sting<sup>5</sup> itself;

And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,

That thou with license of free foot hast  
caught,

Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride, 70  
That can therein tax any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,

When that I say, the city-woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in, and say that I mean her,

When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function, 79

That says his bravery<sup>6</sup> is not on my cost—

Thinking that I mean him—but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; how then? what then? Let me  
see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him  
right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,

Why, then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more!

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?

*Duke S.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by  
thy distress, 91

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

<sup>5</sup> *Sting*, instinct

<sup>6</sup> *Bravery*, finery.

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first: the  
thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,  
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:  
He dies that touches any of this fruit

Till I and my affairs are answered. 100

*Jaq.* An you will not be answered with  
reason, I must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gen-  
tleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food; and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to  
our table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I  
pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;  
And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment. But whatever you are,  
That in this desert inaccessible, 110

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;

If ever you have look'd on better days,  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,  
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,

And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,—  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better  
days, 120

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,  
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our  
eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

And take upon command<sup>1</sup> what help we have,  
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little  
while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step 130  
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,—

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and  
hunger,—

I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out, 133  
And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank you; and be bless'd for your,  
good comfort! [*Exit.*]

*Duke S.* Thou seest we are not all alone un-  
happy:

This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene

Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the whining schoolboy, with his  
satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation 152  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the

justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,

Full of wise saws and modern<sup>2</sup> instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon, 158

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

And whistles in his<sup>3</sup> sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,

Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-  
thing.

*Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.*

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your vener-  
able burden,

And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.  
*Adam.* So had you need—  
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

<sup>1</sup> Upon command—as you may be pleased to command

<sup>2</sup> Modern, hackneyed.

<sup>3</sup> His—its.

*Duke S.* Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble  
you 171

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—  
\*Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

*Ami.* Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude. 179  
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.  
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot.

Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.  
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! &c. 180

*Duke S.* If that you were the good Sir Ro-  
land's son,—  
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,  
And as mine eye doth his effigies<sup>1</sup> witness  
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,—  
Be truly welcome hither: I'm the duke,  
That lov'd your father: the residue of your  
fortune,  
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,  
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.—  
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,  
And let me all your fortunes understand.  
[*Exeunt*]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I. A room in the palace.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Duke F.* Not see him since? Sir, sir, that  
cannot be:  
But were I not the better part made mercy,  
I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:  
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;  
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living  
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
To seek a living in our territory.  
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine  
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth  
Of what we think against thee. 12

*Ol.* O, that your highness knew my heart  
in this!

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou.—Well, push  
him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent upon his house and lands:  
Do this expediently,<sup>2</sup> and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ORLANDO, in a forester's dress, with a paper, which he hangs on a tree.*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my  
love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,  
survey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere  
above,  
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth  
sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll  
character;<sup>3</sup>

That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every  
where. 8

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life,  
Master Touchstone?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself,

<sup>1</sup> *Effigies*, representation or likeness

<sup>2</sup> *Expediently*, at once.

<sup>3</sup> *Character*, engrave



it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in

it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? 22

*Cor.* No more but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great



*Touch.* Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted egg, all on one side — (Act iii 2 38, 39)

cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope, —

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side. 39

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your reason.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is

damnation. Thou art in a parlous<sup>1</sup> state, shepherd.

*Cor.* Not a whit, Master Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. [You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells,<sup>2</sup> you know, are greasy.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as

<sup>1</sup> *Parlous*, dangerous.

<sup>2</sup> *Fells*, skins.

wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard. 80

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend:<sup>1</sup> civet is of a baser birth than tar,—the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir,] I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you; to [bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pate'd, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match.] If thou beest not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape. 90

*Cor.* Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter ROSALIND; she takes Orlando's paper from the tree: reading*

*Ros.* "From the east to western Ind  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures fairest lin'd  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no face be kept in mind  
But the fair of Rosalind."

100

<sup>1</sup> *Perpend*, ponder

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

*Ros.* Out, fool!

*Touch.* For a taste;

If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.

If the cat will after kind,  
So be sure will Rosalind. 110

[Winter garments must be lin'd,  
So must slender Rosalind]  
They that reap must sheaf<sup>2</sup> and bind;  
Then to cart with Rosalind

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind

[He that sweetest rose will find,  
Must find love's prick and Rosalind]

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them? 120

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

[*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.] 130

*Ros.* Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

[*They retire.*

*Enter CELIA, reading a paper.*

*Cel.* "Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show:

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring<sup>3</sup> pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence' end,

Will I Rosalinda write;

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

140

<sup>2</sup> *Sheaf*—make into sheaves

<sup>3</sup> *Erring*, in its literal sense, wandering.

Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd  
That one body should be fill'd 150  
With all graces wide-enlarg'd:  
Nature presently distill'd  
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;  
Cleopatra's majesty,  
Atalanta's better part;  
Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod was devis'd;  
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
To have the touches dearest priz'd. 160  
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
And I to live and die her slave."

*Ros.* O most gentle pulpit!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never criel, "Have patience, good people!"

*Cel.* How now! [*To Touchstone and Corin*]  
back, friends:—shepherd, go off a little.—go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. 171  
[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses!

*Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 180

*Cel.* But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees!

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palin-tree.—[*I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.*]

*Cel.* Trow you who hath done this!

*Ros.* Is it a man? 190

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

*Ros.* I prithee, who?

*Cel.* O Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is. 200

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

*Ros.* Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. [I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy month, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle,—either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. 214]

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ros.* [Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?]

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, and brow and true maid.

*Cel.* I' faith, coz, 't is he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando. 230

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein<sup>1</sup> went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 241

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this

<sup>1</sup> Wherein, i.e. in what dress.

forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* 'Tis as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

*Ros.* It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

250

[*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam. 251  
*Ros.* Proceed.]

*Cel.* There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry holla! to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.



*Jaq.* God b'w'r' you! let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers—(Act III. 2 273, 274)

*Ros.* O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

260

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Cel.* You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

*Ros.* 'Tis he: shrink by, and note him.

[*Celia and Rosalind retire.*]

*Enter ORLANDO and JAKUES.*

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith,  
I had as lief have been myself alone.

270

*Orl.* And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake,

I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God b'w'r' you! let's meet as little as we can

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name?

280

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings? 289

*Orl.* Not so; [but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.]

*Jaq.* [You have a nimble wit: I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels.] Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather<sup>1</sup> in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in love. 300

*Orl.* 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love. 310

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*]

[*Celia and Rosalind come forward.*]

*Ros.* [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

*Orl.* Very well: what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

*Orl.* You should ask me, what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest. 319

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal? 323

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: [the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury:] these Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves. 331

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

[*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.<sup>2</sup>]

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I prithee, recount some of them.

<sup>1</sup> No breather, i.e. no one, no human being.

<sup>2</sup> Kindled, littered; a technical term.

*Ros.* No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shak'd: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner. 380

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean Cheek,—which you have not; a blue<sup>1</sup> eye and sunken,—which you have not; an unquestionable<sup>2</sup> spirit,—which you have not; a beard neglected,—which you have not;—but I pardon you for that; for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation;—but you are no such man,—you are rather point-devise in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much. 419

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so? 420

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish<sup>3</sup> youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will. tell me where it is. 430

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nav, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *Another part of the forest.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; [JAQUES behind.]*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

<sup>1</sup> Blue, that is, with blue lines under it

<sup>2</sup> Unquestionable, unwilling to be questioned.

<sup>3</sup> Moonish, wayward

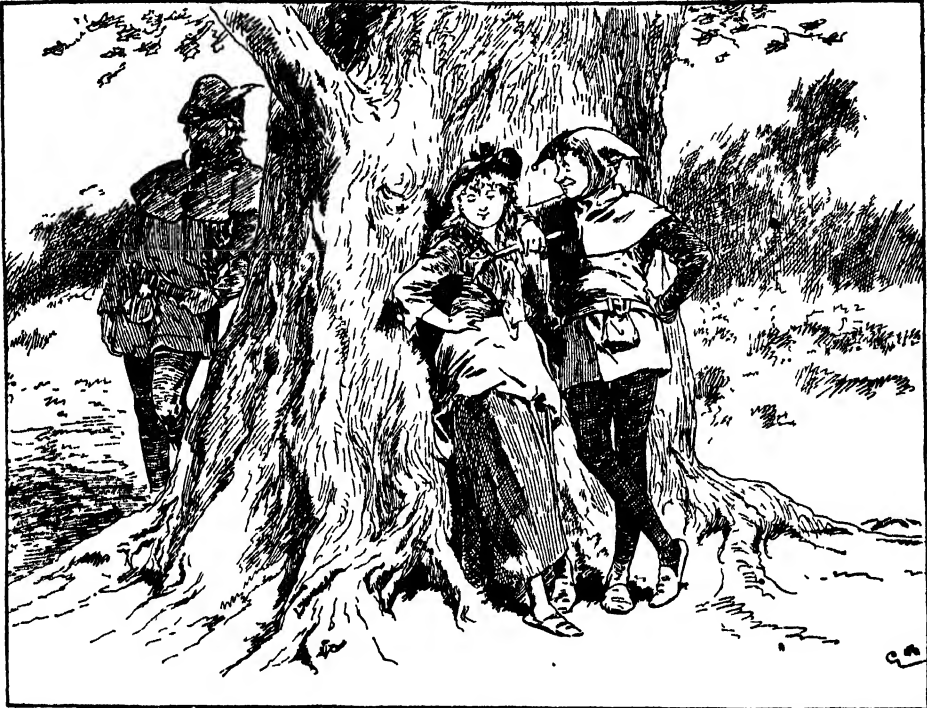
*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

{ *[Jaq. [Aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited,—worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!]* 11

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what poetical is: is



*Touch.* Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.—(Act III. 3. 16, 17)

it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-

favoured, for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar. 31

*[Jaq. [Aside] A material fool!]*

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul<sup>1</sup> slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am, not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul. 39

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter.

<sup>1</sup> Foul, ugly.

But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath<sup>1</sup> promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us. 46

[*Jaq. [Aside]* I would fain see this meeting.]

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns<sup>1</sup> are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "Many a man knows no end of his goods:" right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone! No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.<sup>2</sup> Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; [and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want—Here comes Sir Oliver. 64

*Enter* Sir OLIVER MARTEXT.

{ Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq. [Coming forward]* Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir:—nay, pray be cover'd.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley? 79

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so

man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling. 83

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

*Touch. [Aside]* I am not in the mind<sup>3</sup> but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch. ]* Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, [or we must live in bawdry.—

Farewell, good Master Oliver:—not, 100

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee,

but,

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee. ]

[*Exeunt [Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.]*

*Sir Oli.* 'T is no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.* ]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.  
Before a cottage.*

*Enter* ROSALIND and CELIA.

*Ros.* Never talk to me; I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep? ..

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

[*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good colour. 11

*Cel.* An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

<sup>1</sup> Horns, i.e. the horns of a cuckold

<sup>2</sup> Rascal, the technical term for deer not in good condition.

<sup>3</sup> Not in the mind, not certain whether



*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast<sup>1</sup> lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them. ]

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not? 21

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

[*Cel.* Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* ] Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was. 31

*Cel.* "Was" is not "is;" besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday, and had much question<sup>2</sup> with him: he ask'd me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puiisny<sup>3</sup> tilter, that spurns his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. —Who comes here?

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Mistress and master, you have oft inquired 50

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,

Between the pale complexion of true love  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove:  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—  
Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. 62

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,  
Phebe:

Say that you love me not; but say not so  
In bitterness. The common executioner,  
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death  
makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But<sup>4</sup> first begs pardon: will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner:  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye:  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, 11  
That eyes— that are the frailest and softest  
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies—  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;  
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them  
kill thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;  
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in  
thee: 20

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure<sup>5</sup>  
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine  
eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

<sup>1</sup> Cast-off.

<sup>2</sup> Question, talk.

<sup>3</sup> Puiisny, feeble.

<sup>4</sup> But=without.

<sup>5</sup> Impressure, for impression.

*Sil.* O dear Phebe,  
If ever—as that ever may be near—  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of  
“fancy,” 29

Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love’s keen arrows make

*Phe* But, till that time,  
Come not thou near me and, when that time  
comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,  
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee

*Ros* [*Coming forward*] And why, I pray you?  
Who might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched? What—though you have  
no beauty,—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
Why, what means this? Why do you look on  
me? 41

I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature’s sale work.<sup>1</sup> ‘Od’s my little life,  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!—  
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it  
‘Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship —  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow  
her, 49

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a properer<sup>2</sup> man  
Than she a woman ‘tis such fools as you  
That make the world full of ill favour’d  
children

‘Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her,  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her —  
But, mistress, know yourself down on your  
knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man’s  
love

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—  
Sell when you can you are not for all  
markets 60

Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer —  
So, take her to thee, shepherd —fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you,  
together

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

[*Ros* He’s fallen in love with your foulness,  
and she’ll fall in love with my anger —if it be  
so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning  
looks, I’ll sauce her with bitter words —Why  
look you so upon me? 70

*Phe* For no ill will I bear you ]

*Ros* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine  
Besides, I like you not —If you will know my  
house,

‘Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by —  
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard —  
Come, sister —Shepherdesse, look on him  
better,

And be not proud though all the world could  
see,

None could be so abus’d<sup>3</sup> in sight as he — so  
[Come, to our flock

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin*

*Phe* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of  
might,—

“Whoever lov’d that lov’d not at first sight?”]

*Sil* Sweet Phebe, —

*Phe* Ha, what say’st thou, Silvius?

*Sil* Sweet Phebe, pity me

*Phe* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle  
Silvius

*Sil* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be  
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief  
Were both exterrin’d

[*Phe* Thou hast my love is not that  
neighbourly? 90

*Sil* I would have you ]

*Phe* [Why, that were covetousness ]

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee,  
And yet it is not that I bear thee love  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure, and I’ll employ thee too  
But do not look for further recompense  
Than thine own gladness that thou art em-  
ploy’d

*Sil* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace, 100

<sup>1</sup> Nature’s sale-work, i.e. the goods (in modern phrase)  
which nature sells every day

<sup>2</sup> Properer, finer

<sup>3</sup> Abus’d mistaken

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man 102  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and  
then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to  
me erewhile?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;  
And he hath bought the cottage and the  
bounds

That the old carlot once was master of.

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for  
him; 110

'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—  
[But what care I for words! yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that  
hear.

It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:  
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride be-  
comes him:

He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up  
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall. ]  
His leg is but so-so; and yet 't is well.

There was a pretty redness in his lip, 130  
[A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the  
difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled<sup>1</sup> da-  
mask. ]

There be some women, Silvius, had they  
mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,  
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black, and my hair  
black; 180

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:  
I marvel why I answer'd not<sup>2</sup> again.  
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight;<sup>2</sup>

The matter's in my head and in my heart:  
I will be bitter with him and passing short.  
Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV

### SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAUQUES.*

*Jaq.* I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better  
acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so; I do love it better than laugh-  
ing.

[*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either  
are abominable fellows, and betray themselves  
to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 't is good to be sad and say no-  
thing.

*Ros.* Why, then 't is good to be a post. 9

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy,  
which is emulation; nor the musician's, which  
is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is  
proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious;

nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the  
lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is  
all these;—but] it is a melancholy of mine own,  
compounded of many simples, extracted from  
many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contem-  
plation of my travels, which, by often ruma-  
nation, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have  
great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold  
your own land, to see other men's; [then, to  
have seen much, and to have nothing, is to  
have rich eyes and poor hands.]

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad:  
I had rather have a fool to make me merry  
than experience to make me sad; and to travel  
for it too!

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Orl.* Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

<sup>1</sup> *Mingled*, i.e. red and white.

<sup>2</sup> *Straight*, at once

*Jaq.* Nay, then, God b' wi' you, an' you talk in blank verse! 32

*Ros.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look, you limp, and wear strange suits; disable<sup>1</sup> all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gon-

dola. [*Exit Jacques.*] Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover!—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand



*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad, and to travel for it too!—(Act IV. 1. 26-29)

parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd<sup>2</sup> him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind. 50

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail!

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: [besides, he brings his destiny with him.

*Orl.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns; which such as you are, fain to be beholding to your wives for—but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

*Orl.* Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*Orl.* It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better lee than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? 71

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

<sup>1</sup> Disable, disparage  
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<sup>2</sup> Clapp'd, lightly touched

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd<sup>1</sup> for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter. 81

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ros.* [Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*Orl.* What, of my suit?

*Ros.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. ] Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 91

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on<sup>2</sup> disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What sayest thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin,—“Will you, Orlando,”—

*Cel.* Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? 131

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say,—“I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.”

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband;—there's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions. 141

*Orl.* So do all thoughts,—they are wing'd.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

*Orl.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,<sup>3</sup> and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wise. 160

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to

<sup>1</sup> Gravell'd, at a loss

<sup>2</sup> Coming-on, complaisant.

<sup>3</sup> Even, the old form of hyena.

do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney. 166

[*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—“Wit, whither wilt?”

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. 171

*Orl.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say, — she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her;



*Jaq.* Which is he that kill'd the deer?

*First Lord.* Sir, it was I.—(Act iv. 2. 1. 2.)

answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,<sup>1</sup> let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!]

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. 181

*Ros.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less,—that

flattering tongue of yours won me — 't is but one cast away, and so, — come, death! — Two o'clock is your hour! 190

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind,

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think thee the most pathetic break promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise. 200

*Orl.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind. so, adieu.

<sup>1</sup> *Occasion* = as occasioned by.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. *[Exit Orlando.]*

*Cel.* You have simply misus'd<sup>1</sup> our sex in your love-prate: [we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.]

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal. 213

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*[Ros.* No, that same wicked hastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando; I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE II. Another part of the forest.

*Enter JAQUES and Lords in the habit of foresters, with a dead deer.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that kill'd the deer?

*First Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

*Sec. Lord.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough. 10

*Song*

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?  
His leather skin, and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.

*[The first shall bear this burden.]*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn:

It was a crest ere thou wast born;

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. *[Exeunt.]*

<sup>1</sup> Misus'd, covered with abuse.

SCENE III. Another part of the forest.

*Enter ROSALIND an*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth;—  
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

*[Giving a letter.]*

[I know not the contents; but, as I guess  
By the stern brow and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me, 11  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.]

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:  
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;  
She calls me proud; and that she could not  
love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:  
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd,  
well,

This is a letter of your owif device. 20

*Sil.* No, I protest I know not the contents:  
Phebe did write it.

*[Ros.* Come, come, you're a fool,  
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.  
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think  
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her  
hands:

She has a housewife's hand; but that's no  
matter:

I say, she never did invent this letter;

This is a man's invention, and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers. ] 30

*Ros.* Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,  
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain  
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,  
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear  
the letter?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet;  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant  
writes. [Reads.]

"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, 40  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd!"—

Can a woman rail thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.* [Reads]

"Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing? [Reads.]

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me"—

Meaning me a beast.— [Reads.]

"If the scorn of your bright eyne 50  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect!  
Whiles you chid me, I did love;  
How, then, might your prayers move!  
He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me  
And by him seal up thy mind,  
Whether that thy youth and kind 60  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me, and all that I can make,  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die "

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd!

*Ros.* Do you pity him? no, he deserves no  
pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman? What,  
to make thee an instrument, and play false  
strains upon thee! not to be endur'd!—Well,  
go your way to her,—for I see love hath  
made thee a tame snake,—and say this to her—  
that if she love me, I charge her to love  
thee; if she will not, I will never have her,  
unless thou entreat for her. —If you be a true  
lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes  
more company. [Exit Silvius.]

Enter OLIVER.

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if  
you know,  
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands  
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive trees?

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neigh-  
bour bottom:  
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,

Left on your right hand, brings you to the  
place. 51

But at this hour the house doth keep itself;  
There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then should I know you by description;  
Such garments and such years:—"The boy is  
fair,

Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister: the woman low, 55  
And browner than her brother." Are not you  
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both;  
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind  
He sends this bloody napkin;—are you he?

*Ros.* I am: what must we understand by  
this?

*Oli.* Some of my shame; if you will know  
of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkercher was stained.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted  
from you,  
He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour; and, pacing through the  
forest, 101

Chewing the end of sweet and bitter fancy,  
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,  
And, mark, what object did present itself:  
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd  
with age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,  
Who with her head, numble in threats, ap-  
proach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,  
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself, 112  
And with indented glides did slip away  
Into a bush: under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
Lay crouching, head on ground, with catlike  
watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for  
't is

The royal disposition of that beast  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:



This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
 And found it was his brother, his elder  
 brother 121  
*Cel* O, I have heard him speak of that same  
 brother,  
 And he did render<sup>1</sup> him the most unnatural  
 That liv'd 'mongst men

*Ol* And well he might so do,  
 For well I know he was unnatural  
*Ros* But, to Orlando —did he leave him  
 there,  
 Food to the suck'd and hungry honess?  
*Ol* Twice did he turn his back, and pur-  
 pos'd so,



*Cel* Why how now Ganymede, sweet Ganymede. [*Ros* *Exit* *Julia* etc.]—(Act iv 3 188)

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge, 129  
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
 Made him give battle to the honess:  
 Who quickly fell before him in which hurt-  
 ling<sup>2</sup>

From miserable slumber I awak'd

*Cel* Are you his brother?

*Ros* Was it you he rescu'd?

*Cel* Was't you that did so oft contrive to  
 kill him?

*Ol* 'T was I, but 'tis not I. I do not shame  
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am

*Ros* But, for the bloody napkin?—

*Ol* By and by

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,  
 Ten thousand countments had most kindly bath'd,  
 As, how I came into that desert place,— 142  
 In brief,<sup>3</sup> he led me to the gentle duke,  
 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
 Committing me unto my brother's love,  
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
 The honess had torn some flesh away,  
 Which all this while had bled, and now he  
 fainted,

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind 150  
 Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,  
 And, after some small space, being strong at  
 heart,

<sup>1</sup> Render, describe

<sup>2</sup> Hurting din of conflict

<sup>3</sup> In brief to be brief

He sent me hither, stranger as I am, 153  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,  
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet  
Ganymede! [*Rosalind faints.*]

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on  
blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it.—Cousin Gany-  
mede! 160

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither.—  
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth:—you a man?  
you lack a man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a

body would think this was well counterfeited!  
I pray you, tell your brother how well I  
counterfeited.—Heigh-ho! 169

*Oli.* This was not counterfeited: there is too  
great testimony in your complexion, that it  
was a passion of earnest.<sup>1</sup>

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well, then, take a good heart, and  
counterfeit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do: but, i' faith, I should have  
been a woman by right.

[*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler: pray  
you, draw homewards.— Good sir, go with us.]

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back  
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind. 181

*Ros.* I shall devise something: but, I pray  
you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—  
will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey;  
patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* Faith, the priest was good enough,  
for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey,  
a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is  
a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 't is: he hath no in-  
terest in me in the world: here comes the  
man you mean. 10

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a  
clown: by my troth, we that have good wits  
have much to answer for; we shall be flout-  
ing; we cannot hold.

*Enter WILLIAM.*

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend. Cover  
thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be  
cover'd. How old are you, friend? 20

*Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age. Is thy name William?

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name. Wast born i' the forest  
here?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* Thank God;—a good answer. Art  
rich?

*Will.* Faith, sir, so-so.

*Touch.* So-so is good, very good, very excel-  
lent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so-so.  
Art thou wise? 31

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou say'st well. I do now  
remember a saying, "The fool doth think he  
is wise; but the wise man knows himself to  
be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when  
he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his  
lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning  
thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and  
lips to open. You do love this maid? 40

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou  
learned?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me:—to have, is  
to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that  
151

<sup>1</sup> Of earnest, i. e. genuine.

drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir? 50

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which



*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!—(Act V. 2. 22, 23.)

is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William. 64

*Will.* God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away! 67

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Another part of the forest.*

*Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

*Orl.* Is't possible that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting, but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Roland's, will I estate<sup>1</sup> upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind. 19

*Enter ROSALIND.*

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister. [Exit.

*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher? 80

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are:—nay, 'tis true. there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thra-

<sup>1</sup> Estate, settle.

sonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:"<sup>1</sup> for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: [and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent<sup>2</sup> before marriage:] they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them. 44

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, - for now I speak to some purpose, [—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit:<sup>3</sup> I speak not thus that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please,] that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: [I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is, and without any danger.]

*Orl.* Speak'st thou in sober meaning? 76

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly,

though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will,—Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

\* Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, 83  
To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not, if I have: it is my study To seem despiteful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;

Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phebe. 91

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service;— And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

[*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy, 100  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;  
All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all obedience;—  
And so am I for Phebe.]

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you! [To Rosalind.]

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you! [To Phebe.]

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Ros.* Why do you speak too,—"Why blame you me to love you?"

*Orl.* To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* ] Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you [to *Silvius*], if I can:—I would love you [to *Phebe*], if I could.—To-morrow

<sup>1</sup> *Veni, vidi, vici.* Caesar's despatch to the senate after the battle of Zela, B.C. 47.

<sup>2</sup> *Incontinent*, an obvious quibble.

<sup>3</sup> *Conceit* = intelligence.

meet me all together—I will marry you [*to Phebe*], if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow—I will satisfy you [*to Orlando*], if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow—I will content you [*to Silvius*], if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow—As you

[*to Orlando*] love Rosalind, meet.—as you [*to Silvius*] love Phebe, meet and as I love no woman, I'll meet—So, fare you well. I have left you commands . 131

*Sil* I'll not fail, if I live

*Phe*

Nor I.

*Orl*

Nor I [*Exeunt.*]



5 10

It was a lover and his lass

With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino—(Act v. 3 17, 18)

[SCENE III Another part of the forest]

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

*Touch* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey, to-morrow will we be married!

*Aud* I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest<sup>1</sup> desire, to desire to be a woman of the world<sup>2</sup>. Here come two of the banished duke's pages

Enter two Pages

*First Page* Will met, honest gentleman

*Touch* By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song . 9

*Sec Page* We are for you sit i' the middle

*First Page* Shall we clap into't<sup>3</sup> roundly,

without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice!

*Sec Page* I' faith, i' faith, and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse

Song

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-fields did pass

In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding  
Sweet lovers love the spring. 22

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country-folks would lie  
In spring-time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring-time, &c. 30

<sup>1</sup> Dishonest, unchaste    <sup>2</sup> To be a woman &c    <sup>3</sup> To marry

<sup>4</sup> Clap into't = begin it at once

And therefore take the present time,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
 For love is crowned with the prime  
 In spring-time, &c.

34

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

*First Page.* You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b'wi' you; and God mend your voices!—  
 [Come, Audrey.] [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Another part of the forest.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES,  
 ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

*Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy

can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

[Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.]

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—

You say, if I bring<sup>a</sup> in your Rosalind,

[To the Duke.]

You will bestow her on Orlando here!

*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

*Ros.* And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

[To Orlando.]

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

10

*Ros.* You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

[To Phebe.]

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself<sup>a</sup> to this most faithful shepherd?

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

[To Silvius.]

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.

*Ros.* I've promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—  
 Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,  
 Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—  
 Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,  
 If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,  
 To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]

*Duke S.* I do remember in this shepherd boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter:  
 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,  
 And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
 Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
 Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
 Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all!

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.<sup>1</sup> I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up?<sup>2</sup>

50

*Touch.* Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest

<sup>1</sup> Let him put me to my purgation, let him put my statements to the proof.

<sup>2</sup> Ta'en up = settled.

of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks:—a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.<sup>1</sup>

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases. es

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed.—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled<sup>2</sup> my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true. this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome. and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie

Direct; and you may avoid that too with an "if." I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an "if," as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore<sup>3</sup> brothers. Your "if" is the only peace-maker; much virtue in "if."109

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

[*Still music.*] Enter [*a person representing*] HYMEN, leading] ROSALIND in woman's clothes; and CELIA.

[*Hym.* Then is there mirth in heaven,

When earthly things made even  
Atone<sup>4</sup> together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter:

Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his  
Whose heart within his bosom is.] 121

*Ros.* To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To Duke Senior.*

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To Orlando.*

*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in shape, you are my Rosalind.

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,  
Why, then,—my love adieu!

*Ros.* I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[*To Duke Senior.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[*To Orlando.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[*To Phebe.*

[*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar<sup>5</sup> confusion: 131

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you ne cross shall part:—

[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*

<sup>1</sup> Sententious, i.e. full of sententious or maxims

<sup>2</sup> Disabled, denied the ability of.

<sup>3</sup> Swore, swore to be.

<sup>4</sup> Atone, are made one, reconciled.

<sup>5</sup> Bar, forbid.

You and you are heart in heart:—

[To Oliver and Celia.

You to his love must accord, [To Phebe.

Or have a woman to your lord:— 140

You and you are sure together,

[To Touchstone and Audrey.

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

*Song*

Wedding is great Juno's crown

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town,

High wedlock, then, be honoured 150

Honour, high honour, and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!]

Duke S O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!

Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree

Phe I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine

[To Silvius

*Enter JAQUES DE BOIS*

Jaques de B Let me have audience for a word or two

I am the second son of old Sir Roland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly — 159

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd a mighty power,<sup>1</sup> which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take  
His brother here, and put him to the sword,  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,  
Where meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprise and from the world,  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restor'd to them again  
That were with him exiled This to be true,  
I do engage my life

Duke S Welcome, young man,  
Thou offer'st fairly<sup>2</sup> to thy brothers' wedding

<sup>1</sup> Power, army

<sup>2</sup> Offer'd fairly, i. e. dost make a fair offering

[To one, his lands withheld; and to the other;  
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.]  
First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
That here were well begun and well begot:  
And after, every of this happy number,



Jaques de B Where meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprise and from the world

— Act v 4 166 168 )

That have endur'd shrewd<sup>3</sup> days and nights  
with us, 179

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
According to the measure of their states  
Meantime forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
And fall into our rustic revelry —  
Play, music! — and you, brides and bride-  
grooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures  
fall

Jaques Sir, by your patience — If I heard you  
rightly,

<sup>3</sup> Shrewd, hard, disagreeable



The duke hath put on a religious life,  
And thrown into neglect the pompous<sup>1</sup> court?

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I: out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and  
learn'd.— 181

You [*to Duke S.*] to your former honour I  
bequeath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserve  
it:—

You [*to Orlando*] to a love that your true  
faith doth merit:—

You [*to Oliver*] to your land, and love, and  
great allies:—

You [*to Silvius*] to a long and well-deserved  
bed:—

And you [*to Touchstone*] to wrangling, for  
thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. —So, to your  
pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay 200

*Jaq.* To see no pastime I what you would  
have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.  
[*Exit.*]

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed. we will begin  
these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

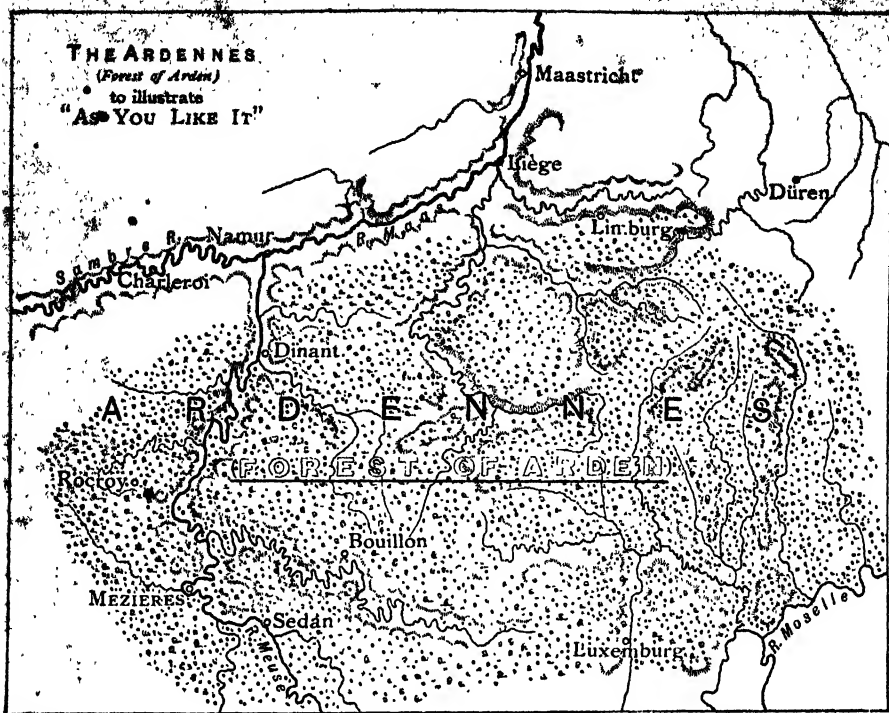
[*A dance.*]

### EPILOGUE.

*Ros.* [It is not the fashion to see the lady the  
epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than  
to see the lord the prologue.] If it be true  
that good wine needs no bush, 't is true that  
a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good  
wine they do use good bushes; and good plays  
prove the better by the help of good epilogues.  
What a case am I in, then, that am neither a  
good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you  
in the behalf of a good play! I am not fur-  
nished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not  
become me: my way is, to conjure you; and  
I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O  
women, for the love you bear to men, to like  
as much of this play as please you: and I  
charge you, O men, for the love you bear to  
women (as I perceive by your simpering, none  
of you hates them), that between you and  
the women the play may please. If I were a  
woman, I would kiss as many of you as had  
beards that pleased me, complexions that liked  
me, [and breaths that I defied not:] and, I  
am sure, as many as have good beards, or good  
faces, [or sweet breaths,] will, for my kind  
offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Pompous, ceremonious



## NOTES TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

### ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 1.—It may be convenient to give the commencement of Lodge's *Rosalynde*: "There dwelled adjoyning to the citie of Bordeaux a knight of most honourable parentage, whose Fortune had graced with many favors, and Nature honoured with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in deciphering the riches of their bounties. Wise he was, as holding in his head, a supreme conceipt of pollicie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all civil government; and to make his wisdom more gracious, he had that *calem ingenti*, and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Ulysses: his valour was no lesse than his witte, and the stroke of his lance no lesse forcible than the sweetness of his tongue was perswasive; for he was for his courage chosen the principall of all the Knights of Malta. This hardy knight thus enrich with Vertue and honour, surnamed Sir John of Burdeaux, having the prime of his youth in sundry battailes against the Turkes, at last (as the date of time hath his course) grew aged. His haire was silver hued, and the map of his age was

figured on his forehead: honour sate in the furrowes of his face, and many yeares were portrayed in his wrinkled lineaments, that all men might perceve his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessitie chalenged her due. Sir John (that with the phenix knewe the tearme of his life was now expired, and could, with the swan, discover his end by her song) having three sons by his wife Lynida, the very pride of all his forepassed yeares, thought now (seeing death by constraint would compel him to leave them) to bestow upon them such a legacie as might bewray his love, and increase their insuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong gentlemen before him, in the presence of his fellow Knights of Malta, he resolved to leave them a memorial of all his fatherly care in setting downe a methode of their brotherly duties. Having therefore death in his lookes to moove them to pittie, and teares in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, he began thus. . . . First, therefore, unto thee Saladyne, the eldest, and therefore the chieftest pillar of my house, wherein should bee ingraved as wel the excellency of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall fortune of his proportion, to thee I give foureteene ploughlands, with all my manor and richest

plate. Next, unto Fernandine I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But, unto Rosader, the youngest, I give my horse, my armour, and my lance with sixteene ploughlands; for if the inward thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader will exceed you all in bountie and honour" (Collier, Shakespeare's Library, i. pp. 7, 8).

2. Line 2: *HE bequeathed*.—Ff. read: "upon this fashion bequeathed me by will," &c., leaving the verbs *bequeathed* and *charged* below without any apparent nominative. Warburton, Hanmer, and Heath inserted the words *my father* before *bequeathed*. The very simple emendation in the text is Blackstone's conjecture, adopted by Malone and followed by Dyce. The *he* would easily drop out before the *be* of the *bequeathed*. As the sentence stands in Ff. it certainly does not seem to make much sense unless we suppose that both verbs *bequeathed* and *charged* are impersonal.

3. Line 5: *My brother Jaques he keeps at school*.—So in Lodge's romance *Saladin* (the eldest son) says: "My brother Fernandine, hee is at Paris, poring on a few papers, having more insight into sophistrie and principles of philosophie, than anie warlyke indeveurs" (Collier, i. p. 17).

4. Line 6: *school*.—For *school* = "university," we may compare Hamlet, i. 2. 112-114:

For your intent  
In going back to *school* in Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire.

That the distinction between the school and the university was very slight many facts would show. Thus Lord Herbert of Cherbury tells us in his delightful autobiography that he entered at Queen's College, Oxford, in his thirteenth year; Sir Thomas More was a Master of Arts at sixteen; while various quaint enactments that survive in the statutes of the two universities, Oxford and Cambridge, point very decidedly the same way. For instance, at Cambridge it is expressly required that no undergraduate should play marbles on the steps of the senate-house; likewise no undergraduate is allowed to bowl his hoop down the Petty Cury, a crowded thoroughfare; and at Oxford, if I am not mistaken, the whipping of students is a contingency for which the statutes still provide. At any rate, in the seventeenth century the birching of undergraduates was by no means unusual. Milton, if we may credit Aubrey, experienced the indignity; and a propos of a line in Middleton's *Chaste Maid* in Cheapside, iii. 2. 131, "you'll ne'er lin (*i.e.* cease) till I make your tutor *whip* you," Mr. Bullen quotes a curious passage from a letter written by Chamberlain in 1612: "I know not," (it runs) "whether you have heard that a son of the Bishop of Bristol killed himself with a knife to avoid the disgrace of *breaching*" (Middleton's Works, Bullen's ed. v. 60).

From these references it will be seen that *school* and *university* were almost synonymous terms.

5. Line 13: *taught their MANAGE*.—A word specially used of the training of horses. So Todd (Johnson's Dictionary, *sub voce*) quotes from Peacham: "The horse you must draw in his career with his *manage* and turn, doing the curvettos." Compare, too, for a good instance in point, Richard II. iii. 3. 178. 179:

Down, down I come; like glis'ring Phaethon,  
Wanting the *manage* of unruly Jades.

6. Line 44: *here in your ORCHARD*.—*Orchard* and *garden* were almost interchangeable terms (see *Much Ado*, note 62; though Harrison in his *Description of England* (New Shakspeare Society Publications, p. 323) only includes under the latter "such grounds as are wrought with the spade by man's hand, for so the case requireth."

7. Line 46.—A curious commentary on the first two scenes in this play is furnished in Earle's Characters. Earle describes in his own delightful way a variety of people, amongst them the "Younger Brother," and really in some of his remarks he might be directly alluding to *As You Like It*. It may be worth while to quote a few of these pithy sentences: "The pride of his house has vndone him (*i.e.* the younger brother, the Orlando of Earle's sketch), which the elder Knighthood must sustaine, and his beggary that Knighthood. His birth and bringing vp will not suffer him to descend to the meanes to get wealth: but hee stands at the mercy of the World, and which is worse of his brother. He is something better than the Serving-men; yet they more saucy with him, then hee bold with the master, who beholds him with a countenance of sterne awe, and checks him oftner then his Llueries. His brothers old suites and hee are much alike in request, and cast off now and then one to the other. . . . If his Annuity stretch so farre he is sent to the Vniversity, and with great heart burning takes vpon him the Ministry. . . . Hee is commonly discontented, and desperate, and the forme of his exclamation is, that Churle my brother" (John Earle's *Micro-cosmographie*, Arber's Reprint, pp. 29, 30).

8. Line 121. *in the forest of ARDEN*.—The scene, of course, is borrowed from Lodge. Malone quotes from Spenser, *Astrophel* (1596):

Into a forest wide and waste he came,  
Where store he heard to be of salvage pray;  
So wide a forest and so waste as this,  
Nor famous *Ardeyn*, nor fowle *Arig*, is

9. Line 150: *an envious EMULATOR*.—*Emulate*, with its cognates, always has a bad sense in Shakespeare. Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3. 242:

He is not *emulous*, as Achilles is;

Julius Cæsar, i. 3. 13, 14:

My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.

10. Line 170: *Now will I stir this GAMESTER*.—Here, as elsewhere, *gamester* has the general sense of "a merry fellow." Compare *Taming of the Shrew*, ii. 402, 403:

Sirrah young *gamester*, your father were a fool  
To give thee all

So Henry VIII. i. 4. 45.

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

11. Line 35: *Fortune from her WHEEL*.—We have a dissertation on "giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel" in Henry V. iii. 6. 31-41.

12. Line 52: *Nature's NATURAL*; *i.e.* fool, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 96: "like a great *natural*, that runs ioll."

ing up and down." Scotch people are fond of using the word in this sense.

13. Line 96: *gives the little wit that fools have was silent*.—It has been plausibly suggested that this line refers to some inhibition of the players. Compare the vexed passage in Hamlet, II. 2. 340-380, with the discussion of the subject in the Introduction to the Clarendon Press Ed. The relations between the civil authorities and the theatrical companies were very strained, and the intolerance of the former seems to have come in for a plentiful supply of satire. Compare the Induction to Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle:

*Citizens.* Hold your peace, Goodman boy!

*Speaker of Prologue.* What do you mean, sir?

*Cit.* That you have no good meaning. This seven years there hath been plays at this house, I have observed it, you have still girds at citizens.

*S. of Prolog.* Are you a member of the noble city?

*Cit.* I am.

*S. of Prolog.* And a freeman?

*Cit.* Yea, and a grocer.

*S. of Prolog.* So, grocer; then by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse to the city.

*Cit.* No, sir! Yes, sir; if you were not resolved to play the jacks, what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your betters?

14. Line 131: *With bills on their necks*.—Farmer thought that these words should form the conclusion of Le Beau's speech, and Dyce printed the passage so. Without venturing to adopt the proposal, I think a good deal may be said in its favour. For the expression we may compare Lodge's romance: "on a day, sitting with Aliena in a great dümpe, she cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his *foremost bill on his necke*." So a page or two further on: "seeing not only a shep-herdesse and her boy forced, but his brother wounded, he heaved up a *foremost bill* he had on his neck" (Collier, I p. 85). Steevens refers (rather vaguely, *more suo*) to Sidney's Arcadia, bk. i.: "with a sword by his side, a *forest bill* on his necke." For a similar word-play, compare Much Ado, III. 3. 191, and see note 231 of that play. But the *bill* on which the *équivoque* turns was not a commercial bill, but such bills as were posted up as advertisements (see Much Ado, note 8), or perhaps such a bill or "paper" as was hung round the necks of condemned perjurers (see Love's Labour's Lost, note 110). The "forest bill" of Lodge's story was probably a *bill-hook*, and not a watchman's or soldier's bill.

15. Line 132: "*Be it known unto all men by these presents*;" i.e. the formal phrase with which all deeds-poll commenced, the Latin running *Noverint universi per presentes*. "This," says Lord Campbell, "is the technical phraseology referred to by Thomas Nash in his Epistle to the Gentlemen Students of the two Universities, in the year 1589, when he is supposed to have denounced the author of Hamlet as one of those who had 'left the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, for handfulls of tragical speeches'—that is, an attorney's clerk become a poet, and penning a stanza when he should engross" (Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, pp. 40, 41). •

16. Line 132.—This incident, it will be seen, is taken directly from Lodge. "At last when the tournament  
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ceased, the wrestling begonne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against all comers, but hee looked lyke Hercules when he advaunteth himselfe agaynst Achelols, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempte to encounter with him in any deed of activitie: till at last a lustie Francklin of the country came with two tall men, that were his sonnes, of good lyniments and comely personages; the eldest of these dooing his obedience to the king entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage; which the younger brother seeing, lepte presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayed the Norman with such valour, that at the first encounter hee brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the young Francklin, that taking him up in his armes hee threw him against the grounde so violently, that hee broake his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this unlookt for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie; but the Franklin, father unto these, never chaunged his countenance, but as a man of a courageous resolution tooke up the bodies of his sonnes without shewe of outward discontent" (Collier, I pp. 19, 20).

17. Line 150: *to feel this BROKEN MUSIC*.—For some explanation of this phrase we must turn to Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time. In volume I p. 246, Mr. Chappell has the following passage:—"Richard Braithwaite, a writer of this reign (James I's), has 'set down some Rules for the Government of the House of an Earl', in which the Earl was to keep 'five musitions skillfull in that commendable sweete science,' and they were required to teach the Earl's children to sing, and to play upon the base-viol, the virginals, the lute, and the bandora, or cittern. When he gave 'great feasts,' the musicians were to play, whilst the service was going to the table, upon sackbuts, cornets, shawms, and 'such other instruments going with wind,' and upon 'viols, violins, or other broken musicke,' during the repast." Thus far Mr. Chappell, who in a note adds this comment, "'Broken Music,' as is evident from this and other passages, means what we now term 'a string band.' . . . The term originated probably from harps, lutes, and such other stringed instruments as were played without a bow, not having the capability to sustain a long note to its full duration of time." This account has been generally accepted; it will be found in the note on Troilus and Cressida, III. 1. 52-54. Apparently, however, Mr. Chappell has now changed his opinion in favour of the following view:—"Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music.'" This explanation, privately communicated to Mr. Aldis Wright, will be found in the latter's note on the present passage; as Mr. Chappell's authority on

musical points is final, it must be agreed to. For the same quibbling use of the phrase, cf. Henry V. v. 2. 861:

Come, your answer in *broken music*: for thy voice is *music* and thy English *broken*.

18. Line 169: *such ODDS in the MAN*.—So the Folios: "*Men*" is an obvious, but unnecessary, correction. The sense is, "such advantage, superiority on the side of the *man*," i.e. Charles. Compare Richard II. iii. 4. 89: "And with that *odds* he weighs King Richard down."

19. Lines 211-232.—This is the wrestling scene in Lodge's romance. "On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to incourage him with a favour lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beaultie of his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling upon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie" (Collier, i. p. 21)

20. Line 230: *I am not yet well BREATH'D*—As we should say, "I have not yet got my wind." Compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 212

21. Line 254 *STICKS me at heart*—We have *stick*—"stab" in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 202. "*to stick* the heart of falsehood."

22. Line 258: *Wear this for me* Lady Martin (Helen Faucit) says "She has taken a chain from her neck, and stealthily kissing it—at least I always used to do so—she gives it to Orlando." (Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters, p. 300)

It may be worth while to note that with Elizabethan ladies the wearing of jewelry was a universal habit, against which indeed satirists raised an occasional protest. So Stubbes says, "their fingers (*i.e.* women's) are decked with gold, silver and precious stones, their wrists with bracelets and armlets of gold, and other precious jewels: their hands are covered with their sweet washed gloves, embroidered with gold, silver and what not" (Anatomy of Abuses, New Shaks. Soc. Reprint, part i. p. 79)

23. Line 268: *Is but a QUINTAIN, a mere lifeless block*—"Quintine" in the Folios. Riding at the *quintain* was a popular sport of which Strutt gives the following description: "Tilting or combating at the *quintain* is a military exercise of high antiquity, and antecedent, I doubt not, to the jousts and tournaments. The *quintain* originally was nothing more than the trunk of a tree, a post set up for the practice of the tyros in chivalry. Afterwards a staff or spear was fixed in the earth, and a shield being hung upon it, was the mark to strike at. The dexterity of the performer consisted in smiting the shield in such a manner as to break the ligatures and bear it to the ground. In process of time this diversion

was improved, and instead of a staff and the shield, the resemblance of a human figure carved in wood was introduced. To render the appearance of this figure more formidable, it was generally made in the likeness of a Turk or a Saracen, armed at all points, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club or a sabre with his right. The *quintain* thus fashioned was placed upon a pivot, and so contrived as to move round with facility. In running at this figure, it was necessary for the horseman to direct his lance with great adroitness, and make his stroke upon the forehead between the eyes or upon the nose; for if he struck wide of these parts, especially upon the shield, the *quintain* turned about with much velocity, and, in case he was not exceeding careful, would give him a severe blow upon the back with the wooden salve held in the right hand, which was considered as highly disgraceful to the performer, while it excited the laughter and ridicule of the spectators" (Sports and Pastimes, bk iii ch 1 ed 1801, p. 89).

Compare too Stow. "I have seen a *quintain* set up on Cornhill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry disports have run and made great pastime, for he that hit not the broad end of the *quintain* was of all men laughed to scorn; and he that hit it full if he did not the faster, had a sound blow in his neck with a bag full of sand hanged on the other end" (quoted in Brand, Popular Antiquities, vol. i. p. 302, where Ellis gives other interesting references) Illustrations of the *quintain* in its various forms will be found in the Var. Ed. vi. p. 517. At the village of Offham in Kent there still stands an old *quintain*, which was repaired in 1834, and which is said to be the only one now remaining in England (See the Antiquary, vol. xvi. p. 101.)

24. Line 278: *The duke is HUMOROUS*—"capricious," cf. King John, iii. 1. 119, 120.

Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight  
But when her *humorous* ladyship is by

So Henry V. ii. 4. 28:

a vain, giddy, shallow, *humorous* youth

Ben Jonson applies the epithet, in the same sense, to the moon.

O, you awake them: Come away,  
Times be short, are made for play;  
The *humorous* moon too will not stay.  
What doth make you thus delay.

See Todd & Johnson, *sub voce* "humorous," where the lines are quoted, without reference

25. Line 284: *But yet, indeed, the LESSER is his daughter*.—*Ky.* have taller, an obvious slip (cf. next scene, 117) on the part of Shakespeare or of the printer. Mr. Spedding proposed *lesser*, which, following the Globe ed., I have printed. We have here an instance of the fact, which has been pointed out by more than one writer, that there evidently were two youths who took the women's parts, in the company of which Shakespeare was part manager, one tall and the other short. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 289-292, 303-305, and other passages in that scene, whence it is clear that *Hermia* was played by the short actor, and *Helena* by the tall one.

26. Line 290: *from the smoke into the SMOTHER*.—*Smother* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare as a

substantive. Todd—Johnson's Dictionary, s.v.—quotes from Bacon's Essays: "A man were better relate himself to a statue than suffer his thoughts to pass in *smother*."

## ACT I. SCENE 3.

27. Lines 1-140.—How far this scene is founded on Lodge's narrative some extracts from the latter will show. "Scarce had Rosalynde ended her madrigale, before Torismond (i.e. the usurping duke) came in with his daughter Alinda and many of the peers of France, who were enamoured of her beauty; which Torismond perceiving, fearing lest her perfection might be the beginning of his prejudice, and the hope of his fruit ende in the beginning of her blossomes, he thought to banish her from the court; for, quoth he to himselfe, her face is so full of favour, that it pleads pittie in the eye of every man: her beantie is so heavenly and devine, that she wil prove to me as Helen did to Priam: some of the Peeres will ayme at her love, end the marriage, and then, in his wives right attempt the kingdome. To prevent therefore had I wist in all these actions, shee tarryes not about the court, but shall (as an exile) eyther wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a sterne countenance, full of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the peers, that charged that that night shee were not seene about the court. for (quoth he) I have heard of thy aspring speeches and intended treasons. This doome was strange unto Rosalynde, and presently covered with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent tearmes to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynde" (Collier, i. pp 27, 28).

Rosalind is thus banished, and Alinda resolves to follow her, and they concert measures for flight: "At this Rosalynd began to comfort her (i.e. Alinda), and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gave her heartie thanks, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page: thou shalt bee my mistress, and I wil play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I wil buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page wil show him the poynt of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up al their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes; and Alinda being called Alfena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they travelled along the vineyardes, and by many by-waies, at last got to the Forrest side, where they travelled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes" (Collier, i. pp 31, 32).

28. Line 11: *No, some of it is for my CHILD'S FATHER.*—So the Folio. Rowe (sec. ed.) changed the words to

*my father's child*, a reading also given by Collier's MS. Corrector; it was approved by Coleridge and printed by Dyce, and is always adopted on the stage. Personally I think there is not a little to be said in its favour, though we should remember that throughout the play there are similar free touches to which modern taste may take exception. Rosalind may only mean to say "for the father of my child if ever I have one;" i.e. "for him whom I love." [There can be no doubt that, for the purposes of the theatre, Pope's emendation is preferable to the reading of the F.; but it is a most puzzling point to decide whether or not the emendation is justifiable. This is precisely one of those cases in which the poet does not make one of his characters say what we expect him to say; but something quite the contrary. Rosalind is in such a mischievous humour just now, and so excited by the sudden passion she has conceived for Orlando, that she can think of nothing else but of him; and it is quite natural that she should use such a singular expression, however indelicate it may seem, as she is speaking in confidence to Celia. Such a violent feat of anticipation as picturing herself the wife of the man she has just fallen in love with at first sight, and already a mother, would have a certain fascination for her from its very audacity; and she might use this expression, under such circumstances, with far less indelicacy than she could had they been long acquainted, or lovers, in the ordinary sense of the term. But all this is too subtle to be made clear by the actress in speaking; and therefore no one can quarrel with the Rosalind who does not speak the exact text here.—F A M.]

29 Line 114: *And with a kind of UMBER SMIRCH my face.*—*Umbre*, according to Nares, is a species of ochre, so called because originally brought from *Umbria*. Ben Jonson has the verb "to *umber*," i.e. to stain a dark, dull colour, in the *Alchemist*, v. 3:

You had taken the pains  
To dye your beard, and *umber* o'er your face  
—Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. iv. p. 184.

Compare also Henry V act iv Chorus, 8, 9:

Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames,  
Each battle sees the other's *umber'd* face.

In Johnson's Dict. (Todd's ed.) I find the following from Dryden: "*Umbre* is very sensible and earthy; there is nothing but pure black which can dispute with it" (reference not given).

30. Line 119: *a gallant CURTLE-AXE upon my thigh*—For the form compare Henry V. iv 2 21:

To give each naked *curtle-axe* a stain.

In Cotgrave the word appears as "*cuttelas*, or *courtelas*;" "perhaps," says Skeat, "borrowed from Ital *Coltellaccio*, which is at any rate the same word."

31. Line 122: *a SWASHING and a martial outside; i.e. a swaggering, blustering air; cf. swash-buckler.* The word, according to Skeat, is partly imitative, and was defined by the old lexicographers as meaning "to make a noise with swords against targets" (see Johnson's Dict. Todd's ed. s.v.). For its use compare Romeo and Juliet, l. 1. 70:

Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy *swashing* blow;

and Ben Jonson, *Staple of News*, v. 2:

I do confess a *swashing* blow.

—Ben Jonson, *Works*, vol. v. 305

For *swashers* = "bullies," "braggarts," see Henry V. iii. 2. 30; and the substantive *swash* (= bluster) occurs in *The Three Ladies of London*:

I will flaunt and brave it after the lusty *swash*.

32.—In the acting edition act i. ends with the scene between Orlando and Adam, which is the third scene of the present act in the Folio. This arrangement is, perhaps, an improvement; as we may suppose the flight of Orlando and that of Rosalind and Celia to have taken place about the same time; but another change made in the acting version is almost indefensible, and that is the transference of the speeches of the First Lord in the present scene to Jaques, a transference made, of course, with the object of giving more importance to that part, which, demanding great elocutionary skill, is generally assigned to a leading actor. This change involves a most ridiculous alteration of the text, by which the Duke is made to address all his speeches to Jaques personally, instead of speaking of him in his absence. It is to be hoped that when next this play is revived in any one of our first class theatres this unjustifiable tampering with the text may be omitted, and the speeches of the First Lord restored to the proper speaker. If the actor of Jaques likes to double the parts of the First Lord and Jaques there cannot be much objection to that arrangement.—F. A. M.

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

33 Lines 13, 14.

*Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head*

"Among the vulgar errors of Shakespeare's day was the belief that the head of the toad contained a stone possessing great medicinal virtues" (Thissolton Dyer's *Folklore of Shakespeare*, pp. 245, 246). This superstition is perpetually alluded to. *e.g.* in *The Woman's Prize*, v. 1.

And as we say verbatim,  
Fell to the bottom, broke his casting-bottle,  
Lost a fair *toadstone* of some eighteen shillings

—Beaumont & Fletcher, *Works*, vol. vii. p. 199.

and in *Monsieur Thomas*, iii. 1.

In most physicians heads  
There is a kind of *toadstone* bred, whose virtue  
—Vol vii (Dyce), p. 356

So Ben Jonson (quoted by Nares), *The Fox*, ii. 3.

His saffron jewel with the *toadstone* in it

Steevens gives an extract from Lupton's *Book of Notable Things*: "You shall know whether the *Toad stone* be the ryght and perfect stone or not. Holde the stone before a Tode, so that he may see it, and if it be a ryght and true stone the Tode will leape towarde it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone." Elsewhere Lupton says that the *toadstone*, or *crepandina*, "touching any part envenomed by the bite of a rat, wasp, spider, or any other venomous beast, ceases the pain and swelling thereof" (Var. Ed. vi. p. 381).

\*34. Line 23: *Being native BURGHERS of this desert CITY.*

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—Steevens aptly refers to Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 18, l. 66:

Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood,  
And everywhere walk'd free, a *burgess* of the wood.

Perhaps Shakespeare remembered a couplet in Lodge's romance:

About her wondering stood  
The citizens of wood.

Compare line 55.

35. Line 24: *with FORKED HEADS*—That is, arrow heads Compare Middleton's *A Mad World My Masters*:

While the broad arrow with the *forked* head  
Misses

So Lear, i. 1. 145-147:

*Lear* The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.

*Kent* Let it fall rather, though the *fork* invade

The region of my heart,

where the Clarendon Press editor shows that a *forked* arrow was not (as Steevens asserted) a barbed arrow.

36. Line 33. a *poor* SEQUESTERED *stag*.—"Retired," "withdrawn," the verb being usually transitive; for the other use of Milton: "To sequester out of the world into Atlantick and Eutopian polities, which can never be drawn into use, will not mend our condition" (*Areopagitica*, Hales, p. 25). Every one will remember Gray's "adown the cool sequestered vale of life" (*Elegy*, l. 75).

37 Lines 38-40.

*the big round tears  
Course'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase.*

We have repeated allusions to the idea that the hunted deer shed tears at the approach of death. Thus Dyer (*Folklore of Shakespeare*, p. 171) quotes Bartholomæus (*De Proprietate Rerum*). "When the hart is aered, he fleeth to a ryver or ponde, and roreth cryeth and wepeth when he is take." Again, Steevens refers (*Malone*, Var. Ed. vi. p. 382) to Drayton's *Polyolbion*, xiii. 160-161, where, upon the lines:

He who the Mourner is to his owne dying Corse,  
Upon the ruthlesse earthe his *precious* teares lets fall,

the marginal note runs: "the harte weepeth at his dying; his tears are held to be precious in medicine." Classical scholars will remember the beautiful verses in the seventh book of the *Æneid*, 500-509:

Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit,  
Successtrue gemens stabulis, questuque cruentis  
Atque *plorantis simulis* tectum omne replebat;

which Conington (iii. p. 49) aptly parallels by an expression in Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*:

She (the hare) trembling creeps upon the ground away  
And looks back to him (the hound) with beseeching eyes;  
—Stanza 132

a humanizing touch that recalls many of Landseer's pictures. Every one will recollect Hamlet's

Why, let the stricken deer go weep  
—iii. 2. 282.

38 Line 57: *that poor and broken bankrupt*.—The Rugby editor suggests that Shakespeare may have been thinking of the experiences of his own father. In line 59 I have followed Dyce and others in reading "the coun-

try," F. 1 has *country* alone, which would then be pronounced as a trisyllable.

### ACT II. SCENE 2.

30. Line 3: *Are of consent and sufferance*—Explained as being a quasi-legal term, "applied to a landlord who takes no steps to eject a tenant whose time is expired."

40. Line 8: *My lord, the ROYNISH clown, at whom so oft . . .*—"Roynish. Mangy, or scabbed; from *royneux*, Fr. A Chaucerian word," says Nares (Halliwell's Ed. *sub voce*), who quotes from Gabriel Harvey's Pierce's Superrogat:

Although she were a lusty rampe, somewhat like Gallemetta or Maid-Marian, yet she was not such a *roynish* rannel.

Compare, too, Romaunt of the Rose, 988:

The foule crooked bowe hideous,  
That Knottie was, and all *roynous*.

—Bell's Ed. of Chaucer's Works, vol. vi. p. 45.

It is of the same derivation as *ronyon*; compare Macbeth, i. 3. 6:

"Arount thee, witch!" the rump-fed *ronyon* cries;  
and Merry Wives, iv. 2. 195.

### ACT II. SCENE 3.

41. Line 8: *The BONNY PRISER of the humorous duke*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 has *bonnie*. What exception can be taken to *bonny* I am at a loss to understand; it makes excellent sense here, and it occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare, e.g. II. Henry VI. v. 2. 11, 12:

And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
Even of the *bonny* beast he lov'd so well

Warburton conjectured *boney*, which Dyce accepted—"as Chaucer is here called '*bonny*,' so in the preceding scene he is called '*sinery*.'" The change seems to me to be at once unnecessary and undesirable. *Priser* may, as Singer thinks, have been the technical title of a wrestler, a *prise* (French, *prendre, pris*) being the ordinary wrestling term for grappling with the adversary. Probably, however, Mr. Aldis Wright is correct in his explanation: "prize-fighter, champion; properly one who contends for a prize." He quotes two passages from Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels—iv. 1: "Well, I have a plot upon these *prizers*;" and v. 2: "Appeareth no man yet to answer the *prizer*?"

42. Lines 59, 60:

*Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion.*

Possibly in these verses the poet himself is speaking

43. Line 74: *it is too late A WEEK*—Perhaps "in the week" is the meaning; or, which seems to me more probable, "by a week."

### ACT II. SCENE 4.

44. Line 1: *O Jupiter, how WEARY are my spirits!*—Theobald's correction of the Folio, which give *merry*. The change seems to me absolutely necessary. Retaining *merry* we might argue (1) that the words are spoken ironically; or (2) that Rosalind feigns cheerfulness to keep up the courage of her friend. The context, however, is, I think, decisive in favour of *weary*.

45. Line 12: *yet I should bear no CROSS*.—Alluding, of course, to the cross stamped on the reverse of silver coins. For the quibble compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 34-36; and see note 20 on that play:

*Arm.* I love not to be cross'd.

*Moth [Aside]* He speaks the mere contrary; *crosses* love not him.

So II. Henry IV. i. 2. 258: "you are too impatient to bear *crosses*."

46. Line 49: *the kissing of her BATLET*.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *batter*. It was an instrument used by washers in beating out clothes, and according to Halliwell (Dictionary of Archaic Words, *sub voce*) was variously called *batter*, *batlet*, *batling-staff*, *batstaff*, and in Cotgrave (under *bacule*) *batling-staff*. Nares suggests a possible connection with *beetle*, and compares Beaumont and Fletcher's The Tamer Tamed, ii. 5:

Have I lived thus long to be knocked o' the head

The latter occurs in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 255: "flip me with a three-man *beetle*." The New English Dictionary is not particularly instructive on the subject.

47. Line 52: *the wooing of a PEASCOD*.—Properly *peascod* is the husk containing the peas; so Lear, i. 4. 219: "That's a shealed *peascod*." Here it would seem from what follows that the word must signify the whole plant. Lower down *weeping tears* is an obvious touch of burlesque.

48. Line 61: *Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion*.—There is, perhaps, something to be said for the reading of Collier's MS. Corrector. *Love, love*

49. Lines 83-100. A detail taken from Lodge. Cf the following Montanus, the shepherd, is the speaker.—"My landlord intends to sell both the farms I till, and the flocks I keepe, and cheape you may have them for ready money: and for a shepheards life (oh mistres) did you but live awhile in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here, mistresse, shal not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breeds no beggery, so it can bee no extreame prejudice: the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirres not us, we covet not to climbe, our deaires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers, as wee exceed not ill dyet, so we have inough to satisfie: and, mistresse, I have so much Latin, *satis est quod sufficit*."

"By my trueth, shephead (quoth Aliena) thou makest mee in love with your country life, and therefore send for thy landlord, and I will buy thy farms and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me bee overseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field, and folde them. Thus will I live quiet, unknowne, and contented" (Collier, i. p. 42)

### ACT II. SCENE 5.

50. Line 3: *And TURN his merry note*.—Rowe, followed by Pope, changed to *tune*, and Dyce adopted the correction, comparing Two Gentlemen of Verona, v. 4. 5, 6:

And to the nightgale's complaining notes

*Tune* my distresses and record my woes



But to turn a note is a perfectly feasible expression, and Singer's quotation from Hall's Satires, vi. 1. 196:

While threadbare Martial turns his merry note—

practically settles the question. Dyce indeed gives the latter, and then boldly remarks that "turns is manifestly an error;" the dictum is rather autocratic. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 29.

51. Line 13: as a WEASEL SUCKS EGGS.—Compare Henry V. i. 2. 169-171:

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs.

52. Line 33: *Sirs, COVER the while*; i.e. set the places for the feast.—Compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 5. 57.

53. Line 56: *Ducdame*.—It is useless to attempt to explain this. The word is an obvious and intentional piece of nonsense, of which the point lies in its very meaningless absurdity. To secure a double rhyme Farmer, rather ingeniously, suggested the following arrangement of the lines:

*Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame*  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to *Aml*,

i.e. to Amlens. Hammer read ("very acutely and judiciously," says Johnson) *duc ad me* = "bring him to me." Of course line 56 is intended to reproduce the rhythm of line 44.

54. Line 63: *all the FIRST-BORN of EGYPT*—A proverbial expression, says Johnson, for "high-born persons." I do not see the point of the phrase.

## ACT II. SCENE 6.

55. Lines 1-14.—For this and the next scene compare the following extracts from Lodge: "At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah, Adam, quoth he, I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the manner of my death. Might I with my lance encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wilde beast, and perish as his praie, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O, Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames! Maister (quoth he) you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate; seeing therefore we can finde no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworne with age, you are yong, and are the hope of many honours: let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and, maister, with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites: sucke on that till I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though verie faint) rose up, and wisht A Spencer to sit there til his returne" (Collier, i. p. 51).

Rosader goes off, as in the play, to seek for food, and soon falls in with the duke and his companions; and the narrative continues thus: "Hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus:—'Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: know,

that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unless relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such as are everie way worthe of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou prove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather will I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame'" (Collier, i. p. 52).

56. Line 3: *and MEASURE out my GRAYE*.—We are reminded of Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 69, 70:

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

## ACT II. SCENE 7.

57. Line 5: *If he, COMPACT of JARS, grow musical*; i.e. made up of discords. For much the same quibble upon *jar* in its double sense of ordinary discord and discord in music, compare Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 1:

At last, though long, our *jarring* notes agree.

*Compact* = "composed of:" as in Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 8:

Are of imagination all *compact*.

See note 248 of that play.

58. Line 18: *A MOTLEY fool*.—Alluding, one need hardly remark, to the traditional dress of court fools. Beaumont and Fletcher have *men of motley* in Wit Without Money, iii. 4, end (Dyce, iv. 15), and in Bonduca, ii. 2, early:

*Motley* on thee,  
Thou art an arrant ass.

59. Line 19: "*Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune*."—Alluding to the proverb, *fortuna favet fatuis*. Reed quotes (Var. Ed. vi. p. 401) from the prologue to the Alchemist:

*Fortune, that for us fools, these two short hours  
We wish away*

60. Line 39: *Which is as dry as the remainder BISCUIT*.—Cf. Troilus and Cressida, ii. 1. 42, 43: "He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a *biscuit*;" and still more to the point is Boswell's quotation from Every Man Out of His Humour: "And now and then breaks a dry *biscuit* jest." A dry brain in Shakespeare's time seems to have been synonymous with dulness. For the use of *remainder* here, adjectively, compare Richard II, note 155.

61. Line 48: *as large a CHARTER as the WIND*.—We may remember Henry V. i. 1. 48:

The air, a *charter'd* libertine, is still.

62. Line 55: *NOT to seem senseless of the BOB*.—Without the first two words the line has neither meaning nor metre. The correction (made by Theobald) seems to me quite right, the explanation being in effect that which Whiter gave, though Whiter adopted a different reading: "A wise man whose feeling should chance to be well rallied by a simple unmeaning jester, even though he should be weak enough to be hurt by so foolish an attack, appears always insensible of the stroke." Or taking the

present text the exact sense will be: "A wise man whose folly . . . will be foolish if he does not seem senseless." Dr. Ingley's defence of the Folios I have not been able to master. The Cambridge editors print *not to*; Dyce, *but to*. For *bob cf. Ascham's School-Master*: "cruellie threatened, yea presentlie some tymes, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes" (Arber's Reprint; p. 47). Compare also Richard III. v. 3. 833, 834:

whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, *bobd'd*, and thump'd;

and compare note 651 of that play.

63 Line 63: *What, for a COUNTER, would I do but good?* —*Cf. foot-note to Julius Caesar*, iv. 3. 80. Counters are also referred to in *Troilus and Cressida*, II. 2. 28, *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 178, and *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3. 38.

64. Line 73: *Till that the WEARER's very means do ebb.* —*F. 1* gives "the wearie very," an obvious piece of nonsense. Pope suggested *very very*, and was followed by Malone and others (see Var. Ed. vol. vi p. 406); but such emphasis is quite pointless. Mr. Kinnear in his *Cruces Shakespeare* proposes "the wasted very," comparing *Othello*, iv. 2. 187, 188: "I have wasted myself out of my means." The difficulty is solved by Singer's convincing emendation, *wearer's*, which has been adopted in the Clarendon Press ed., though not in the Globe, which, following the reading of *F. 1*, marks the passage as corrupt.

65. Lines 75, 76:

*When that I say, the city-woman BEARS  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders*

We are reminded at once of II. Henry VI. i. 3. 83.

*She bears a duke's revenues on her back*

See note 74 of that play. The commentators do not seem to have noticed that Shakespeare (?) was giving a terse version of what must, I think, have been a proverbial saying. Compare, at any rate, the following from Gascoigne's *Steel Glass—Epilogue*:

The elder sorte, go stately stalking on,  
And on their backs, they beare both land and see,  
Castles and Townes, revenues and secrets,  
Lordships and manours, fines, yea fermes and al

—Arber's Reprint, p. 82.

See also King John, note 72.

66. Line 130: *All the world's a stage.*—This is one of those natural conceptions which occur in widely different literatures, and to which no writer can lay claim. Thus in the old play of *Damon and Pythias* (a masterpiece, by the way, of unreadableness) we have:

Pythagoras said that this world was like a stage  
Where many play their parts. —Doddsley, iv. 31.

Again, Malone refers to the Legend of Orpheus and Euridice, 1597:

Unhappy man . . .  
Whose life a sad continual tragedy,  
Himself the actor, in the world, the stage,  
While as the acts are measured by his age

And Mr. Aldis Wright reminds us that, according to tradition, the motto of the Globe Theatre was Petronius' saying—*Totus mundus agit histrionem*, the sign of the house being a globe representing the world, supported by Hercules. (See Collier, *History of the Stage*, III. 238.)

Compare, for the same idea, though not developed, Merchant of Venice, I. i. 78, 79.

67. Line 143: *His acts being SEVEN AGES.*—Here, again, Shakespeare is reproducing a time-honoured idea. For the division of a man's life into seven stages the editors refer us to various authors. Hippocrates is rather vaguely appealed to. Malone reminds us of Sir Thomas Browne's chapter on the subject in his *Vulgar Errors* (iv. 2); and Staunton gives the following from Arnold's *Chronicle*:

The vii Ages of Mā lūng I the World.

"The first age"—I modify the spelling—"is infancy and lasteth from the birth unto VIIth year of age. The II<sup>nd</sup> is childhood and endureth unto XV year age. The III<sup>rd</sup> age is adolescence and endureth unto XXV year age. The IV<sup>th</sup> age is youth and endureth unto XXXV year age. The V<sup>th</sup> age is manhood and endureth unto L year age. The VI<sup>th</sup> is elde and lasteth unto LXX year age. The VII<sup>th</sup> age of man is crepil and endureth unto death." Henley says: "I have seen more than once an old print, The Stage of Man's Life, divided into seven ages. As emblematical representations of this sort were formerly stuck up, both for ornament and instruction, in the generality of houses, it is probable that Shakespeare took his hint from thence" (See Var. Ed. vi. pp. 520, 521, and the Introduction to Clarendon Press ed.). It is pretty clear that the conception was as familiar to Shakespeare's contemporaries as it is now to us through the poet's own lines, and it is quite immaterial when exactly he first came across the thought. Such ideas belong to every man; the use made of them is everything—originality counts for little.

68. Line 148: *with a woeful BALLAD.*—"Ballad or ballad," says Professor Hales, in a note on the *Areopagitica* ("composing in a higher straine than their owne souldierly ballats and roundels"), "is by no means confined in older usage to its present meaning of a certain kind of popular narrative poem. It came to be so confined, I think, only in the last century on the revival of mediæval literature. In the older writers it means a song of any sort. . . . No doubt it originally denoted a dance-song, and is cognate with our *ball* (a dance-party), *ballet*, etc., from Low Lat. *ballare*, Ital. *ballare*, to dance." For the less limited use of the word compare Midsommer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 221: "I will get Peter Quince to write a *ballad* of this dream." The first half of the present line we may illustrate by *Cymbeline*, i. 6. 68, 67:

he *fin* naces

The thick sighs from him

69. Line 158: *Into the lean and slipper'd PANTALON.*—The allusion here is to the contemporary Italian stage, where "Don Pantalone" (the old man deceived by his young wife) was one of the four stock characters, the other three being the *Doctor*, *Harlequin*, and *Coviello*, the Sharper. "There is," says Warburton (Var. Ed. vi. 410), "a greater beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is here comparing human life to a stage play of seven acts. The sixth he calls the *lean and slippered pantalone*, alluding to that general character in Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalone*; one who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*; and well designed, in that epithet, because Pan-

talone is the only character that acts in *slippers*." Warburton's philology I do not guarantee. According to the editors *Pantalone* was properly applied to a Venetian, and St Pantaleon was the patron saint of Venice. As to parallel allusions, Capell quotes from a play entitled *The Travels of Three English Brothers*, first printed in 1607, where, in a dialogue between an Italian Harlequin and Kemp (the actor) we have:

*Harl* Marry sir, first we will have an old *Pantalone*  
*Kemp* Some jealous cocombe  
*Harl* Right

A less recondite reference, which seems to have escaped the commentators, occurs in Middleton's *The Spanish Gypsy*, iv 2. 65, 66:

Play him up high, *not like a pantalon*,  
 But *hotty, nobly* —Works (Bullen's ed.), vi 195

70 Lines 177, 178:

*Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen*

Why *because*? Is the second line as the text stands a logical explanation of the preceding one? I confess I cannot help suspecting some corruption. Accepting the Folio reading we must interpret with Johnson "thy rudeness gives the less pain, as thou art not seen, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult." But this, to my mind, is very forced and feeble. On the other hand, none of the emendations can be regarded as at all satisfactory. They are "Thou causest not that teen" (Hammer); "because thou art foreseen" (Staunton), "As griefs that are not seen" (Ciucses-Shakespeare, p 113), with others, amongst which we may pick out Warburton's, "because thou art not *seen*," i.e. smiling, shining. Warburton's sense of the ridiculous was not abnormally acute. He prefaced his proposal with the remark "Without doubt, Shakspeare wrote the line thus." But critics still have their doubts on the subject.

71 Line 187: *Though thou the waters warp* —Etymologically *warp* contains two ideas: 'to throw, cast,' and 'to twist out of shape' (Skeat). The former has survived in German *werfen*; the latter—Johnson's sonorous definition is worth giving "to change from the true situation by intestine motion"—underlies most passages where the English verb occurs. Take, for instance, Shakespeare's use of the word, in *The Winter's Tale*, i 2 364-365

This is strange methinks  
 My favour here begins to *warp*

i.e. is going amiss, is losing its true nature  
 Again, *Lear*, iii 6 50, 57

And here's another, whose *warp'd* looks proclaim  
 What store her heart is made on,

so Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 140-143.

What shoud I think?  
 Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!  
 For such a *warp'd* sleep of wilderness  
 Ne'er issued from his blood,

where *warp'd* obviously—"contrary to his father's nature;" "twisted out of all likeness to." Later on in this play, iii 3. 89, 90, the word is applied to wood that shrinks: "then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber *warp*, *warp*;" that is, get out of

place, become awry. The word having this sense, it is perfectly appropriate in the present passage, whether it was intended to suggest the action of frost upon the water, or the ruffling effect of wind passing over the surface, and, as it were, twisting the broad expanse from its natural calm.

### ACT III. SCENE 1.

72. Lines 1-12 —The idea of banishing the elder brother in this way is taken from Lodge

73 Line 6 *Seek him with candle*.—Alluding presumably to Luke xv ver 8 "if she lose one piece doth (she) not light a candle and seek diligently till she find it?"

74 Line 17. *MAKE AN EXTENT upon his house and lands* —Referring to this passage, Lord Campbell remarks (Shakspeare's Legal Acquirements, p 42) that here "a deep technical knowledge of law is displayed, however it may have been acquired. The usurping Duke, Frederick, wishing all the real property of Oliver to be seized, awards a writ of *extent* against him, in the language which would be used by the Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer. An *extendi facias* applying to house and lands, as a *fiert facias* would apply to goods and chattels, or a *capias ad satisfaciendum* to the person." For a similar use of the expression in literature cf. *Wit Without Money*, in 2

Mark me, widows  
 Are long *extents* in law upon men's livings  
 —Beaumont and Fletcher, Works, vol 1 p. 188

The verb *extend*, in same sense, occurs in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, v. 1.

but when  
 This manor is *extended* to my use,  
 You'll speak in an humbler key —Works, p 418

### ACT III. SCENE 2.

75 Line 1 —We come now to what is in some respects the crown of Shakespeare's lighter lyric comedy, the forest love-scenes of this perfect play. How should these scenes be conceived and played? Are we to regard them as simple comedy, or as comedy touched by something deeper? Fortunately, the question has been asked and answered by one of our greatest dramatic artists: "It was surely a strange perversion which assigned Rosalind, as at one time it had assigned Portia, to actresses whose strength lay only in comedy. Even the joyous buoyant side of her nature could hardly have justice done to it in their hands, for that is so inextricably mixed with deep womanly tenderness, with an active intellect disciplined by fine culture, as well as tempered by a certain native distinction, that a mere comedian could not give the true tone and colouring even to her playfulness and her wit. *Those forest scenes between Orlando and herself are not, as a comedy actress would be apt to make them, merely pleasant feeling.* At the core of all that Rosalind says and does, lies a passionate love as pure and all-absorbing as ever awayed a woman's heart. Surely it was the finest and boldest of all devices, one on which only a Shakespeare could have ventured, to put his heroine into such a position that she could, without revealing her own secret, probe the heart of her lover to the very bottom,

and so assure herself that the love which possessed her own being was as completely the master of his. Neither could any but Shakespeare have so carried out this daring design, that the woman, thus rarely placed for gratifying the impulses of her own heart, and testing the sincerity of her lover's, should come triumphantly out of the ordeal, charming us, during the time of probation, by wit, by fancy, by her pretty womanly waywardnesses playing like summer lightning over her throbbing tenderness of heart, and never in the gayest sallies of her happiest moods losing one grain of our respect. No one can study this play without seeing that, through the guise of the brilliant-witted boy, Shakespeare meant the charm of the high hearted woman, strong, tender, delicate to make itself felt. Hence it is that Orlando finds the spell which 'heavenly Rosalind had thrown around him, drawn hourly closer and closer, he knows not how, while at the same time he has himself been winning his way more and more into his mistress heart. Thus, when at last Rosalind doffs her doublet and hose, and appears arrayed for her bridal there seems nothing strange or unmeet in this somewhat sudden consummation of what has been in truth a lengthened wooing. The actress will, in my opinion fall signally in her task, who shall not suggest all this who shall not leave upon her audience the impression that when Rosalind resumes her state at her father's court she will bring into it as much grace and dignity, as by her bright spirits she had brought of sun shine and cheerfulness into the shades of the forest of Arden. (Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters pp 295 296)

76 Line 2 *THRICE crowned queen of night*, i.e. as Luna Diana and Hecate Cf. Holace's *diva triformis* Odes, bk I xxii 4

77 Line 10 *the fairest the chaste and UNEXPRESSIVE* she, i.e. inexpressible, only here in Shakespeare. The editors naturally refer to Milton's Hymn on the Nativity

Harping with loud and solemn quire

With *unexpressive* notes to heaven's new born heir

So also Lycidas, 178 "and hears the *unexpressive* nuptial song where Warton suggests that the adjective was coined by Shakespeare Cf. Todd's Milton vol vi p 13

78 Line 31 *may COMPLAIN OF GOOD breeding* i.e. of not having had of the want of *good breeding* Hamner printed '*bad breeding* Warburton *gross breeding* but no change is necessary

79 Line 55 *and their FELS are greasy* — *Fell* is here used correctly for the hide or skin with the hair still on Cotgrave gives 'skin *fell* hide, or pelt as an equivalent for "peau" Compare Lear v 3 24

The good years shall devour them flesh and *fell*

So, too, Macbeth, v 5 11-13

and my *fell* of hair

Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir

As life were in't

80. Line 66 *perfum'd with CIVET* — Compare the following passage from Stubbes, Anatomy of Abuses "Is not this a certain sweete Pride to have *civet*, muske, sweete powders fragrant Pomanders, odorous perfumes, and such like, whereof the smell may be felt and perceived,

not only all over the house or place, where they be present (he is speaking of women's extravagant use of scents), but also a stonke cast of almost, yea, the bed wherein they have laid their delicate bodies, the places where they have sate, the clothes, and things which they have touched, shall smell a weeke, a moneth, and more, after they be gone But the prophet *Isaiah* telleth them, instead of their Pomanders, musks, *civets*, balmes, sweet odours and perfumes, they shall have stench and horrore in the nethermost hel (New Shak Soc Reprint, part i p 77) Compare Much Ado, note 196

81 Line 100 *But the FAIR of Rosalind* — For *fair* = fairness of Venus and Adonis 1085 1086

But when Adonis lived sun and sharp air

1 urk d like two thieves to rob him of his *fair*

Again, Comedy of Errors ii 1 98, 99

My leached *fair*

A sunny look of his would soon repair

But the use of the word is common Compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 81

82 Line 103 *butter women's RACK to market*, i.e. the verses follow one upon another as regular and monotonous as a cavalcade of butterwomen trotting along to market. This seems to me quite satisfactory and I do not understand why the passage should have raised so much discussion. Of the proposed emendations Mr Aldis Wright's *rack* is tempting. He quotes from Cotgrave *Amble* an amble, pace *jacke*, an ambling or lacking pace a smooth or easie gate and *amble* (the verb) to amble, pace *racks*. The objection perhaps to *rack* is that the word appears to have implied smooth easy motion, which would be complimentary and consequently in the present case somewhat inappropriate. Hamner suggested *rate*

83 Line 119 *This is the very FALSE GALLOP* — Evil denie, a proverbial expression Malone quotes (Var Ed vi p 428) from Nashe's Apologie of Pierce Penniless. (1593)

I would trot a *false gallop* through the rest of his ragged verses, but that if I should retort the same doggrel aright I must make my verses (as he does his) run hobbling like a brewer's cart upon the stones and observe no measure in their feet. Compare too Much Ado, iii 4 93, 94

*Beat* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

*Henry* Not a *false gallop*

The idea no doubt is that of a horse thrown out of its paces (*détraqué*) and moving with a jerky irregular amble. Shakespeare is thinking of the same thing when he writes I Henry IV iii 1 133 135

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge

Nothing so much as *mincing poetry*

*It's like the fore d, out of a shuffling ung*

84 Line 129 — For the same piece of word play compare Timon of Athens, iv 3 307-310

*Apem* Dost hate a *meddler*?

*Tim* Ay though it look like thee

*Apem* An thou hast hated *meddlers* sooner thou shouldst have loved thyself better now

85 Line 140 *BUCKLES in his sum of age*, i.e. confines "encompasses. We have a similar use of the word in Trolius and Cressida ii 2. 28-31

will you with counters sun  
The past-proportion of his infinite?  
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless  
With spans and inches?

86. Line 155: *Atalanta's better part*.—This is rather perplexing. What was *Atalanta's better part*? Obviously her swiftness of foot. So classical tradition, and so Shakespeare himself, line 294: "You have a nimble wit: I think 't was made of *Atalanta's heels*." Either the poet was simply careless, or else *Atalanta* stood for him as a type not merely of nimbleness, but also of ease and grace of form. So Malone explains, aptly suggesting that Shakespeare may have remembered some lines in Golding's translation of Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, x.:

He was amazed . . . . .  
and thought that she  
Did file as swift as arrow from a Turkish bow, yet hee  
More wondered at her beauty than at swiftness of her pace,  
Her running greatly did augment her beauty and her grace.

87. Line 163: *O most gentle PULPITER!*—The Folios read *Jupiter*, which seems to me sheer nonsense; the correction, *pulpiter*, was made by Mr. Spedding; it has been adopted in the Globe edition, and I think deservedly. Many editors print the Folio reading.

88. Line 184: *seven of the NINE DAYS*.—Alluding obviously to the proverb. So III Henry VI. ii. 2 113, 114:

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least  
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

89. Lines 187, 188: *I was never so be-rhym'd since Pythagoras' time*, &c.—"Rosalind," says Johnson, "is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat*, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death." The susceptibility of Irish rats, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to the influence of verse is repeatedly alluded to. The editors have brought together various references to this interesting fact in natural history. Thus Grey (Notes, vol. i.) quotes from Randolph, *The Jealous Lovers*, v. 2:

my poets  
Shall with a sautee steep'd in gall and vinegar,  
Rhyme 'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland.  
—Works (edn 1875) vol. i. p. 156

Compare again (with Steevens) Ben Jonson's Poetaster, Address to the Reader.

Rhyme them to death as they do Irish rats  
In drumming times,

and Sidney's Apologie for Poetry (Arber's Reprint, p. 72): "nor to bee driuen by a Poets verses to hang himselfe, nor to be rhymed to death, as is sayd to be doone in Ireland."

90. Line 203: *out of all HOOPING*; i.e. beyond all measure or reckoning. We have the word in Henry V. ii. 2. 108: "That admiration did not *hoop* at them," where, as here, Theobald changed to the form *whoop*. Nares compares an old expression, "There's no ho," quoting from Nash's *Lenten Stuffe*: "There's no ho with him; but once hartned thus, he will needs be a man of warre." So, too, with an obviously playful air of antiquarianism, Swift writes to Stella: "When your tongue runs there's no *ho* with you" (Letter 20). Halliwell (Dictionary of Archaic Words, s.v.)

mentions an old game *Hoop and Hide*, and the editors parallel the phrase in our text by the not unfamiliar, and, in sense, identical, expressions—"out of all cry," "without all cry." With the form *hoop* cf. French *houper*, *hooping-cough*, &c.

91. Line 207: *a South sea of discovery*.—That is, "Delay another minute and I shall have a thousand questions to ask you, shall, in fact, be embarking upon a perfect ocean of discovery." There is no need to admit into the text any change, though Warburton's "*off* discovery" is rather ingenious, the sense then being, "if you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from *discovery* as the *South-sea* is."

92. Line 238: *GARGANTUA'S mouth*.—It is superfluous, perhaps, to note that *Gargantua* was the giant in Rabelais who swallowed five pilgrims in a single mouthful. Mr. Aldis Wright appositely quotes from Cotgrave: "*Gargantua*. Great throat. Rab;" while to Steevens we owe two entries that occur in the registers of the Stationers' Company. From the first we find that "*Gargantua* his prophesie" was entered on April 6th, 1592, and "A booke entituled, the historie of *Gargantua*," on Dec. 4th, 1594. For a similar allusion compare Ben Jonson, *Every Man in His Humour*, ii. 2: "I'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours with somewhat, an I have good luck; your *Garagantua* bieech cannot carry it away so." In connection with the present line readers of Boswell will remember an anecdote which it may not be amiss to give. "This season," says the incomparable biographer, under date of the year 1778, "there was a whimsical fashion in the newspapers of applying Shakespeare's words to describe living persons well known in the world; which was done under the title of *Modern Characters from Shakespeare*, many of which were admirably adapted. The fancy took so much, that they were afterwards collected into a pamphlet. Somebody said to Johnson, across the table, that he had not been in those characters. 'Yes (said he), I have. I should have been sorry to be left out.' He then repeated what had been applied to him—I must borrow *Garagantua's* mouth. Miss Reynolds not perceiving at once the meaning of this, he was obliged to explain it to her, which had something of an awkward and ludicrous effect. 'Why, madam, it has a reference to me, as using big words, which require the mouth of a giant to pronounce them. *Gargantua* is the name of a giant in *Rabelais*.' Boswell 'But, sir, there is another amongst them for you' (Boswell then quotes a couplet from *C. riolannus*, iii. 1. 256, 257) Johnson. 'There is nothing marked in that. No, Sir, *Garagantua* is the best.' Notwithstanding this ease and good-humour, when I, a little afterwards, repeated his *margam* on Kenrick, which was received with applause, he asked, 'Who said that?' and on my suddenly answering *Garagantua*, he looked serious, which was a sufficient indication that he did not wish it to be kept up" (Boswell, ed. Birbeck Hill, Oxford, 1887, vol. iii. pp. 256, 257). Those who have seen Ople's portrait of Johnson will appreciate the literal applicability of *Gargantua* (not *Garagantua*) as descriptive of his remarkable face.

93. Line 257: *Cry holla! to thy tongue*; i.e. hold in,

restrain; a term borrowed from riding. Compare Venus and Adonis, 233, 234:

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,  
His flattering "Holla," or his "Stand, I say?"

It seems to have been used also in calling up a pack of hounds; cf. Thierry and Theodoret, ii. 2:

Not to-day; the weather  
Is grown too warm, besides, the dogs are spent:  
We'll take a cooler morning. Let's to horse,  
And halloo in the troop. —Works, vol. ii. p. 411.

Perhaps, however, "troop" is equivalent, in modern phrase, to "the hunt."

94. Lines 261: *I would sing my song without a BURDEN*. —Commenting on a passage of considerable musical interest that occurs in the Two Gentlemen of Verona (i. 2. 79-96), Mr. Chappell (Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 222) remarks that "the burden of a song, in the old acceptance of the word, was the base, foot, or under-song. It was sung throughout, and not merely at the end of the verse." Eventually *burden* came to have the general sense of "ditto." For its original and correct use cf. Chaucer:

This Sompniour bar to him a stif *burdon*,  
Was never troupe of half so gret a soun.

So in Much Ado, iii. 4. 43, 44: "Clap's into *Light o' love*; that goes without a *burden*: do you sing it, and I'll dance it." As to derivation, from French *bourdon*, a drone-bee, humming of bees, drone of a bagpipe; probably, says Skeat, of imitative origin. Also spelt *burthen*.

95. Line 280: *rings*; i.e. the so-called "posy rings;" to inscribe a motto or "posy" within the hoop of the betrothal ring was not an unusual thing. See Merchant of Venice, v. i. 147-150, and compare note 355 of that play. So Hamlet, iii. 2. 162: 'Is this a prologue, or the *posy* of a *ring*?' Allusions outside Shakespeare are common enough; e.g. Herrick, in the Hesperides, has:

What *posies* for our wedding *rings*,  
What gloves we'll give and ribbonings.

And Euphues (quoted by Mr. Aldis Wright): "Writing your judgments as you do the *posies* in your *rings*, which are always next to the finger" (Arber's ed. p. 221).

96. Line 290: *I answer you RIGHT PAINTED CLOTH* —As to these *painted cloths*, a full explanation will be found in my note on Troilus and Cressida, v. 10. 47. Compare also I. Henry IV. note 260. To the passages there given add Lucrece, 244, 245:

Who fears a sentence or an old man's eye  
Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe

For the form of the expression, cf. Twelfth Night, i. 5. 115: he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him!

and Henry V. v. 2. 156:

I speak to thee plain soldier.

For *right* in this sense compare line 103 above: "it is the *right* butter-women's rank to market"

97. Line 315: *Do you hear, forester?*—"Not for the world would she have Orlando recognise her in her unmaidenly guise; but now a sudden impulse determines her to risk all, and even to turn it to account as the means of testing his love. Boldness must be her friend, and to avert his suspicion, her only course is to put on a 'swashing and a

martial outside,' and to speak to him 'like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him.' He must not be allowed for an instant to surmise the hidden woman's fear that lies in her heart. Besides, it is only by resort to a rough and saucy greeting and manner that she could master and keep under the trembling of her voice, and the womanly tremor of her limbs. I always gave her 'Do you hear, forester?' with a defiant air" (Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters, pp. 322, 323).

98. Line 339: in *which* CAGE of RUSHES —In the Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society, 1877-1879, p. 403, it is ingeniously suggested that Rosalind is laughingly alluding to the custom of marrying with a *rush-ring*, a custom to which Shakespeare refers in All's Well That Ends Well, ii. 2. 24: "as Tib's *rush* for Tom's fore-finger." That rings were often made of *rushes* the poets perpetually remind us; e.g. Chapman in The Gentleman Usher, iv.:

Rushes make true-love knots, *rushes* make rings,

and Fletcher (?) in The Noble Kinsmen, iv. 1. 83, 89:

*Kings* she made

Of *rushes* that grew by

99. Line 398: *your hose should be UNGARTER'D* —So Ophelia describes Hamlet, ii. 1. 78-80:

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,  
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,  
*Unarter'd*—

Malvolio, on the other hand, would be "strange, stout, in yellow stockings and *cross-garter'd*" (Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 180).

100. Line 399: *your shoe untied* —For a *ri'sumè* of the appropriate love-symptoms, Stevens refers us to Heywood's Fair Maid of The Exchange:

No, by my troth, if every tale of love,  
Or love itself, or fool-bewitching beauty,  
Make me cross-arm myself; study *ay-mis*,  
Defy my husband; tread beneath my feet  
*Shoe-string* and garters, practise in my glass  
Distressed looks—

—Vol. II. (ed. 1874), p. 16

Compare also p. 20 of the same volume.

101. Line 401: *you are rather POINT-DEVISE*. —Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 21:

Such insociable and *point-devise* companions;

and Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 176:

I will be *point-devise* the very man.

The derivation is obvious—*point-de vice*: hence meaning "precise." See, also, Love's Labour's Lost, note 146.

102. Line 421: *a DARK HOUSE and a WHIP as MADMEN do* —Everybody will recollect Malvolio's epistle: "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it, though you have put me into darkness" (Twelfth Night, v. 1. 312); and same play, same scene, 349, 350:

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
Kept in a *dark house*, visited by the priest

So Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 246-248:

They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,  
And in a *dark* and dankish *vault* at home  
They left me

103. Lines 427-445. —A passage which the ordinary reader might pass by without observing in it anything very

noticeable: but which is rich in opportunities and consequently in difficulties. Compare the following criticism: "In the range of Shakespearian comedy there is probably no passage that demands more subtle treatment in the actress than this. Rosalind's every faculty is quickened by delight, and this delight breaks out into a bitter picture of all the wayward coquettishness that has ever been imputed to her sex. She rushes into this vein of humorous detraction, in order to keep up the show of curing Orlando of his passion by a picture of some of their 'giddy offences.' Note the aptness, the exquisite suggestiveness and variety of every epithet, which, woman as she is, she is irresistibly moved to illustrate and enforce by suitable changes of intonation and expression. But note also, so ready is her intelligence, that she does not forget to keep up the illusion about herself, by throwing in the phrase, that 'boys as well as women are for the most part cattle of this colour.' All the wit, the sarcasm, bubble up, sparkle after sparkle, with bewildering rapidity. Can we wonder that they should work a charm upon Orlando? . . . I need scarcely say how necessary it is for the actress in this scene, while carrying it through with a vivacity and dash that shall avert from Orlando's mind every suspicion of her sex, to preserve a refinement of tone and manner suitable to a woman of Rosalind's high station and cultured intellect; and by occasional tenderness of accent and sweet persuasiveness of look to indicate how it is that, even at the outset, she establishes a hold upon Orlando's feelings, which in their future intercourse in the forest deepens, without his being sensibly conscious of it, his love for the Rosalind of his dreams. I never approached this scene without a sort of pleasing dread, so strongly did I feel the difficulty and the importance of striking the true note in it. Yet when once engaged in this scene, I was borne along I knew not how. The situation, in its very strangeness, was so delightful to my imagination, that from the moment when I took the assurance from Orlando's words to Jaques, that his love was as absolute as woman could desire, I seemed to lose myself in a sense of exquisite enjoyment. A thrill passed through me; I felt my pulse beat quicker; my very feet seemed to dance under me. . . . Of all the scenes in this exquisite play, while this is the most wonderful, it is for the actress certainly the most difficult" (Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters, pp. 327-329).

104 Line 439. *to a LIVING humour of madness*—So the Folio, and I hardly think we are justified in changing to the more obvious "*luring* humour." "*Living*" (=actual) gives good sense: the "*mad* humour of love" ended in *real* madness.

105. Line 443: *take upon me to wash your LIVER*.—See Love's Labour's Lost, note 113.

106 Line 455: *Nay, you must call me Rosalind*—The idea that Orlando should regard the pseudo Rosalind, i.e. Ganymede, as the real Rosalind, is "conveyed" from Lodge. Compare the following:—"Assoone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good checare, would have been gone; but Ganymede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Nay, forrester, quoth she, if thy busines be

not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe; I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader; see in some amorous eglogue, how, if Rosalynde were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe, and plaie us melodie. Content, (quoth Rosader.)" They follows a "wooing eglogue betwixt Rosalynde and Rosader," after which the narrative is resumed. "Truth, gentle swaine, Rosader hath his Rosalynde; but as Ixion had Juno, who, thinking to possesse a goddesse, only imbraced a clowd: in these imaginary fruitions of fancie I resemble the birds that fed themselves with Zeuxis painted grapes . . . so fareth it with me, who to feed my self with the hope of my mistres favors, soothe my selfe in thy sutes, and onely in conceipt reape a wished for content; but if my foode bee no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yeares end, shal find me but a leane lover. Yet do I take these fyllies for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections do devine some unfained ende of ensuing fancies. And thereupon (quoth Aliena) He play the priest: from this daye forth Ganymede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganymede wife, and so wee le have a marriage. Content (quoth Rosader) and laught. Content (quoth Ganymede) and chaunged as red as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to be a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking hee had wooed and woonne his Rosalynde" (Collier, vol. i. pp. 70-75).

## ACT III. SCENE 3.

107 Line 3: *doth my simple FEATURE content you?*—I think the correct explanation of these words is that given in the Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society --for 1877-9, pp 101-103--viz. that *feature* is used in the not uncommon sense "composition," "writing;" this agrees fairly well with what follows.

108 Line 8. *among the GOTHs*—Shakespeare is guilty of what Malone deploras as "a poor quibble" on *goats* and *Goths*; also, as the editors observe, *capricious* is a *double entendre*. For the story of Ovid's banishment the Tristia may, or may not, be consulted.

109. Line 16. *O knowledge ILL-INHABITED*.—Apparently the sense is "ill lodged," but no satisfactory instance of a parallel use of "inhabited" is given. The reference, of course, is to the familiar story of Baucis and Philemon. See Much Ado, note 92.

110 Line 22: *the truest poetry is the most feigning*.—We are reminded of Sidney's Apologie for Poetrie, where, as Professor Arber puts it, the poet man-of-letters "is really defending the whole art and craft of Feigning." See Arber's Reprint of the Apologie, with his Introduction.

111. Line 58: *Horns! Even so*.—I have retained here the ordinarily-received reading, though at least one of the suggested alternatives, that of Spedding, is worth mentioning—*Horns* are not for *poor men alone*.

112. Line 64: *Here comes SIR Oliver*.—The title *sir* was given to those who were Bachelors of Arts of any university; it was meant, no doubt, as an equivalent for

the "Dominus" which still partially survives at Cambridge. For its use compare Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, v. 3. late:

Get you afore, and stay me at the Chapel  
Close by the Nunnery; there you shall find a night-priest,  
Little Sir Hugh.

—Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vii. 398.

So again in the same writer's *The Pilgrim*, iv. 2. middle:

Oh, that Sir Nicholas now, our priest were here.  
—*Uk. supra*, viii. p. 68

In Shakespeare, of course, we have Sir Hugh Evans (Merry Wives of Windsor), and in *Love's Labour's Lost*, "Sir Nathaniel, a Curate."

113 Line 81: *and the falcon her bells*—Compare *III. Henry VI.* i. 1. 47, 48, and note 46 of that play. And *Lucrece*, 509-511, where the idea is brought out more clearly:

So under his insulting falchion lies  
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells  
With trembling fear, as fowl hears falcon's bells.

Strictly the *falcon* was the female hawk, the "tercel" the male bird; the distinction is seen in a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 2. 57, 58, "The *falcon* as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river." Compare the note on that passage.

114. Line 101: *O sweet Oliver*—In the books, says Steevens, of the Stationers' Company, August 6, 1584, was entered, by Richard Jones, the ballad of

"O *Sweete Olyver*  
Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, "The answers of *O Sweete Olyver*" Again, in 1596: "*O Sweete Olyver* altered to ye Scriptures" The same old ballad is alluded to in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*, lxi. 70:

All the mad Rolands, and sweet *Oliver*s  
—An *Exaggeration upon Vulcan*

Compare, too, Gifford's note on *Every Man in His Humour*, iii. 3.

"*Sweet Oliver*," would I could do thee any good  
—Ben Jonson's Works, vol. i pp. 98, 99

115 Lines 104-106: *Wind away*.—This fragment has been needlessly changed about in various ways Farmer proposed "Leave me not *behind thee*,"—"behind," and, to complete the rhyme, abbreviated "with thee" to "wi thee." Collier's MS. Corrector gave.

But *wend away*,  
Begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding *bind* thee

The alterations are not happy Touchstone, as Johnson pointed out, is in all probability quoting different parts of the old song: why then make the end-lines of the two pieces correspond? As to *wind*, there is no difficulty; *wind* and "wend" are cognate in meaning and origin, and the use of the former—"depart," is sufficiently attested by the line which Steevens cites from *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, 1607:

*Winde* we then, Antony, with this royal queen.

Dyce, too, compares *The History of Pyramus and Thisbe*:  
That doone, away hee *winder*, as fier of hell or Vulcan's thunder.

#### ACT III. SCENE 4.

116. Line 9: *Something browner than Judas's*.—In old tapestries Judas was always represented with a red beard

and hair. For similar references compare Middleton's *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, iii. 2. 43-47:

*First Puritan*. Sure that was Judas then with the red beard  
*Second Puritan*. —*red hair*,  
The brethren like it not, it consumes them much:  
'Tis not the sisters' colour —Bulwer's Ed. v. 5.

Again, in *Bondswoman* (by Fletcher alone?) we have a corporal with the grotesque name, Judas, who is spoken of (ii. 3) as:

That hungry fellow  
With the red beard there  
—Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. v p. 41

117 Line 17: *a nun of Winter's sisterhood*.—We must not pass over Theobald's amazing suggestion: "a nun of *Winfred's* sisterhood," the very last word, surely, in bathos For *sisterhood*, cf. *Measure for Measure*, i. 4. 5.

Upon the *sisterhood*, the votarists of Saint Claire

So *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3 157

118 Line 33: *no stronger than the word of a TAPSTER*.—The next words may be compared with *Troilus* and *Cressida*, 1. 2 124, where scorn is thrown upon "a *tapster's* arithmetic;" and the same play, iii. 3 252, 253: "like an *hostess* that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning" So, too, *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 2 42, in rather the opposite sense: "I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a *tapster*"

119. Line 46, *as a PUNNY tilter*; i.e. "petty, having but the skill of a novice" (*Schmidt, Shakespeare Lexicon*) *Puincy* is the spelling of the Folios and it is unnecessary to change, with Malone, to the more usual *punny*. Derivation: *Puny* = *puin* = *puisé*, i.e. *post natus*, "younger, born after" (*Cotgrave*) The etymological sense of the word is well brought out in Milton's expression "must appear . . . like a *puinie* with his guardian" Richardson, *and once*, quotes from Bishop Hall. "If still this privilege were ordinary left in the church, it were not a work for *puinness*, and novices, but for the greatest master and most learned, and eminently holy doctors"

#### ACT III. SCENE 5.

120 Line 5 FALLS *not the axe upon the humbled neck*  
—For *fall*—let fall, cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 1.

oh, when  
Her twinning charms shall their sweetness fall  
Upon thy tasteful lips

So *Lucrece*, 1551.

For every tear he *falls* a Trojan bleeds

121 Line 7 *Than he that DIES and LIVES by bloody drops*; i.e. his whole life long, from the cradle to the grave, is an executioner. The reversal of the natural order is not very uncommon; e.g. Dyce quotes from *Barclay's Ship of Fools*, fol. 67, 1570

He is a foole, and so shall he *dye* and *live*,  
That thinketh him wise, and yet can be nothing

Steevens, of course, is afraid that "our bard is at his quibbles again"

122 Line 13: *Who shut their coward gates on ATOMIES*; i.e. motes in the sunbeams, says Mr Aldis Wright, who quotes the following definition of the word in *Cockran's Dictionary*: "A mote flying in the sunne-beames:



anything so small that it cannot be made lesse." In the Faithful Friend, iv. 4, we have:

*Titus.* To tell thee truth, not wonders, for no eye  
Sees thee but stands amazed, and would turn  
His crystal humour into atomies.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. iv. p. 283.

Everyone will remember Mercurio's:

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

Drawn with a team of little atomies.

Compare, too, iii. 2. 245 of this play

123. Line 37: *What—though you have no beauty.*—So the Folios; the sense is not very good. On the other hand, the corrections "*some beauty*," "*no beauty*," are equally unsatisfactory.

124. Lines 82, 83: *Dead shepherd, &c.*—The reference is to Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598; there, in the firstiad, we have:

Where both deliberate, the love is slight:  
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight.

For Shakespeare's allusions to his great predecessor, see note on *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 2. 81, 82. Marlowe died in 1593, slain in a tavern-brawl.

125. Line 108: *That the old CARLOT once was master of*—Properly a diminutive form of *Carle* *Carol* (A. S.), *Churl*; cf. German *Karl*. Here, as Douce says, the meaning is "rustic," "peasant." For *Carl* of *Cymbeline*, v. 2. 4, 5:

or could this *carl*,

A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me?

So *The Maid in the Mill*, iii. 1. early:

(Obstreperous *carl*,

If thy throat's tempest could o'erturn my house,  
What satisfaction were it for thy child?

—Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. ix. p. 240.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 1.

126. Lines 10-20.—Shakespeare seems to be satirizing in this speech a contemporary affectation to which he alludes elsewhere, the pretence, namely, of melancholy "only for wantonness." Compare *King John*, iv. i. 12-15, and see note 189 of that play.

In the Queen of Corinth a character abruptly remarks (iv. i. end):

I ne'er repented anything yet in my life,  
And scorn to begin now. Come, let's be merry; choly

—Beaumont & Fletcher, v. 460.

Earle in his *Microcosmographie*, or, *A Peece of the World Discovered*; in *Essayes and Characters*, has an amusing "study" of the "Discontented Man." He is "vain glorious in the ostentation of his melancholy. His composure of himself is a studied carelesse with his armes a crosse, and a neglected hanging of his head and cloake, and he is as great an enemy to an hatband, as Fortune. . . if he turne any thing, it is commonly one of these, either Friar, traitor, or mad-man" (Arber's Reprint, pp. 27, 28).

127. Line 14: *nor the lady's, which is NICE.*—*Nice* often bears the general sense of "squeamish," "super-subtle," "snickering." Compare note on *Troilus and Cressida*,

iv. 5. 250. Milton has: "But then all human learning and controversie in religious points must remove out of the world, yea, the Bible itself: for that it times relates blasphemy not *nicely*," i. e. in a straightforward, unsqueamish manner (*Areopagitica*, Hale's Ed. p. 19). A late use of the word in this sense occurs in Cowper's *Task*, ii. 266:

That no rude savour marmine invade  
The nose of *nice* nobility.

We may remember, too, Swift's definition of a "*nice* man."

128. Lines 33-41.—With the general drift of *Rosalind*'s satirical sketch we may compare the following from Ascham, whom we shall have occasion to quote lower down: "An other propertie of this our English *Italiana* is to be marvelous singular in all their matters: singular in knowledge, ignorant of nothing; so singular in wisdom (in their owne opinion) as scarce they counte the best counsellor the Prince hath comparable with them: Common discourses of all matters. busie searchers of most secret affaires" (*Scholemaster*, Mayor's ed. pp. 89, 90). And a closer parallel is given by Mr. Aldis Wright, who refers to Overbury's *Characters* (Works, Ed. Fairholt, p. 58), where the "*Affectate Traveller*" is thus described: "He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speakes his own language with shame and hisping."

129. Line 38: *scarce think you have swam in a gondola.*—The Folios have "*Gundello*." Johnson's comment is, "*i.e.* been at Venice, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion." Many are the references in Elizabethan literature to the prevailing practice of travelling in Italy, a point upon which contemporary moralists are very eloquent. "I was once," says Ascham, "in Italie my selfe: but I thanke God, my abode there was but ix days: and yet I sawe in that little tyme, in one citie, more libertie to sinne, than ever I hard tell of in our noble citie of London in ix yeaere. I sawe, it was there as free to sinne, not onelie without all punishment, but also without any mans marking, as it is free in the citie of London to chosse without all blame, whether a man lust to wear shoe or pantocle." The "*citie*" in question was Venice, concerning which Mayor in his masterly edition of the *Scholemaster*, p. 227, reminds us that there was a common proverb, quoted in one of Howell's *Familiar Letters*, to the effect that, "*the first handsome woman that ever was made was made of Venice Glass*," which implies Beauty, but Brittleness withal." The "*Italianated Englishman*" passed into a household word, and a very uncomplimentary one too:

An Englishman Italianate  
Is a Devil incarnate

For the other side of the question, the less moral aspect, we may turn to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wildgoose Chase*, i. 2, where Italy and things Italian come in for a good deal of eulogy:

*Mirabel* Ha! Roma la Santa, Italy for my money!

Their policies, their customs, their frugalities,  
Their courtesies so open, yet so reserv'd too.

*Pinac.* 'Tis a brave country:

Not pestered with your stubborn precise puppies.



[breast The reference is not impossible, but it seems to me rather far fetched, as the editors show, the figure of Diana in a fountain was no novelty Compare Drayton's Epistle of Rosamond to Henry II

Here in the garden wrought by various hands,  
Naked Diana in the fountain stands

See Var Ed vol vi pp 470, 471.

139 Line 162 MAKE the doors upon a woman's wit — for make = 'close,' see Comedy of Errors, iii 1 98 Why at this time the doors are made against you

[At the end of this speech it is the custom of nearly all actresses who play Rosalind to introduce the 'Cuckoo song from Love's Labour's Lost Such a custom is most deplorable The song is quite out of place, if Shakespeare had intended Rosalind to sing a song he would have written one for her — F A M ]

140 Line 196 most PATHETICAL break promise — Apparently *pathetical* bears much the same sense as "pitiful So Love's Labour's Lost iv 1 149, 150

And his page at (her side that hadful of wit!  
Ah heavens it is a most *pathetical* nut!

141 Line 218 like the BAY of PORTUGAL — The reference is satisfactorily explained by the Clarendon Press editor, whose note I venture to transcribe In a letter to the Lord Treasurer and Lord High Admiral, Raleigh gives an account of the capture of a ship of Bayonne by his man Captain Floyer in 'the Bay of Portugal' (Edwards, Life of Raleigh, ii 56) This is the only instance in which I have met with the phrase, which is not recognised so far as I am aware in maps and treatises on geography It is however I am informed still used by sailors to denote that portion of the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headland of Cintra The water there is excessively deep, and within a distance of forty miles from the shore it attains a depth of upwards of 1400 fathoms, which in Shakespeare's time would be practically unfathomable It may be remembered that at a time when expeditions to Spain and Portugal were of periodical occurrence the allusion would be sufficiently understood, and therefore sufficiently pointed

#### ACT IV SCENE 2

142 Lines 1-19 — This is a thoroughly artificial scene introduced, as Johnson notes for the sole purpose of filling up the interval of two hours. Should it find a place in an acting edition of the play? [It is included in Macready's arrangement, as played at Drury Lane in 1842, which is the stage version generally accepted It is, however, omitted altogether in the acting version of this play, prepared for Miss Ada Cavendish in America, the song only being given at the beginning of act v — F A M ]

143 Line 12 *Then sing &c* — In the Folios the line stands thus "Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burthen, &c the words "the rest shall bear this burthen," were regarded as forming part of the song Pope, following Rowe, retained this arrangement, and Theobald was the first to suggest that the words here printed as a stage direction had been wrongly incorporated in the song Dyce and other writers (Coulter, Grant White) make the whole line as given in the Folios to be a stage-direction;

and other suggestions have been made. I have followed the Cambridge editors (see their note, vol ii. pp 463, 464) in adopting Theobald's proposal Knight gives Hilton's setting of the words, published in 1690, and reprinted, according to Boswell, in Playford's Musical Companion, 1673

#### ACT IV SCENE 3.

144 Line 9 *By the stern brow and WASPISH action* — So Julius Caesar, iv 3 40 50

I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter  
When you are waspish

The epithet is appropriately applied to Katharina in The Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1 211

If I be waspish best beware my sting

145 Line 17 *Were man as rare as PHOENIX* — The fabulous phoenix has always been a prolific source of variously diverting and impossible legends The favourite classical theory was that only one specimen could be alive at any date the solitary bird lived for an almost indefinite period eventually seated itself on a burning heap of aromatic wood and managed as the result of this fiery self immolation to give birth to a fresh phoenix Ovid refers to it—Amores, ii 6 54—as *Phœnix unius semper avis*, Claudian devotes the first of his *Idylls* to a description of its mythic capacities while Pliny (10 2 2) frankly tells us that he does not know what to make of the immortal fowl — 'whether it be a tale or no that there is never but one of them in the whole world and that not commonly seen Turning to English literature, Mr Aldis Wright (see his note to The Tempest iii 3 23) gives a passage from Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors bk 3 ch 12 That there is but one Phoenix in the world which after many hundred years burneth itself and from the ashes thereof riseth up another is a conceit not new or altogether popular but of great Antiquity Various countries were assigned as the home of the phoenix — Ethiopia, Egypt India (Claudian hazards nothing more definite than "trans Indos Eurumque") and Arabia, for the last on the list we may compare the first stanza of the "Phoenix and the Turtle

I at the bird of loudest lay  
On the sole Arabian tree  
Herald sad and trumpet be  
To whose sound chaste wings obey

So too Lyly's Euphues (quoted by Malone) "For as there is but one Phoenix in the world so is there but one tree in Arabia, where man should dwell (Arber's Reprint p 312) The Tempest passage (iii 3 23-24) should be referred to

146. Line 35 *Such ETHIOPIAN words, &c* swarthy, dark, the adjective here is *σπάρτα* *σπάρτα*. For substantive, cf Romeo and Juliet, i 5 48

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear

So Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii 6. 25, 26

And Silvia

Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiopian

Compare also Love's Labour's Lost, note 132, and Midsummer Night's Dream, note 197

147 Line 53 *Would they work in mild AFFECT!* — An

astrological term. Compare (amongst other passages) The Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 105-107:

There's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable

And Lear, ii. 2. 112:

Under the allowance of your great aspect.

148. Line 68: *What* to MAKE THEE AN INSTRUMENT.—We are reminded of Hamlet's "You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops" (iii. 2. 380).

149. Line 71: *love hath made thee a tame SNAKE*—Snake was frequently used as a term of contempt. So in Fletcher's The Spanish Curate, iii. 1:

That makes you feared, forces the *snake* to kneel to you  
—Beaumont and Fletcher, Dyce's ed. vii. 431

Malone too (Var. Ed. vi. p. 479) refers to Lord Cromwell:

The poorest *snake*,  
That feeds on lemons, pulchards

150. Line 87: *and BESTOWS himself*.—That is, "behaves," "acquits himself;" as in II Henry IV. ii. 2. 186 "How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours?" And King John, iii. 1. 226:

And tell me how you would *bestow* yourself

151. Line 115. *A honess, with udders all DRAWN DRY*.—Steevens refers to Arden of Feversham:

The starven honess,  
When she is *dry suckt* of her eger young.

152. Line 118: THE ROYAL DISPOSITION of that beast -- Dyer remarks (Folklore, p. 192) that the traditions and romances of the dark ages are full of references to the supposed generosity of the lion. So (following Douce) he quotes Baltholomæus: "also their mercie (i.e. of lions) is known by many and oft ensamples for they spare them that lie on the ground." Compare, for the general idea, Troilus and Cressida, v. 3. 37, 38:

Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you  
Which better fits a *lion* than a man

There was a curious superstition that a *lion* would not harm any one of royal blood; see I Henry IV. ii. 4. 830: "you are *lions* too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no, fie!" a passage that may be paralleled by Beaumont and Fletcher's Mad Lover, iv. 5.

Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over,  
If she be sprung from royal blood, the *lion*  
He'll do you reverence, else

He'll fear her all to pieces

153. Lines 132, 133:

in which HURLING  
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Compare *heurter*—and *hurler* (?) The word suggests crashing, dinning noise. Only here in Shakespeare and Julius Caesar, ii. 2. 22:

The noise of battle *hurled* in the air

Steevens quotes Nashe's Lenten Stuffe (1591): "hearing of the gangs of good fellows that *hurled* and bumbled hither."

154. Line 133.—Shakespeare, it will be seen, follows in this scene the line of Lodge's narrative: "All this while

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did poore Saladyne (banished from Bourdeaux and the court of France by Toriamond) wander up and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travell through Germany into Italie: but the forrest being full of by pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, alight out of the way, and chanced up into the desert, not farre from the place where Gerlamond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forest did afford, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lion came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him, but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lions hate to pray on dead carcasses; and yet desirous to have some foode, the lion lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He spied where a man lay a sleepe, and a lion fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stoode gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne. With that his brother began to stirre, and the lion to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare-speare, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him a sore punch on the breast, that he had almost faine, yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded" (Collier, i. pp. 76-79).

155. Line 139. *But, for the bloody NAPKIN? i.e. handkerchief*. So Emilia in Othello, iii. 3. 290, speaking of the handkerchief upon which so much is destined to turn, says:

I am glad I have found this *napkin*.

156. Line 100. *There is more in it*.—So F 1 and F 2; one is tempted, I think, to read with F 3 "there is no more in it."

157. Lines 163-183.—"The rest of the scene, with the struggle between actual physical faintness and the effort to make light of it, touched in by the poet with exquisite skill, calls for the most delicate and discriminating treatment in the actress. The audience, who are in her secret, must be made to feel the tender loving nature of the woman through the simulated gaiety by which it is veiled; and yet the character of the boy Ganymede must be sustained. This is another of the many passages to which the actress of comedy only will never give adequate expression" (Helena Faucit Martin).

158. Line 106: *a BODY would think, &c.*—For *body* in this sense, cf. the following from the New English Dictionary, s.v.: "A human *body* of either sex, an individual. Formerly, as still dialectically, and in the combinations Any-, Every-, No-, Some-*Body*, etc., exactly equivalent to the current 'person;' but now only as a term of familiarity, with a tinge of compassion, and generally with adjectives implying this." The same authority quotes a variety of instances of the occurrence of the word: e.g. Coverdale, Psalm xiv. 1: "The foolish *bodies* saye in their hertes;" and Walton, Complete Angler, p. 56: "It shall be given away to some poor *body*;" with other passages, amongst which Carlyle's graphic "a *poor body*" might have been recorded. For Shakespeare, compare Merry Wives, i. 4 105

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

159. Line 11: *It is MEAT AND DRINK*—The same phrase occurs in Merry Wives, i. 1 306

160. Line 14: *we cannot HOLD, i.e. "refrain"* Cf Henry VIII Epilogue, 13, 14:

All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they *hold* when their ladies bid 'em clasp

161. Line 18: *God ye good even; that is, "give ye good even."* So Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4 114, 115.

Nurse God ye good morrow, gentlemen  
Mer God ye good den, fair gentlewoman

162. Line 58: *TRANSLATE thy life into death; i.e. transform, as in the immortal "Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated"* (Mid Night's Dream, iii. i 121).

163. Line 60: *or in BASTINADO*—So King John, ii. 463:

He gives the *bastinado* with his tongue

The word is Spanish—*bastonada*, a beating Mr Aldis Wright quotes Cotgrave: "*Bastonnade*. A *bastonadee*, a banging, or beating with a cudgell "

164. Line 61: *I will BANDY with thee*—A term used in tennis—meaning "to strike the ball to and fro over the net," and so the word came to be used of a rapid interchange of jests. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 29: "Well *banded* both; a set of wit well play'd "

The noun *bandy* is used by Drayton in the Battaille of Agincourt (1627).

lie send him Balls, and Rackets if I live  
That they such Rackets shall in Paris see  
When over lyne with *Bandies* I shall drive —p 7

"*Bandy* seems to have been used sometimes in much the same sense as a *rest* is now used in Tennis and 'a knock up' in Rackets; that is, to signify the continual return of the ball from one player to another, keeping the park alive" (see Julian Marshall's Annals of Tennis, pp. 57, 95, 179)

## ACT V. SCENE 2.

165. Lines 20, 21:

God save you, brother.  
And you, fair SISTER.

Why *sister*? Does Oliver know the secret of Rosalind's disguise? Yes, says Grant White; Celia, of course, has told him. No, reply other editors; but he enters into Orlando's joke of treating Rosalind as a woman. I don't think either explanation is very satisfactory; it seems to

me possible that the commentators have tried to get too much out of the words. Rosalind addresses him as *brother*, and he laughingly retorts *sister*, intending, perhaps, to remind her of the last occasion when they met (iv. 3). Had he not then said to her—"you a man? you lack a man's heart?" Of course various emendations have been proposed. Johnson's "and you, and your fair *sister*" is fairly ingenious; better, however, to my mind, is "And you, *forester*" (Cruces Shakesperiana, p. 123).

166. Line 23: *thy heart in a SCARF*.—As we should say, in a sling We have *scarf'd* in Hamlet: "my sea-gown *scarf'd* about me," where the idea is "loosely thrown on" (v. 2 13).

167. Line 34: *Cæsar's THRASONICAL brag*.—See Love's Labour's Lost, note 144. So in the curious tract *Tell-Trothies Message and his Pens Complaint*, edited by Dr. Furnivall for the New Shakspeare Society, we have (p. 127):

Wrath puffs men up with munes *Thrasonical*,  
And makes them brave it braggadocio-like:  
Wrath maketh men triumph tyrannicall,  
With sword, with shield, with gunne, with bill and pike.

168. Line 44: *CLUBS cannot part them*.—Alluding, as the editors explain, to the cry raised when any street affray occurred So Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 80:

*Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!*

And Titus Andronicus, ii. 1 37—a very clear instance:

*Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace*

Schmidt (Shakespeare Lexicon) also refers to I. Henry VI i. 3. 84 (not so obvious), and Henry VIII. v. 4 53. I need scarcely say that the *locus classicus* on "London Cries" is *The Spectator*, No. 251.

169. Line 78: *though I say I am a MAGICIAN*.—It has been suggested that this line refers to the statute against Witchcraft passed in 1604, a point which affects the date of the play. There had, however, been legislation on the subject in Elizabeth's reign, and trials for witchcraft were of not uncommon occurrence Compare, for instance, the famous trials that took place in Scotland in 1590, when certain people were accused, and convicted, of having raised the storms that nearly shipwrecked James on his return from Denmark (Spalding's Elizabethan Demonology, pp. 110–115). In view of these persecutions men may well have been slow to proclaim themselves the possessors of occult powers; hence Rosalind's remark.

170. Line 90.—In the parallel scene in Lodge's novel Montanus apostrophizes love in a charming French lyric, which it may be worth while to disinter from its quaint but little-known surroundings:

Hélas, tyran, plein de rigueur,  
Modère un peu ta violence:  
Que te sert si grande dispense?  
C'est trop de flammes pour un cœur.  
Épargne en une étoucelle,  
Puis fais ton effort d'émouvoir  
La sœur qui ne veut point voir  
En quel feu Je brûle pour elle.  
Exécute, Amour, ce dessein,  
Et rabaisse un peu son audace,  
Son cœur ne doit être de glace,  
Bien qu'elle ait du neige le sien.

171. Line 119: *like the howling of IRISH WOLVES against the moon*.—A touch partially taken from Lodge's romance, where we have: "I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phæbe, thou balkest with the wolves of Syria against the moon." For wolves in Ireland, compare the following from Mr. Gomme's Gentleman's Magazine Library, Archaeology Section, pt. 1. pp. 7, 8: "In a work entitled 'De Regno Hiberniæ, &c.' written about the beginning of the seventeenth century, by Dr. Peter Lombard, titular primate of Armagh, he notices wild boars as then in Ireland. He also mentions several kinds of hounds now extinct, then kept for the chase, amongst which were those for hunting others, deer, wolves, and the boar. . . . In the same work Dr. Lombard states that wolves were so numerous, that the cattle had to be secured at night from their ravages. Fynes Morison in his Itinerary, likewise mentions the depredations committed on cattle in Ireland by the wolves, the destruction of which, he says, is neglected by the inhabitants; and adds, that these animals were 'so much grown in numbers as sometimes in winter nights they will enter into villages and the suburbs of cities.' This statement of their numbers and boldness is also corroborated by accounts of a later date, particularly by Blennerhassett, in his Directions for the Plantation of Ulster, printed in 1610. In 1662 we find Sir John Ponsonby in the Irish House of Commons, reporting from the Committee of Grievances, the 'great increase of wolves,' and that the same was a grievance, and requesting that the House would be pleased to take the same 'into their consideration.' These notices of their numbers and boldness are still further confirmed by later accounts. In a dialogue entitled Some Things of Importance to Ireland, published in Dublin in 1751, the author states that an old man, near Lurgan, informed him, that when he was a boy, wolves during winter used to come within two miles of that town and destroy cattle. *This must have been about the beginning of the last century.*" According to tradition the last wolf observed in Ireland was killed in 1710, in County Kerry; a wolf was shot in Scotland as late as 1680.

## ACT V. SCENE 3.

172. Line 2: *TO-MORROW will we be married*.—There is nothing to fix the day on which the weddings take place, but in Lodge's romance we are expressly told, "in these humours the week went away, that at last Sunday came;" *à propos* of which I may quote a few lines from Jeaffreson's Brides and Bridals. "A fashionable wedding," he says, "celebrated on the Lord's Day in London, or any part of England, would nowadays be denounced by religious people of all Christian parties. But in our feudal times, and long after the Reformation, Sunday was of all days of the week the favourite one for marriage. Long after the theatres had been closed on Sundays, the day of rest was the chief day for weddings with Londoners of every social class." Shakespeare refers to the custom (which is still prevalent on the Continent) in the Taming of the Shrew, II. 1. 324-326:

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:  
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;  
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

See note 92 on that play.

173. Lines 17-34; Song.—Two points must be noted in connection with this song as given in the Folios; the order of stanzas 2 and 4 is reversed—an obvious blunder—and in line 20 *rang* (for which Johnson proposed *rank*, and Pope *spring*) was substituted for *ring*. The corrections were made by Mr. Chappell from a MS. of the song now in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh.

174. Line 18: *With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino*.—A favourite burden. So Mr. Chappell quotes from Coverdale's preface to his Ghostly Psalmes and Spirituall Songs (1538): "Wolde God that our Mynstrels had none other thyng to play upon, neither our carters and plowmen other thyng to whistle upon, save psalmes, hymns, and such like godly songes. . . . And if women at the rockes (distaffs), and spinnyng at the wheles, had none other songes to pass their tyme withall, than such as Moses' sister, . . . have sung before them, they should be better occupied than with *Hey, nonny nonny*—and such like fantasies" (see Popular Music, pp. 53, 54). Compare also Much Ado, note 150.

## ACT V. SCENE 4.

175. Lines 12-14.—Compare the following from Lodge's story: "Truth, q Phæbe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse toward the shepheard, that could I cease to love Ganimede, I would resolve to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phæbe to mislike of Ganimede, wil she then favour Montanus? When reason (quoth she) doth quench that love I owe to thee, then will I fancie him; conditionally, that if my love can bee supprest with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will onely wedd himselfe to Phæbe. I graunt it, faire shepheardesse, quoth he; and to feed thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolve on: I wil never marry my selfe to woman but unto thy selfe" (Collier, vol. i. pp. 114, 115).

176. Line 27: *Some lively touches of my daughter's FAVOUR*.—As often, *favour*—"face," "looks;" cf. Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 102: "Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour," and Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 32, 33: "Pray, sir, by your good favour—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look." So Bacon's Essays (43): "In beauty, that of favour is more than that of colour, and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour." But the use of the word is too common to require illustration.

177. Line 48: *I have undone three TAILORS*.—The world seems to have gone but poorly with tailors some three hundred years ago; they had an evil reputation. Compare The Changeling, i. 2. 160, 161: "I must ask him easy questions at first—Tony, how many true fingers has a tailor on his right hand?" (Middleton's Works, vi. p. 23).

178. Line 73: *a certain courtier's BEARD*.—The cut of the beard was a very important matter; it served, indeed, to distinguish the profession of its wearer. There was the *bishop's beard*, and the *citizen's beard*, and the *judge's beard*, and the *soldier's beard*, and the *clown's beard* (which had to be very bushy), and other varieties might be men-

tioned. For a reference to the *beard military*, see Henry V. iii. 6 80, 81; for the *beard of civil life* note Mrs. Quickly's description, Merry Wives, i. 4. 21: "like a glover's paring-knife." Much hair about the face was to be deprecated, "more hair than head," or, as we have it in Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1. 361: "more hair than wit," being a very common expression, e.g. cf. A Mad World, My Masters, ii. 1. 137. For a contemporary criticism on the *beard* question we may turn to Harrison's Description of England, edited for the New Shakspeare Society by Dr. Furnivall. "Neither," says Harrison (pt. i. pp. 169, 170), "will I meddle with our varlet of *beards*, of which some are shaven from the chin like those of Turks, not a few cut short like to the *beard* of Marquess Otto, some made round (*vide supra*, Merry Wives passage) like a rubbing brush, others with a *pique de vaut* (O fine fashion!) or now and then suffered to grow long, the burbers being grown to be so cunning in this behalf as the tailors. And therefore if a man have a leane and streight face, a Marquess Ottos cut will make it broad and large; if it be platter-like, a long, slender *beard* will make it seem narrow; if he be wesell (i.e. weasel) beaked, then much heare left on the cheekes will make the owner look big like a boulded hen, and so grim as a goose: many old men do weare no beards at all." So in Stubbes' Anatomy of the Abuses (1583), we are told that barbers ("there are no finer fellows under the sun," says Amphilogus) have "the French cut, another the Spanish cut, one the Dutch cut, another the Italian, one the newe cut, another the old, one of the bravado fashion, another of the meane fashion." For a general and diverting dissertation upon the Elizabethan *cuffure*, the reader must be referred to Stubbes, edited for New Shakspeare Society by Dr. Furnivall, pt. ii. pp. 50-52.

179. Line 80: *he DISABLED my judgment; i.e.* disparaged. So act iv. 1. 34: "*Disable* all the benefits of your own country."

180. Lines 94-103.—Shakespeare is alluding to a treatise by Vincentio Saviolo, printed in 1594 (or 1595?). This volume, of which some account is given in the Variorum Ed. vi. 503, 504, was described by its author as: "A Discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences, for lack only of the true knowledge of honour, and the right understanding of words, which here is set down." Proceeding in the orthodox manner of moralists, the essayist discusses his weighty subject under various "heads, differentiating the diverse forms of the Lie. So we have "Lies certain," "Foolish Lies," "The Lie in General," "The Lie in Particular," and the "Conditional Lie," which perhaps was the special *genre* that Touchstone had in mind. Apparently the great merit of the "Lie Conditional" is, that it must inevitably lead to "words upon words, whereof no sure conclusion can arise." In reading the description of this treatise we are reminded of some of the more humorous aspects of modern duelling.

181. Line 94: *we quarrel in print*, BY THE BOOK.—Compare Fletcher's The Elder Brother, v. 1:

180

Come not between us. I'll not know, nor spare you—  
Do you fight by the book!

—Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. x. p. 284.

182. Line 95: *as you have BOOKS FOR GOOD MANNERS*.—Steevens says: "One of these books I have. It is entitled, 'The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children, with *stans puer ad mensam*,' black letter, without date. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, a gentleman, or musician, of the Chapel Royal; and was first published in the reign of King Edward VI." Mr. Aldis Wright suggests that we have a similar allusion in Hamlet, v. 2. 114: "he is the card or calendar of gentry."

183. Line 111: *He uses his Jolly like A STALKING-HORSE*.—See Much Ado About Nothing, note 152.

184. Line 114: *Hymen*.—The God of Marriage was a familiar and imposing figure at these quasi-pagan celebrations, and the stage-directions are very minute always as to his robes. Compare, for instance, Women Beware Women, v. 1. 90, where the stage-direction runs: "Enter *Hymen* in a yellow robe" (Bullen's Middleton, vi. 363). Still more to the point is Ben Jonson's *Masque of Hymen*: "On the other hand entered *Hymen*, in a saffron-coloured robe, his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veil of silk on his right arm." Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. vii. 51. Every one will remember Milton's—

There let *Hymen* oft appear  
In Saffron robe.

—L. Allegro.

So Beaumont and Fletcher, Dyce's ed. vol. i. p. 289

185. Line 114. *Then is there*—A point in connection with the stage representation of the drama. Should this masque be omitted? "Mr. Macready" (says the writer whom we have quoted so frequently, and, let us add, so gladly) "In his revival of the play at Drury Lane, with Mrs. Nesbit as Rosalind, restored it to the stage; but beautiful as it is in itself, and bringing this charming love-romance most appropriately to a close, yet it delays the action too much for scenic purposes" (Shakespeare's Female Characters, p. 352). And yet I think we should be slow to dispense with this stately, impressive pageant; accompanied by music, it should shed upon the close of the comedy the halo of dignity and peace that makes the final scene in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* so wonderfully effective and touching.

186. Line 143: *Whiles a WEDLOCK-HYMN we sing*.—"Music," says Mr. Thibault Dyer, "was the universal accompaniment of weddings in olden times. The allusions to wedding music that may be found in the works of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and other Elizabethan dramatists, testify that, in the opinion of their contemporaries, a wedding without the braying of trumpets, and beating of drums, and clashing of cymbals was a poor affair" (Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 830). It would be easy to multiply quotations in support of this remark; enough, perhaps, if we refer to *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 5. 87, 88:

• Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;  
• Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change.

Curiously enough, it was to illustrate Shakespeare's genius that the most popular, if not musically the finest,

of wedding marches was written; I refer, of course, to the march in Mendelssohn's incidental music to A Midsummer Night's Dream, a play that, by some cruel freak of fate, is seldom seen off the German stage.

167 Lines 147-152 — There is a classical ring in these lines that reminds us somewhat of Catullus' "Hymen O Hymenæe, Hymen ades O Hymenæe."

168 Line 157 — So in the romance the third brother arrives on the scene, bringing the news that the twelve Peers of France have taken up arms on the aide of the exiled Duke and that the usurper is ready to give them battle. The Duke and his companions ride off, discover 'where in a valley both the battles were joyned, and 'to be short, the peeres were conquerors, Toismonds army put to flight, and himself slain in battaile. The peeres then gathered themselves together and saluted their king, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was received with great joy of all the cittizens (Colliet, vol i p 128) And thus "all a well that ends well"

169 Line 179 *That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us* — Shrewd here, as so often in Shakespeare, has its original sense of 'bad,' evil, cf. Merry Wives ii 2 232

There is *shrewd* construction made of her. See Richard II note 208. Wicliffe translates *was þau þāwlaſ ƿēſſama* (James ch iii v 16) by 'and al schreived weik' etc. and every *evil* work — quoted in Todd's Johnson, and Schmidt (Shakespeare Lexicon) gives *bose*, arg., as its German equivalents.

190 Lines 192-199 *You to your, &c.* — It is worth noting that old Adam does not come in for any mention. Lodge is more generous since that fortune might every way seeme frolicke he makes Montanus 'Lord over all the Forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Capitaine of the Kings Gard and Coridon maister of Alindas flocks, than which what more satisfactory?

191 Line 199 *I am for other than for dancing measures* — *Measure* generally implies a stately dignified dance cf. Much Ado, ii 1 80 "the wedding mannerly modest, as a *measure*, full of state and anticentry. The word however, is used more widely to signify any kind of dance e.g. Love's Labour's Lost v 2 209

Then, in our *measure* but vouchsafe one change

### EPILOGUE.

192 Lines 1-23 — "One word about the Epilogue before I conclude. This, as it is written, was fit enough for the mouth of a boy-actor of women's parts in Shakespeare's time, but it is altogether out of tune with the Lady Rosalind. It is the stage tradition to speak it, and I of course, followed the tradition—never, however, without a kind of shrinking distaste for my task. Some of the words I omitted, and some I altered, and I did my best, in giving it, to make it serve to show how the high-toned winning woman reasserted herself in Rosalind, when she laid aside her doublet and hose. I have been told that I succeeded in this. Still, speaking the Epilogue remained the one drawback to my pleasure. In it one addresses the audience neither as Ganymede nor as Rosalind, but

as one's own very self. Anything of this kind was repugnant to me, my desire always being to lose myself in the character I was representing. When taken thus perforce out of my ideal, I felt stranded and altogether unhappy. Except when obliged, as in this instance, I never addressed an audience, having neither the wish nor the courage to do so. Therefore, as I advanced to speak the Epilogue, a painful shyness came over me, a kind of nervous fear, too lest I should forget what I had to say—a fear I never had at other times—and thus the closing words always brought to me a sense of inexpressible relief (Helen's fault Martin).

193 Line 4 *good wine needs no bush* — It seems to have been usual for tavern keepers to hang a bunch or garland of ivy over their doors as a sign. Ivy no doubt, was chosen from its traditional association with Bacchus. Stevens supplies us with several passages where the custom is alluded to, e.g. in Gascogne's Glass of Government 1675 we have

Now 3 days the good wyne needeth none *tye garland*

So too in The Rival Friends 1632

For like the *ivy-bush* unto a tavern

Compare also the following from Middleton's Anything for a Quiet Life

*Cum* He & it the tavern you say?

*Sweet* At the Man in the Moon above stirs so soon as he comes down and the *bush* left at his back. Ralph is the dog behind him.

Middleton's Works, Bullen's ed. v 292

In Mr. Gomme's delightful antiquarian collection, The Gentleman's Magazine Library (Dialect Proverbs Word List Section) I find the following curious contribution — *The Bush*, the principal tavern at Bristol and the *Ivy Bush*, the head inn at Carmarthen, originated in the ancient practice of hanging a *bush* at the door of those houses that sold wine whence the proverb 'good wine, etc.' An inn kept in Aldersgate Street London when Charles I was beheaded had the carved representation of a *bush* at his house painted black, and the tavern was long afterwards known by the name of the Mourning *Bush* in Aldersgate (p 264). Again in that very curious volume Eales's Microcosmographie (1628) we have amongst the 'Characters' a description of the 'Tauerne in which the writer remarks "If the Vintners nose be at the doore it is a signe sufficient but the absence of this is supplied by the *Iure bush* (Aiber's Reprint, p 33) Lastly, cf. Wit Without Money, ii 3

He & it beggar

Only the sign of a man the *bush* pulled down  
Which shews the house stands empty

—Dyce iv p 123,

and The Fair Maid of the West, i 1

She & the flower  
Of Plymouth held the Castle needs to *bush*  
Her beauty draws to them more gallant customers  
Than all the gins the town else

—Heywood's Plays. Ed. for Old Shakespeare Society by Collier vol i p 8

194. Line 19 *If I were a woman* — Alluding obviously to the fact that women's parts were not played by women. So Coriolanus, ii 2 100

When he might act the *woman* in the scene

When the innovation of allowing women to appear on



the stage was first made is a much-debated question. Upon the prejudice which required that female parts should be taken by boys Professor Ward has the following remarks: "The Puritans objected to the acting of female characters by male performers on grounds all their own; they deemed it a plain offence against Scripture for one sex to put on the apparel of the other. This of course by no means implied any approval of the performance of female characters by women. When, in 1629, actresses made their first public appearance in England in the persons of Frenchwomen belonging to the company which visited London in that year, Fyrrne saluted them as 'monsters' rather than women; and in this instance the opinion of the theatrical audience coincided with that of the outside censor, for the strangers were 'hissed, hooted and pipkin-pelted from the stage' (Collier, *Hist. of Dramatic Poetry*, ii. 23). The next French company appears to have comprised no actresses; and the innovation was probably but little imitated on the English stage before the Restoration. It is clear that it was considered open to grave doubts even by persons who were warm friends of the theatre. At the same time it should be remembered—and the circumstance increases our surprise at the tardiness with which the practice was domesticated on the public stage in England—that in the masks at Court ladies constantly took part as performers; so that when in Christmas 1632-3 the Queen with her ladies acted in a Pastoral at Somerset House, there was no real novelty in the proceeding" (Ward, *Dramatic Literature*, ii. p. 422). Professor Ward shows that in all probability isolated cases of women appearing on the stage occurred during the reign of Charles I., and up to the time of the closing of the theatres. Such performances, however, would be irregular, a fact which, to some extent, explains the curiously conflicting contemporary accounts that we have. For instance, Colley Cibber declares that no actress had ever been seen on the English stage prior to the Restoration; yet there is a theatrical tradition that a woman played the part of Ianthe in Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes* in 1656; and again, there is the

contradictory statement that absolutely the first occasion when an actress publicly came upon the boards was in Dec. 1660, the play being *Othello*. However, this last account must be incorrect. Compare Pepys under date of Jan. 3, 1660: "To the Theatre, where was acted 'Beggars Bush,' it being very well done; and here the first time that I ever saw women upon the stage." Perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we suppose that the innovation had been made tentatively and possibly with some secrecy, and that at the Restoration the practice was formally legalized, the following Royal Patent being issued in 1662:—"Whereas the women's parts in plays have hitherto been acted by men in habits of women, at which some have taken offence, we do permit and give leave from this time to come that all women's parts be acted by women" (see Fitzgerald's *New History of the English Stage*, i. p. 61). Evidently the advantages of the change were quickly appreciated; cf. Pepys, Feb. 12, 1661: "By water to Salisbury Court Play-house, where not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Scornful Lady,' now done by a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me." A famous actor of women's parts was Alexander Goffe, at Blackfriars; and the last, and perhaps best, of the boy-actors was the Edward Kynaston who kept Charles II. waiting while he finished his shaving operations. Of Kynaston the great Betterton said "it has been disputed among the judicious, whether any woman could have more sensibly touched the passions," I owe this reference to Ashton's *Social Life in the reign of Queen Anne*, ii. p. 23. And one more quotation from Pepys, apropos of the same actor. "Tom and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Silent Woman.' Among other things here, Kynaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes: first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes; then in fine clothes, as a gallant; and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house; and lastly, as a man, and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house" (Jan. 7. 1661).

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN AS YOU LIKE IT.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Abruptly.....	ii. 4 41	Bow <sup>2</sup> .....	iii 3 80	Capricious ...	iii. 3 8	Clownish.....	i. 3 132
Allottery.....	i. 1 77	Brambles <sup>3</sup> ..	iii 2 381	Carlot.....	iii. 5 108	Cock-pigeon...	iv. 1 150
A-night.....	ii 4 43	B*ak-promise	iv. 1 196	Caters.....	ii. 3 44	Co-mates....	ii. 1 1
Ark.....	v. 4 36	Butchery <sup>4</sup> ..	ii. 3 27	Catlike.....	iv. 3 116	Coming-on (adj.)	iv. 1 118
Baked.....	ii. 7 15	Calling <sup>5</sup> (sub.)	i 2 246	Chestnut (adj.)	iii. 4 12	Cupulatives (sub.)	v. 4 58
Batlet.....	ii. 4 50			Circumstantial <sup>6</sup>	v. 4 87, 91	*Corn-fields....	v. 3 19
Bob (sub.).....	ii. 7 55			*City-woman ..	ii. 7 75	Cote (sub.)....	{ ii. 4 83 iii. 2 448
Boorish.....	v. 1 54	<sup>2</sup> = a yoke				Crooked-pated.	iii. 2 83
Bottomless....	iv 1 214	<sup>3</sup> Venus and Adonis, 629				*Curvets <sup>7</sup> (verb).	iii. 2 258
		<sup>4</sup> = slaughter-house; used four times in ordinary sense of slaughter.				*Cutter-off....	i. 2 58
		<sup>5</sup> = appellation; used frequently = trade, profession.					

<sup>1</sup> — without a bottom; it occurs — fathomless, *Lucrece*, 701; *Titus Andronicus*, iii. 1. 218.

<sup>6</sup> This word occurs also in *Cymbeline*, v. 5 383; Schmidt distinguishes between the meanings of the word in the two passages; but there is little if any real distinction.

<sup>7</sup> Venus and Adonis, 379.

# WORDS PECULIAR TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line
Debility.....	ii.	3	61	Homewards.....	iv.	3	179	Narrow-mouthed	iii.	2	211	Seizure <sup>22</sup> .....	iii.	1	10
*Deep-contemplative	ii.	7	31	Homely.....	iii.	2	164	News-crammed	i.	2	101	Sheaf (verb).....	iii.	2	113
Deify <sup>1</sup> .....	iii.	2	331	*Horn-beasts.....	iii.	3	52	Often (as adj.).....	iv.	1	19	She-lamb.....	iii.	2	85
Despiser.....	ii.	7	92	*Horn-maker.....	iv.	1	63	Omitance.....	iii.	5	133	Slipped.....	iii.	7	158
Disputable.....	ii.	6	36	Horse-stealer.....	iii.	4	25	Ordinary <sup>23</sup> .....	iii.	5	42	Sluttishness.....	iii.	3	41
Dog-apes.....	ii.	5	27	Hospitality <sup>10</sup> .....	ii.	4	82	Outstay.....	i.	3	90	Smoother (sub.).....	i.	2	239
Emigres <sup>2</sup> .....	ii.	97	193	Hugely <sup>11</sup> .....	ii.	7	72	*Palm-tree.....	iii.	2	186	Squander <sup>24</sup> .....	iii.	2	147
Emulator.....	i.	1	151	Huntress.....	iii.	2	4	Panel.....	iii.	3	90	Squandering (intr.)	ii.	7	57
Enchantingly.....	i.	1	173	Hyen <sup>12</sup> .....	iv.	1	156	Poke (sub).....	ii.	7	20	Stalking-horse.....	v.	4	112
Entame.....	iii.	5	48	*Ill-inhabited.....	iii.	3	10	Priser <sup>25</sup> .....	ii.	3	8	Stammer.....	iii.	2	209
Eventful.....	ii.	7	164	*Ill-roasted.....	iii.	2	38	Private <sup>26</sup> (adj.).....	ii.	7	71	Straits <sup>27</sup> .....	v.	2	71
Expediently.....	iii.	1	18	Inconvenient.....	v.	2	72	Propositions <sup>28</sup> .....	iii.	2	245	Subject <sup>29</sup> (verb).....	ii.	3	36
Extent <sup>3</sup> .....	iii.	1	17	Indented <sup>13</sup> .....	iv.	3	113	Providently.....	ii.	3	44	Tarred.....	iii.	2	63
Exterminated.....	iii.	5	89	Injure <sup>14</sup> .....	iii.	5	9	Puiany.....	iii.	4	46	Taxation <sup>30</sup> .....	i.	2	91
Fancy-monger.....	iii.	2	382	Insonmuch.....	v.	2	61	Puking.....	ii.	7	144	Traverse (adv.).....	iii.	4	44
Fawn <sup>4</sup> (sub.).....	ii.	7	128	Investively.....	ii.	1	58	Pulpiter.....	iii.	2	163	Trowel.....	i.	2	112
Fenced <sup>5</sup> .....	iv.	3	78	Keeping <sup>15</sup> .....	i.	1	10	Purloine.....	iv.	3	77	Udders.....	iv.	3	115
Fleet (verb tr.).....	i.	1	124	Key-hole.....	iv.	1	165	Quintain.....	i.	2	268	Umber.....	i.	3	114
Flux.....	ii.	1	52	Kindled <sup>16</sup> .....	iii.	2	358	Recountments.....	iv.	3	141	Unbanded.....	iii.	2	399
*Forest-born.....	v.	4	30	Lack-lustre.....	ii.	7	21	Redness.....	iii.	5	120	Unbashful.....	ii.	3	50
Foulness <sup>6</sup> .....	iii.	3	41	Limned <sup>17</sup> .....	ii.	7	194	Reference <sup>28</sup> .....	i.	3	129	Unbuttoned.....	iii.	2	399
*Freestone-coloured	iv.	3	25	Lined <sup>18</sup> .....	iii.	2	97	Residue.....	ii.	7	190	Unclaimed.....	ii.	7	87
Gentility <sup>7</sup> .....	i.	1	23	*Love-cause.....	iv.	1	98	Retort (sub).....	v.	4	70, 99	Unexpressive.....	iii.	2	10
*Giant-rude.....	iv.	3	34	Love-prate.....	iv.	1	205	Revelry.....	v.	4	188	Unfaithful.....	iv.	1	190
Giddiness.....	v.	2	6	Love-shaked.....	iii.	2	385	Rib-breaking.....	i.	2	151	Ungentleness.....	v.	2	83
Glances <sup>8</sup> (sub.).....	ii.	7	57	Material <sup>19</sup> .....	iii.	3	32	Righteously.....	i.	2	14	Unkept.....	i.	1	9
Glides (sub.).....	iv.	3	113	Mewling.....	ii.	7	144	*Ring-time.....	v.	3	20	Unlinked.....	iv.	3	112
Glow (sub).....	iii.	4	57	Mockable.....	iii.	2	50	Roynish.....	ii.	2	8	Unquestionable.....	iii.	2	394
Goldenly.....	i.	1	7	Monastic.....	iii.	2	441	Rumination.....	iv.	4	19	Unregarded.....	ii.	3	42
Gravelled.....	iv.	1	74	Moonish.....	iii.	2	430	Rustically.....	i.	1	8	Unseasonably.....	iii.	2	258
Greenwood.....	ii.	5	1	Moral <sup>20</sup> (verb).....	ii.	7	29	Sale-work.....	iii.	5	48	Untreasured.....	ii.	2	7
Hawking <sup>9</sup> .....	v.	3	12	Motley <sup>21</sup> .....	iii.	3	79	Satchel.....	ii.	7	145	Vacation.....	iii.	2	349
Headed.....	ii.	7	97	Motley-minded	v.	4	41	Scoffer.....	iii.	5	62	Vehemence <sup>31</sup> .....	iii.	2	200
*Heart-heaviness	v.	2	50	10 Lucree, 575				Scrip <sup>27</sup> .....	iii.	2	171	Wainscot.....	iii.	3	89
*Heart-whole.....	iv.	2	48	11 Sonn. cxiv. 11.				Scrippage.....	iii.	2	171	*Wedlock-hymn.....	v.	4	143
Holly.....	ii.	7	130, 182	12 = hyena.								Whippers.....	iii.	2	424

1 Lover's Complaint, 84.  
2 A Latin word (= likeness) used as an English one  
3 Used in legal sense (= seizure of goods). In other senses the word occurs four times.  
4 Venus and Adonis, 876.  
5 = inclosed; used in other senses frequently.  
6 = ugliness.  
7 = good extraction.  
8 Here = oblique censures; occurs in its ordinary sense several times.  
9 = clearing the throat.

13 = zig-zag. Compare indenting, Venus and Adonis, 704. The verb *indent* occurs in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 87, where it means "to covenant."  
14 = to hurt bodily; several times used = to wrong.  
15 = maintenance.  
16 = delivered of a litter.  
17 Venus and Adonis, 290.  
18 = delineated.  
19 = full of matter. Occurs three times in ordinary sense.  
20 Some commentators take the word to be an adjective = moralizing, in which sense it occurs in Much Ado, v. 1. 30 and Lear, iv. 2. 88.  
21 = a fool. Sonn. cx. 2.

22 In the phrase in the ordinary - in the mass; ordinary = a report, is used twice, in All's Well, ii. 3. 211, and Ant. and Cleo. ii. 2. 230.  
23 = a prize-fighter. *Priser*, in its ordinary sense, occurs in Troilus, ii. 2. 56.  
24 Also in Sonn. ix. 7, = "particular," opposed to "general;" in other senses it occurs frequently.  
25 = questions asked. *Proposition* occurs in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 3 = promise.  
26 = relation, respect.  
27 = a wallet; occurs also in Much Ado, i. 2. 3 = a written list

28 In legal sense. Occurs three times elsewhere in ordinary sense.  
29 = soul; Lucree, 1728. Occurs frequently in other senses.  
30 = difficulties.  
31 = to expose. Occurs once elsewhere, Tempest, i. 2. 114 = to make subject.  
32 = censure.  
33 Shakespeare uses *vehemency* frequently in same sense.  
34 Used adverbially.  
35 Used adjectively.



TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.

A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.  
CURIO, }

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

FABIAN, } servants to Olivia  
CLOWD, }

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.

VIOLA, sister to Sebastian, in love with the Duke.

MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, a Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants.

— — —  
SCENE—A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.  
— — —

HISTORIC PERIOD: The historic period is absolutely indefinite.

## TIME OF ACTION.

The time of action (according to Daniel) comprises three days, with an interval of three days between the first and second days.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1-3.—Interval.

Day 2. Act I. Scenes 4 and 5; Act II. Scenes 1-5.

Day 3: Act II. Scene 4 and 5; Acts III., IV., and V.

# TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

Twelfth Night was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pp. 255-275 of the Comedies. Its date is fixed, within certain limits, by a reference discovered by Mr. Hunter in 1828. It is found in a MS. volume in the British Museum (MSS. Harl. 5353) containing the diary of John Manningham, a member of the Middle Temple, from January 1601-2 to April 1603. The entry for February 2, 1601-2, is as follows:—

"At our feast<sup>1</sup> wee had a play called Twelue night or what you will. much like the comedy of errores or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni a good practice in it to make the steward beleue his Lady widdowe was in Loue with him by counterfayting a letter, as from his Lady, in<sup>9</sup> generall termes, telling him what she liked best in him, & prescribing his gesture in smiling his appaiaile &c. And then when he came to practise making him beleue they tooke him to be mad."

This entry proves that Shakespeare's play must have been written before February 1601-2; its absence from the list in Meres' *Palladis Tamia* shows that it could not have been known before September 1598. The introduction in the play of some fragments from the song, "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone," further narrows the limits of conjecture; for this song first appeared in 1601 in the Booke of Ayres composed by Robert Jones. The play is therefore assigned with great probability to 1601-2; and it has been conjectured by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips

that it was one of four plays acted in the Christmas of that year before the Court at Whitehall by the Lord Chamberlain's company, to which Shakespeare belonged, and that it was probably acted on Twelfth Night, and derived its name from that circumstance.

Manningham, as we have seen, remarks on the likeness of the play to the *Menecmi* of Plautus and an Italian play named *Gl' Inganni*. There were three plays of this name, one by Nicolo Secchi (Florence, 1562), another by Curzio Gonzaga (Venice, 1592), both containing incidents of a certain resemblance to some of Shakespeare's, and the latter of them a sister who assumes male attire and the name Cesare (which might have suggested *Cesario*); the third play, by Cornaccini (Venice, 1604), has less resemblance. But there is yet another Italian play, named *Gl' Ingannati* (Venice, 1537), which really does bear some likeness to Twelfth Night, the whole outline of the primary plot of the English play being found in the Italian one, and the name *Malevolti* (which might have suggested *Malvolio*—the name only) occurring in the induction. (*Gl' Ingannati* was translated by Peacock in 1862; it is given in the 3rd volume of his collected works (Bentley, 1886). The story on which it was founded is told by Bandello (*Novelle*, ii. 36), and in Belleforest's translation (*Histoires Tragiques*, tom. iv., hist. vii.). There is what may be called another version of the same story (though whether or not directly copied, it is hard to say) in Barnabe Riche's *Historie of Apolonius and Silla*, the second story in his *Farewell to Militarie Profession* (1581), reprinted in Malone's *Variorum*, and in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Library* (pt. I. vol. i. p. 387). This at

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the Candlemas feast at the Middle Temple Hall.

## TWELFTH NIGHT.

least it seems almost certain that Shakespeare must have seen and made use of as the framework of his comedy; all the underplot, if we may so call what is virtually the mainstay of the play, is so far as we know entirely of his own invention. Grant White, speaking of certain coincidences, remarks on the "reminiscence" which appears in Sir Andrew's complaint to Sir Toby, "Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man," &c., of a passage in Apolonius and Silla, where the servants "debating betweene them, of the likelihood of the marriage, betweene the duke & the ladie, one of them said: that he neuer saw his lady & mistresse, vse so good countenance to the duke himself, as she had done to Siluo his man." Shakespeare has condensed and simplified the entanglements, and he has purified them from certain grossnesses which found place in the plain-speaking pages of his originals.

### STAGE HISTORY.

The earliest mention of the performance of this comedy seems to be in a passage in the diary of John Maunningham of The Middle Temple, under date February 2nd, 1601-2, already quoted above. The next reference to this play, at least as far as regards its Stage History, is in the verses of Leonard Digges prefixed to Shakespeare's Poems, 1640. After alluding to Henry IV. and Much Ado, the author says:

lot but Falstaffe come  
Hall, Paines, the rest you scarce shall have a roomo  
All is so pester'd, let but Beatrice  
And Benedicke be scene, loe in a trice  
The Cockpit Galleries, Boxes, all are full  
To hear *Malvolio*, that cross-garter'd Gull.

—Ingleby's Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse,  
p. 233.

This seems to show that Twelfth Night rivalled Much Ado and the Two Parts of Henry IV. in popularity. It is curious that Digges refers to no other comedy of Shakespeare's except Much Ado about Nothing. Pepys, under date September 11th, 1661, says: "Walking through Lincoln's Inn Fields observed at the Opera a new play 'Twelfth Night,' was acted there, and the King there; so I, against my mind and resolution, could not forbear

to go in, which did make the play seem a burthen to me, and I took no pleasure at all in it." On January 6th, 1622-23, he again saw Twelfth Night; on which occasion we learn from Downes that "it was got up on purpose to be acted on Twelfth Night" (Roscius Anglicanus, p. 32), and appears to have been revived with very great success. Pepys does not seem to have formed any more favourable opinion of its merits; for though he confesses it was acted well, he says that it was "but a silly play, and not related at all to the name or day." He saw the piece again on January 20th, 1669, when it was revived at the Duke of York's play-house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He adds: "I think one of the weakest plays that I ever saw on the stage." This comedy seems, like most of Shakespeare's plays, to have been suffered to lie on the shelf for a long time. On January 15th, 1741, Genest records that it was revived at Drury Lane, and acted about eight times during that season. The cast was a strong one. It included Macklin as Malvolio, Woodward as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Milward as Sebastian, with Mrs. Pritchard as Viola, and Mrs. Clive as Olivia. Twelfth Night does not seem to have been again represented till 1746, when on April 15th it was revived "for the benefit of Raftor and Miss Edwards," on which occasion Neal was Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Yates the Clown, Mrs. Woffington appearing for the first time as Viola. On the 18th of the same month the play was again represented for Neal's benefit. We may presume the cast was the same (Genest only gives the names of Mills as playing Orsino, and Sparks as Sir Toby Belch, with Mrs. Macklin as Maria. On January 6th and 7th, 1748, at Drury Lane, Twelfth Night was again revived with much the same cast, except that Berry played Sir Toby Belch, and Mrs. Pritchard resumed the part of Viola. On November 9th, 1748, at the same theatre, Woodward played Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a performance which he repeated on January 7th, 1751; on which occasion the part of Malvolio, which hitherto belonged to Macklin, was taken by Yates, Shuter playing the Clown, and Palmer the small part of Sebastian; Mrs.

Pritchard and Mrs. Clive retaining their original parts of Viola and Olivia respectively. The next performance of this comedy, which is worth recording, was at Drury Lane on January 6th, 1755, when Viola was represented by Mrs. Davies, the pretty wife of Tom Davies, the gossiping biographer of Garrick, and author of the *Dramatic Miscellanies*; to which latter work, in spite of many inaccuracies, the historians of the English stage are so much indebted. Genest, quoting the *State of the Stage*, says of her: "she gave infinite pleasure by her figure, and prejudiced the audience in her favour as soon as she was seen—she was likewise mistress of extreme justice in her enunciation" (vol. iv. p. 406). The next representation of this comedy appears to have been on October 19th, 1763: "not acted five years." This is probably a mistake; at least there is no performance recorded since the one last mentioned in 1755. On this occasion O'Brien was Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Love Sir Toby Belch, Yates being again Malvolio. Miss Plym made her first appearance as Viola; Miss Haughton was the Olivia, and Mrs. Lee the Maria. About Miss Plym little seems to be known. She continued in the Drury Lane company, playing mostly small parts, till the season 1766-67, when she retired from the stage.<sup>1</sup>

For eight years this play seems to have been neglected. It was revived at Drury Lane on December 10th, 1771 with a very strong cast, including King as Malvolio, Dodd as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Love as Sir Toby Belch, with Miss Young as Viola, and Mrs. Abington as Olivia (with a song). What this song was we are not told. This revival was successful, and the piece was performed fourteen times. During this season, on April 1st, 1773, at the same theatre, Palmer played Sir Toby Belch, for the first time, for Dodd's benefit.

Up to this period *Twelfth Night* had never been performed at Covent Garden. It was produced there, for the first time, on March

31st, 1772, with Yates as Malvolio, Woodward as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Dunstall as Sir Toby Belch, Mrs. Yates as Viola, Mrs. Mattocks as Olivia, and Mrs. Green as Maria. It was acted again on May 5th. This comedy does not seem to have been revived at this theatre till March 17th, 1777, when the playbill announces it for Mrs. Barry's benefit "not acted 6 years," with the following cast: Wilson as Malvolio; Quick, Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Dunstall, Sir Toby Belch; Lee Lewes, the Clown; and Mrs. Barry for the first time as Viola. We pass over several performances at Drury Lane, Bath, Liverpool, Dublin. On October 23rd, 1779, at Drury Lane, the beautiful Mrs. Robinson, known as Perdita, appeared for the first time as Viola—she had made her debut as an actress there on December 10th, 1776—and at the end of this season she, unhappily, left the stage, of which she promised to be a most distinguished ornament, for the sake of the most contemptible prince that ever appeared in the rôle of Florizel. On May 20th, 1780, at the same theatre, Miss Farren appeared for the first time (with a song) as Olivia.

At the Haymarket Theatre, on August 15th, 1782, *Twelfth Night* was presented for the first time at that house, for Mrs. Bulkley's benefit; on which occasion Bensley played Malvolio; Edwin, Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Palmer, Sir Toby Belch; and Parsons appeared as the Clown; the *bénéficiaire* herself taking the part of Viola, and Miss Harper that of Olivia. On September 21st of the same year Mrs. Bulkley made her first appearance at Drury Lane in the character of Viola, the only other member of the cast mentioned being Bannister, jun., who played Sebastian. On May 7th, 1782, *Twelfth Night* was revived at Covent Garden for the benefit of Edwin, who played Sir Andrew Aguecheek. On this occasion Henderson appeared as Malvolio for the first time; and a Mrs. Robinson<sup>2</sup> is announced as Viola "for the first time" (Genest, vol. vi. p.

<sup>1</sup> Genest says that in "A Dialogue in the Shades between the celebrated Mrs. Cibber and the no less celebrated Mrs. Woffington, both of amorous memory," published not long after Mrs. Cibber's death in 1766 (Genest, vol. v. p. 102)—"Miss Plym is said to have withstood a regular siege from an experienced and popular general" (*ut supra*, p. 127)

<sup>2</sup> It does not appear who this Mrs. Robinson was, she played one or two leading characters during this season; but I can find no subsequent mention of her. She appears to have been the original Victoria in Mrs. Centlivre's "*Bold Stroke for a Husband*"



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274). The comedy was repeated twice in the same month. On May 3rd, 1784, at Drury Lane, for the benefit of Suett and Palmer, Miss Phillips made her first appearance as Olivia. The rest of the cast is not given; probably Suett played the Clown, and Palmer Sir Toby Belch; for their names appear in the cast of this comedy at the same theatre on November 11th, 1785, when Dodd played Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Bensley, Malvolio; and Mrs. Jordan made her first appearance as Viola. This was one of her favourite parts, as it gave her the opportunity of showing her figure. On this occasion Mrs. Crouch, that charming actress and beautiful woman, played Olivia; we suppose, "with a song," though Genest does not mention it. With the exception of Moody appearing as Sir Toby Belch in 1788, there was no performance of this comedy worthy of notice till on May 13th, 1789, when—for Mrs. Goodall's benefit, who appeared as Viola—John Kemble played Malvolio, apparently for this occasion only, as I can find no record of his having repeated this impersonation, which must have been a very interesting one. In Boaden's *Life of John Kemble* no mention is made of his Malvolio. On February 10th, 1790, apparently for the first time, the device of making a brother and sister impersonate Sebastian and Viola respectively was attempted; Bland, the brother of Mrs. Jordan, being selected for the former character. Whether he resembled his sister much or not we are not told; but the same device was employed, with great success, at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, February 4th, 1815, when W. Murray, the brother of Mrs. H. Siddons, played Sebastian to his sister's Viola. The resemblance was so close that the mistakes incidental to the plot appeared quite natural. On May 17th, 1797, at Drury Lane, Suett, for his benefit, essayed the part of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, in which no doubt his inimitable power of assuming stolid simplicity, which Charles Lamb so much praises, would stand him in good stead. Young Bannister on this occasion played Malvolio for the first time, Mrs. Jordan was still the Viola, and Mrs. Crouch the Olivia, while Miss Mellon appeared as Maria. Suett repeated this performance on

May 26th, 1801, at Drury Lane, when Dowton, who had succeeded to the part, played Malvolio, and R. Palmer appeared, for the first time, as Sir Toby Belch; and Miss Biggs, for whose benefit the performance was, played Olivia. In this same year, on June 9th, *Twelfth Night*, after a long interval, was revived at Covent Garden. The bill says "not acted 25 years," but it had been played three times in May, 1783. On this occasion Munden was Malvolio, and Knight Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Emery played Sir Toby Belch, and Bland the Clown.

Passing over some occasional performances of this comedy at Drury Lane in the next six seasons, during which it appears to have been revived now and then for the purpose of Mrs. Jordan appearing in her favourite part of Viola, we find on May 31st, 1808, the elder Mathews played the part of Sir Andrew Aguecheek in a scene in this play, the Viola being Mrs. Jordan. *Twelfth Night* was revived on January 5th, 1811, at Covent Garden, under Kemble's management, with the following cast:—Liston as Malvolio, Blanchard as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Emery as Sir Toby Belch, Fawcett as the Clown, with Mrs. S. Booth as Viola and Mrs. Charles Kemble as Olivia. Genest says: "Liston was truly comic in the scene when he read the letter, and in that when he entered cross-gartered, but on the whole Malvolio was a part out of his line" (Genest, vol. viii. p. 228). In the next season it seems to have been revived once; and on January 6th, 1813, after an interval of nine years, it was again produced at Drury Lane Theatre with Dowton as Malvolio, Mrs. Davison as Viola, Mrs. Glover as Olivia, and Miss Millar as Maria; but it was only acted once. In the next season, on April 29th, 1814, for the purpose of a young actress, Miss Stanley, making her appearance as Viola, *Twelfth Night* was performed once; and then, for some time, it seems entirely to have dropped out of the repertoire of this theatre. At Covent Garden it was equally neglected; there being only one or two isolated performances in the various seasons until November 8th, 1820, when the relentless Reynolds laid hands upon this charming comedy, and turned it into an opera. Genest,

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in his energetic language, says: "In the Devil's name, why does not Reynolds turn his own plays into Operas?—does he think them so bad, that even with such music as he has put into *Twelfth Night*, they would not prove successful?—or has he such a fatherly affection for his own offspring, that he cannot find in his heart to mangle them?" (vol. ix. p. 100). On this occasion the cast was a strong one; William Farren was Malvolio and Liston was seen to great advantage as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, while Emery retained his part of Sir Toby Belch, and Fawcett that of the Clown; Miss M. Tree was the Viola, Miss Greene Olivia and Mrs. Gibbs Maria. The addition of music seems to have rendered the play more attractive to the audiences of that time, for it was acted seventeen times. It was revived again on June 13th, 1825, for Blanchard's benefit, who played Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

It will be seen, from the above record, that this comedy was never, up to the end of the period of which Genest treats, a popular one; nor has it ever, in more recent times, enjoyed a very lengthened run. It is difficult to explain the causes of this comparative unpopularity; for *Twelfth Night* contains so many admirable characters, so much amusing dialogue interspersed with occasional gems of poetry, that it would seem to be, of all Shakespeare's comedies, one of the most likely to be popular on the stage. Although the female parts are not to be compared with those in *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*, still Viola must always prove an attractive impersonation to any young actress with an elegant figure, and Maria is a good soubrette's part. The male characters are nearly all such as find favour with actors. Malvolio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, the Clown, are each of them rôles which give great opportunities to those actors who shine in high, or low, or eccentric comedy. Malvolio, which may be considered the chief male character in the comedy, is a very difficult part to act. It reads most amusingly; but the difficulty on the stage is to avoid making the part too serious or too comic. If the actor attempts to render Malvolio's self-conceit at all genial or unctuous in the great letter scene, he finds that this is

completely at variance with other parts of the character. On the other hand, if he takes what is generally considered the right view of the character; if he makes him grave, austere, and almost Puritanical, with something of the soubredignity of a Spaniard, and with a vanity so supreme in its perfection as almost to take rank with pride; if, in fact, he invests Olivia's steward with sufficient dignity to gain the respect of the audience, the scene in the dark chamber becomes almost a painful one. Many a great actor has been disappointed in the effect he produced by his Malvolio. Very often the disappointment has been exactly in proportion to the care and finish bestowed on the impersonation. Some very good actors have declared that, after all, Sir Toby is the best part in the piece. But the great defect of *Twelfth Night* as an acting comedy lies, no doubt, in the fact that the love interest never takes very much hold on our sympathies. Viola is a charming young woman, and makes a very pretty boy; but who can possibly sympathize with her in her ardent pursuit of such a lover as the Duke, a man whose elaborate sentimentality reminds one of those delicacies which cloy rather than delight the palate, and whose plastic readiness to transfer his affections makes one suspect they were, after all, scarcely worth so much trouble to win? Again, who can be moved by Olivia's spasmodic and almost mechanical passion? However charming the actress may be, she can never, in this part, touch our hearts; and it is probably on this account—that is, owing to the weakness of its love interest—that *Twelfth Night*, as an acting play, never can hold its own with *Much Ado* or *As You Like It*.

Coming to our own times, *Twelfth Night* has been frequently acted, but never for any long run. Malvolio was one of Phelps's great parts; but in spite of this he does not seem to have reproduced the play—after its first production in his fourth season on January 26th, 1848,—till 1857, when it was played for some nights with considerable success. Meanwhile *The Princess's Theatre* was opened in 1850 under the management of Charles Kean and Robert Keeley, the first piece produced being *Twelfth Night* with Mrs. Charles Kean

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as Viola, Mr. J. F. Cathcart as Sebastian, Mrs. Keeley as Maria, Meadows as Malvolio, and Harley as the Clown. It would be difficult to find so perfect a representative of Malvolio's lively persecutrix as this bright-faced actress. On June 7th, 1865, this comedy was produced at the Olympic Theatre, when Miss Kate Terry doubled the parts of Viola and Sebastian, a bold device for getting rid of the difficulty caused by the supposed likeness between brother and sister. Viola was one of Miss Kate Terry's favourite parts. This comedy was always a favourite one in the *répertoire* of the old Haymarket Company; Mr. Howe's Malvolio, and Mr. Buckstone's Sir Andrew, being both very successful performances. Nothing could be more irresistibly comic than the fatuous expression of Buckstone's face in this latter character. At the same theatre on February 2, 1878, Miss Adelaide Neilson appeared as Viola with considerable success.

The latest important revival of this comedy was at the Lyceum Theatre on the 8th July, 1884, when Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry were the Malvolio and the Viola. The cast included W. Terriss (Orsino), H. Howe (Antonio), and Miss Rose Leclercq (Olivia). This revival was put on the stage with all the care and good taste which were generally admitted to distinguish the productions at that theatre; and, on the whole, the cast was an admirable one.

Mr. F. Benson produced the piece at the Lyceum, March 22, 1900; himself playing Malvolio. Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree gave his own arrangement in three acts at His Majesty's, Feb. 5, 1901. Mr. Tree played Malvolio; the Sir Toby was Lionel Brough, and the Sir Andrew, Norman Forbes; the Olivia and the Viola were Miss Maud Jeffries and Miss Lily Brayton.

### CRITICAL REMARKS

The play of *Twelfth Night*, coming midway in the career of Shakespeare, perhaps just between *As You Like It*, the Arcadian comedy, and *All's Well That Ends Well*, a comedy in name, but kept throughout on the very edge of tragedy, draws up into itself the separate

threads of wit and humour from the various plays which had preceded it, weaving them all into a single texture. It is in some sort a farewell to mirth, and the mirth is of the finest quality, an incomparable ending. Shakespeare has done greater things, but he has never done anything more delightful. One might fancy that the play had been composed in a time of special comfort and security, when soul and body were in perfect equipoise, and the dice of circumstance had fallen happily. A golden mean, a sweet moderation, reigns throughout. Here and there, in the more serious parts of the dialogue, we have one of Shakespeare's most beautiful touches, as in the divine opening lines, in Viola's story of the sister who "never told her love," and in much of that scene; but in general the fancy is moderated to accord with the mirth, and refrains from sounding a very deep or a very high note. Every element of the play has the subtlest links and connections with its fellow. Tenderness melts into a smile, and the smile broadens imperceptibly into laughter. Without ever absolutely mingling, the two streams of the plot flow side by side, following the same windings, and connected by tributary currents. Was ever anything more transparently self-contradictory than the theory which removes a minute textual difficulty or two by the tremendous impossibility of a double date? No characteristic of the play is more patent and unmistakable than its perfect unity and sure swiftness of composition, the absolute rondure of the *O of Giotto*, done at a single sweep of the practised arm. It is such a triumph of construction that it is hard, in reading it, to get rid of the feeling that it has been written at one sitting.

The protagonist of the play, the centre of our amused interest, is certainly Malvolio, but it is on the fortunes of Viola, in her relations with the Duke and Olivia, that the action really depends. The Duke, the first speaker on the stage, is an egoist, a gentle and refined specimen of the class which has been summed up finally in the monumental character of Sir Willoughby Pattern. He is painted without satire, with the gentle forbearance of the profound and indifferent literary artist; shown,

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indeed, almost exclusively on his best side; yet, though sadly used as a lover, he awakes no pity, calls up no champion in our bosoms. There is nothing base in his nature; he is incapable of any meanness, never harsh or unjust, gracefully prone to the virtues which do not take root in self-denial—to facile kindness, generosity, sympathy; he can inspire a tender love; he can love, though but with a desire of the secondary emotions; but he is self-contemplative, in another sense from Malvolio, one of those who play delicately upon life, whose very sorrows have an elegant melancholy, the sting of a sharp sauce which refreshes the palate cloyed by an insipid dish: a sentimental egoist. See, for a revealing touch of Shakespeare's judgment on him, his shallow words on *Woman's* incapacity for love (ii. 4), so contradictory with what he has said the moment before, an inconsistency so exquisitely characteristic; both said with the same lack of vital sincerity, the same experimental and argumentative touch upon life. See how once only, in the fifth act, he blows out a little frothy bluster, a show of manliness, harsh words but used as goblin-tales to frighten children; words whose vacillation in the very act comes out in the "What shall I do?" in the pompous declaration, "My thoughts are ripe in mischief," in the side-touches, like an admiring glance cast aside in the glass at his own most effective attitude,— "a savage jealousy that sometime savours nobly," and the like. When he coolly gives up the finally-lost Olivia, and turns to the love and sympathy he knows he shall find in Viola (as, in after days, Sir Willoughby will turn to his *Lætitia*), the shallowness of his nature reveals itself in broad daylight.

Olivia is the complement to Orsino, a tragic sentimentalist, with emotions which it pleases her to play on a little consciously, yet capable of feeling of a pitch beyond the duke's too loudly-speaking passion. Her cloistral mourning for her brother's death has in it something theatrical, not quite honest—a playing with the emotions. She makes a luxury of her grief, and no doubt it loses its sting. Then when a new face excites her fancy, the artificial condition into which she has brought

herself leaves her an easy prey, by the natural rebound, to a possessing imagination. She becomes violently enamoured, yet honestly enough, of the disguised Viola, and her passion survives the inevitable substitution. Shakespeare has cleansed her from the stains of the old story, as he cleansed the heroine of *Measure for Measure*: the note of wantonness is never struck. She is too like the duke ever to care for him. She has and she fills her place in the play, but the place is a secondary one, and she is without power over our hearts.

We turn to Viola with relief. She is a true woman, exquisitely beautiful in her mute service of a seeming-hopeless love; yet all the same I cannot give her a place in the incomparable company of Shakespeare's very noblest women. She has a touch of the sentimental, and will make a good wife for the duke; she is without the compelling strength of nature or dignity of intellect which would scorn a delicately sentimental egoist. She is incapable of the heroism of Helena, of Isabella; she is of softer nature, of slighter build and lower spirit than they, while she has none of the overbrimming life, the intense and dazzling vitality of *Rosalind*. Her male disguise is almost unapparent; she is covered by it as by a veil; it neither spurs her lips to sauciness, as with *Rosalind*, nor frightens her with a shrinking shame and dread, as with *Imogen*; she is here, as she would be always, quiet, secure, retiring yet scarcely timid, with a pleasant playfulness breaking out now and then—the effect, not of high spirits, but of a whimsical sense of her secret when she feels safe in it, coming among women. Without any of the more heroic lineaments of her sex, she has the delicacy and tender truth that we all find so charming—an egoist supremely, when the qualities are his for possessing. She represents the typical female heart offering itself to the man—an ingenuous spectacle, with the dew upon it of youth and early morn and May. She is permitted to speak the tenderest words in which pathos crowns and suffuses love; and once, under the spell of music, her small voice of low and tender changes rings out with immortal clearness, and for the moment, like the words she says,

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*It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where Love is thron'd."*

Of Malvolio it is hopeless hoping to say anything new, and but little shall be said of him here. He is a Don Quixote in the colossal enlargement of his delusions, in the cruel irony of Fate, which twists topsy-turvy, making a mere straw in the wind of him, an eminently sober and serious man of the clearest uprightness, unvisited by a stray glimpse of saving humour. He is a man of self-sufficiency, a noble quality perilously near to self-complacency, and he has passed the bounds without knowing it. His unbending solemnity is his ruin. Nothing presents so fair a butt for the attack of a guerrilla-fighting wit. It is indeed the most generally obnoxious of all tolerable qualities; for it is a living rebuke of our petty levities, and it hints to us of a conscious superior. Even a soldier is not required to be always on drill. A lofty moralist, a starched formalist, like Malvolio is salt and wormwood in the cakes and ale of gourmand humanity. It is with the nicest art that he is kept from rising sheer out of comedy into a tragic isolation of attitude. He is restrained, and we have no heart-ache in the laughter that seconds the most sprightly of clowns, the sharpest of serving-maids, and the incomparable pair of roystereis, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Shakespeare, like Nature, has a tenderness for man in his cups, and will not let him come to grief. Sir Toby's wit bubbles up from no

fountain of wisdom; it is shallow, radically bibulous, a brain-fume blown from a mere ferment of wits. His effect is truly and purely comic; but it is rather from the way in which the playwright points and places him than from his own comic genius—in this how unlike Falstaff, who appears to owe nothing to circumstances, but to escape from and dominate his creator. "Sir Toby is the immortal type of the average "funny fellow" and boon-companion of the clubs or the public-houses: you may meet him any day in the street, with his portly build, red plump cheeks, and merry eyes twinkling at the incessant joke of life. His mirth is facile, contagious, continual; it would become wearisome perhaps at too long a dose, but through a single comic scene it is tickling, pervasive, delightful. Sir Andrew is the grindstone on which Sir Toby sharpens his wit. He is an instance of a natural fool becoming truly comic by the subtle handling in which he is not allowed to awaken too keenly either pity or contempt. In life he would awaken both. He is a harmless simpleton, an innocent and unobtrusive bore, "a Slender grown adult in brainlessness;" and he is shown up in all his fatuity without a note or touch of really ill-natured sarcasm. Shakespeare's humour plays round him, enveloping him softly; his self-esteem has no shock; unlike Malvolio he is permitted to remain undecieved to the end. It is to his credit that he is not without glimmerings that he is a fool. The kindness is, that the conviction is not forced upon him from without.



*Duke. If music be the food of love, play on.—(Act I. i. 1)*

## TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and other Lords;  
Musicians attending.*

*Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again! it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:  
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.  
[O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity 10  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
Of what validity<sup>1</sup> and pitch soe'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,<sup>2</sup>  
That it alone<sup>3</sup> is high, fantastical.]

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord?

*Duke.* What, Curio?

*Cur.* The hart.

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence!  
That instant was I turn'd into a hart; 21  
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
E'er since pursue me.

*Enter VALENTINE.*

*How now! what news from her?*

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted;

But from her handmaid do return this answer:  
The element<sup>4</sup> itself, till seven years' heat,<sup>5</sup>  
Shall not behold her face at ample view;  
But, like a cloistress,<sup>6</sup> she will veiled walk,  
And water once a day her chamber round  
With eye-offending brine: all this to season  
A brother's dead love, which she would keep  
fresh 31  
And lasting in her sad remembrance.<sup>7</sup>

*Duke.* O, she that hath a heart of that fine  
frame

<sup>4</sup> Element, sky.

<sup>5</sup> Till seven years' heat, i.e. till seven years' heat have passed.

<sup>6</sup> Cloistress, nun.

<sup>7</sup> Remembrance, pronounced remembrance, in four syllables.

<sup>1</sup> Validity, i.e. value.

<sup>2</sup> Fancy, love.

<sup>3</sup> Alone, i.e. without a parallel.

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
 That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,  
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and  
 fill'd 38  
 Her sweet perfections,<sup>1</sup> with one self king!  
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers!  
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with  
bowers. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II. The sea-coast

*Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors.*

*Vio.* What country, friends, is this?

*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.

*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd what think you,  
 sailors?

*Cap.* It is "perchance" that you yourself  
 were saved.

*Vio.* O my poor brother! and so perchance  
 may he be.

*Cap.* True, madam and, to comfort you  
 with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
 When you, and those poor number sav'd with  
 you, 10

Hung on our living boat, I saw your brother,  
 Most provident in peril, bind himself,  
 Courage and hope both teaching him the  
 practice,

To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;  
 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
 So long as I could see

*Vio.* For saying so, there's gold  
 Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,  
 Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20  
 The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

*Cap.* Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and  
 born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governs here?

*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature as in name.

*Vio.* What is his name?

*Cap.* Orsino.

*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name  
 him:

He was a bachelor then. 29

*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late;  
 For but a month ago I went from hence,  
 And then 't was fresh in<sup>2</sup> murmur,—as, you  
 know,

What great ones do, the less will prattle of,—  
 That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

*Vio.* What's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a  
 count

That died some twelvemonth since; then  
 leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,  
 Who shortly also died for whose dear love,  
 They say, she hath abjur'd the company 40  
 And sight of men.

*Vio.* O that I serv'd that lady,  
 And might not be deliver'd<sup>3</sup> to the world,  
 Till I had made mine own occasion mellow  
 What my estate is!

*Cap.* That were hard to compass;  
 Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
 No, not the duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, cap-  
 tain,

And though that nature with a beauteous wall  
 Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee 49  
 I will believe thou hast a mind that suits  
 With this thy fair and outward character.

I prithee,—and I'll pay thee bounteously,—  
 Conceal me what I am; and be my aid

For such disguise as haply shall become  
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:

Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:  
 It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing

And speak to him in many sorts of music  
 That will allow me<sup>4</sup> very worth his service.

What else may hap, to time I will commit;  
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit. 61

[*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and hear mute  
 I'll be:

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes  
 not see.

*Vio.* I thank thee: lead me on.] [Exeunt.]

<sup>1</sup> Perfections, pronounced as a quadrissyllable.

<sup>2</sup> Country, pronounced as a trissyllable.

<sup>3</sup> Deliver'd, i.e. discovered

<sup>4</sup> Allow me, approve me, make me acknowledged.

## SCENE III. A court-yard in Olivia's house.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except before excepted.

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

*Sir To.* Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

*Sir To.* Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall<sup>1</sup> a man as any's in Illyria.

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats. he's a very fool and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,<sup>2</sup> and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

*Mar.* He hath, indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust<sup>3</sup> he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors<sup>4</sup> that say so of him. Who are they?

*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece:

<sup>1</sup> Tall, stout, valiant

<sup>2</sup> Viol-de-gamboys, i.e. viol da gamba, the precursor of the violoncello.

<sup>3</sup> Gust, relish.

<sup>4</sup> Substractors: he means of course to say detractors

I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystrel<sup>5</sup> that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo!* for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

*Sir And.* [Without] Sir Toby Belch,—

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

How now, Sir Toby Belch!

*Sir To.* Sweet Sir Andrew!

*Sir And.* [To Maria] Bless you, fair shrew.

*Mar.* And you too, sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My niece's chambermaid.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

*Sir To.* You mistake, knight. "accost" is front her, [board her,] woo her, assail her.

*Sir And.* [By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company.] Is that the meaning of "accost"?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

*Sir And.* An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.

[*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have. and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now sir, "thought is free". I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweet-heart! what's your metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.]

[Exit.]

<sup>5</sup> Coystrel, a low fellow.



*Sir To.* O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary;<sup>1</sup> when did I see thee so put down?

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit. 91

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

*Sir And.* What is "*pourquoi*?" do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair. 101

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

*Sir To.* Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; [and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.] 110

*Sir And.* Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. 121

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kickshawes,<sup>2</sup> knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard,<sup>3</sup> knight?

*Sir And.* Faith, I can cut a caper. 129

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't.

*Sir And.* And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

[*Dances fantastically.*]

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard<sup>3</sup> and come home in a coranto?<sup>4</sup> My very walk should be a jig; [I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.<sup>5</sup>] What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? [I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.]

*Sir And.* Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd-colour'd stock.<sup>6</sup> Shall we set about some revels?

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

*Sir And.* Taurus! that's sides and heart.

*Sir To.* No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: [*Sir Andrew dances again*] ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. *Orsino's palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA (as CESARIO), in man's attire.*

*Val.* If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Vio.* I thank you. Here comes the count.

*Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho? 10

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord; here.

*Duke.* Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd

<sup>1</sup> *Canary*, sweet sack, from the Canary Islands.

<sup>2</sup> *Kickshawes*, a corruption of French *quique-chose*.

<sup>3</sup> *Galliard*, a lively dance.

<sup>4</sup> *Coranto*, another brisk dance.

<sup>5</sup> *Sink-a-pace*, i.e. *cinq-pace*, a French dance, the steps of which were regulated by the number five.

<sup>6</sup> *Stock*, stocking.

To thee the book even of my secret soul:  
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto  
her;

Be not deni'd access, stand at her doors  
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow  
Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow  
As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 30

*Duke.* Be clamorous, and leap all civil  
bounds,

Rather than make unprofit return.

*Vio.* Say I do speak with her, my lord,  
what then?



*Sir To* Let me see thee caper. [*Sir Andrew dances again* ha! higher ha, ha!—*excellent!*—(Act i 3 149 101 ;

*Duke.* O, then unfold the passion of my love,  
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith!  
It shall become thee well to act my woes;  
She will attend it better in thy youth  
Than in a nuncio's<sup>1</sup> of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duke.* Dear lad, believe it;  
For they shall yet belie thy happy years, 30  
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious;<sup>2</sup> thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,<sup>3</sup>  
And all is semblative<sup>4</sup> a woman's part.  
I know thy constellation<sup>5</sup> is right apt

For this affair. —Some four or five attend him;  
All, if you will; for I myself am best  
When least in company. —Prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.

*Vio.* I'll do my best  
To woo your lady — [*Aside*] Yet, a barful<sup>6</sup>  
strife! 41

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V. Terrace of Olivia's house.

*Enter MARIA and CLOWN.*

*Mar.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast  
been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a

<sup>1</sup> *Nuncio's*, messenger's.

<sup>2</sup> *Rubious*, ruddy

<sup>3</sup> *Sound*, pure in tone

<sup>4</sup> *Semblative*, suited to.

<sup>5</sup> *Constellation*, figuratively used = a number of good  
qualities.

<sup>6</sup> *Barful*, full of impediments.

bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.<sup>1</sup>

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours." 10

*Clo.* Where, good Mistress Mary?

*Mar.* In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

*Clo.* Well, (God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you? 19

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away let summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute, then?

*Clo.* Not so, neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

*Mar.* That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins<sup>2</sup> fall.

*Clo.* Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria. 31

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

*Clo.* Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit." 40

*Enter OLIVIA, MALVOLIO, and Ladies attending*  
*Olivia*

God bless thee, lady!

*Oli.* Take the fool away.

*Clo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

[*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry<sup>3</sup> fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

*Clo.* Two faults, madonna,<sup>4</sup> that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.]

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you. 60

*Clo.* Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum*;<sup>5</sup> that's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Clo.* Dexteriously, good madonna.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Clo.* I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof. 71

*Clo.* Good madonna, why mournst thou?

*Oli.* Good fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

*Clo.* The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend? 80

*Mal.* Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

*Clo.* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down

<sup>4</sup> *Madonna* = my lady.

<sup>5</sup> *Cucullus non facit monachum*, the cowl does not make the monk.

<sup>1</sup> *Fear no colours*, i. e. fear nothing

<sup>2</sup> *Gaskins*, breeches

<sup>3</sup> *Dry*, insatid.

the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools,<sup>1</sup> no better than the fools' zanies.<sup>2</sup> 96

*Oli.* O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts<sup>3</sup> that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd<sup>4</sup> fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,<sup>5</sup> for thou speak'st well of fools!

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the Count Orsino, is it?

*Mar.* I know not, madam: 't is a fair young man, and well attended. 111

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool,—whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, has<sup>6</sup> a most weak *pia mater*.<sup>7</sup>

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.*

*Oli.* By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman! what gentleman?

*Sir To.* 'T is a gentleman here . . . A

plague o' these pickle-herring!—How now, sot! 130

*Clo.* Good Sir Toby!

*Oli.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

*Sir To.* Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay, marry, what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the devil, an he will; I care not! give me faith, say I! Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?

*Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the crowner,<sup>8</sup> and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind o' man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of mankind. 160

*Oli.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage and years is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash<sup>9</sup> is before 't is a peascod, or a codling<sup>10</sup> when 't is almost

<sup>1</sup> These set kind of fools, i. e. the professional jesters.

<sup>2</sup> Fools' zanies, subordinate buffoons, who mimicked the tricks of the chief clown.

<sup>3</sup> Bird-bolts, blunt-headed arrows. <sup>4</sup> Allow'd, licensed.

<sup>5</sup> Leasing, lying. <sup>6</sup> Has, i. e. who has.

<sup>7</sup> Pia mater, the membrane that covers the brain.

<sup>8</sup> Crowner, coroner.

<sup>9</sup> Squash, unripe peascod.

<sup>10</sup> Codling, young raw apple.

an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly;<sup>1</sup> one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. 171

*Oli.* Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Oli.* Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.  
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter VIOLA.*

*Vio.* The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

*Oli.* Speak to me; I shall answer for her.  
Your will? 180

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty, . . . [*To Maria*] I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. [*To Olivia and Maria*] Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,<sup>2</sup> even to the least sinister usage. ]

*Oli.* Whence came you, sir? 189

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, [that I may proceed in my speech]

*Oli.* Are you a comedian?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart. and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house? ]

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from<sup>3</sup> my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping<sup>4</sup> a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

*Vio.* No, good swabber;<sup>5</sup> I am to hull<sup>6</sup> here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger. 220

*Oli.* Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. [I bring no overture of war, no taxation<sup>7</sup> of homage: I hold the olive in my hands;] my words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you? 229

*Vio.* The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment.<sup>8</sup> What I am, and what I would, are [as secret as maidenhead:] to your ears, divinity; [to any other's, profanation. ]

*Oli.* Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*]  
Now, sir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet lady,—

*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text? 240

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Oli.* O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the cur-

<sup>4</sup> *Skipping*, brisk, flighty.

<sup>5</sup> *Swabber*, one who scrubs the deck of a ship.

<sup>6</sup> *Hull*, to drive to and fro without sails or rudder.

<sup>7</sup> *Taxation*, demand.

<sup>8</sup> *Entertainment*, treatment.

<sup>1</sup> *Shrewishly*, tartly

<sup>2</sup> *Comptible*, sensitive.

<sup>3</sup> *From*, i. e. apart from.

tain, and show you the picture. [*Unveils.*]  
 Look you, sir, such a one I was this present:  
 is't not well done?

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Ol.* 'Tis in grain,<sup>1</sup> sir; 't will endure wind  
 and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red  
 and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning<sup>2</sup> hand laid on:  
 Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive  
 If you will lead these graces to the grave  
 And leave the world no copy. 261



*Ol.* [*Unveils.* 'Look you, sir, such a one I was this present is't not well done?—(Act I 5 262, 263)]

*Ol.* O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted;  
 I will give out divers schedules of my beauty.  
 it shall be inventoried, and every particle and  
 utensil labell'd to my will. as, item, two lips,  
 indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids  
 to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so  
 forth. Were you sent hither to praise<sup>3</sup> me?

*Vio.* I see you what you are;<sup>4</sup> you are too  
 proud;  
 But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 270  
 My lord and master loves you: O, such love

Could be but recompens'd, though you were  
 crown'd

The nonpareil<sup>4</sup> of beauty!

*Ol.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, fertile tears,  
 With groans that thunder love, with sighs of  
 fire

*Ol.* Your lord does know my mind; I can-  
 not love him  
 Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him  
 noble,

[Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

<sup>1</sup> *In grain*, innate, natural      <sup>2</sup> *Cunning*, i.e. skillful

<sup>3</sup> *Praise*, used in the double sense of 'to praise,' and  
 "to appraise."

In voices well divulg'd,<sup>1</sup> free, learn'd, and  
valiant; 279

And in dimension and the shape of nature ]  
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;  
He might have took his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame,  
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,  
In your denial I would find no sense;  
I would not understand it.

*Oli.* Why, what would you?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house;  
Write loyal cantons<sup>2</sup> of contemned love  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
Halloo your name to the reverberate<sup>3</sup> hills  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me!

*Oli.* You might do much.  
What is your parentage?

*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is  
well.

I am a gentleman.

*Oli.* Get you to your lord;  
I cannot love him. let him send no more;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again, 300  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:  
I thank you for your pains. spend this for me.

*Vio.* I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your  
purse.

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint that you shall  
love,

And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit.*]

*Oli.* "What is your parentage?"

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and  
spirit, 311

Do give thee fivefold blazon: not too fast:  
soft, soft! . . .

Unless the master were the man. How now!  
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections<sup>4</sup>  
With an invisible and subtle stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.  
What ho, Malvolio!

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Here, madam, at your service.

*Oli.* Run after that same peevish<sup>5</sup> messenger,  
The county's<sup>6</sup> man: he left this ring behind  
him, 320

Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.  
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:  
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
I'll give him reasons for t. Hie thee, Malvolio.

*Mal.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* I do I know not what; and fear to find  
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.  
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not  
owe;<sup>7</sup>

What is decreed must be: and be this so!

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *The sea-coast.*

*Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer? nor will you  
not that I go with you!

*Seb.* By your patience, no. My stars shine  
darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate  
might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I

shall crave of you your leave that I may bear  
my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for  
your love, to lay any of them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you whither you  
are bound. 10

*Seb.* No, sooth, sir: my determinate<sup>8</sup> voyage  
is mere extravagancy.<sup>9</sup> But I perceive in you  
so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will  
not extort from me what I am willing to keep  
in; therefore it charges me in manners the

<sup>1</sup> In voices well divulg'd, i. e. well spoken of

<sup>2</sup> Cantons, songs or verses      <sup>3</sup> Reverberate, echoing.

<sup>4</sup> Perfections, pronounced as a quadrisyllable

<sup>5</sup> Peevish, testy.      <sup>6</sup> County's, count's.      <sup>7</sup> Owe, own.

<sup>8</sup> Determinate, fixed.

<sup>9</sup> Extravagancy, vagrancy.

rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio; my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for some hour before you took me from the breach<sup>2</sup> of the sea was my sister drown'd.

*Ant.* Alas the day!

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble!

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,

Else would I very shortly see thee there.

But, come what may, I do adore thee so, 43  
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

[*Ex.*]

<sup>1</sup> Express myself, make myself known.

<sup>2</sup> Breach, surf, breaking of the waves.

SCENE II. Near Olivia's house.

*Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.*

*Mal.* Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?



*Seb.* Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. — (Act II. 1. 40-43.)

*Vio.* Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have sav'd me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate



assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

*Vio.* She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! 19

She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That methought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man: if it be so, as 't is,

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness

Wherein the pregnant<sup>1</sup> enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false<sup>2</sup> 30

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge!<sup>3</sup> my master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond<sup>4</sup> as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman,—now alas the day!—

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! 40

O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Olivia's house. The Servants' hall.*

*SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW discovered.*

*Sir To.* [Approach, Sir Andrew:] not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and "*diluculo surgere*,"<sup>5</sup> thou knowst,—

<sup>1</sup> Pregnant, dexterous, expert.

<sup>2</sup> The proper-false, i. e. the good-looking but false [men].

<sup>3</sup> Fadge, prosper

<sup>4</sup> Fond, dote.

<sup>5</sup> *Diluculo surgere* [saluberrimum], to rise early is most healthful (Lilly's Grammar)

*Sir And.* Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

*Sir And.* Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking. 12

*Sir To.* Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup<sup>6</sup> of wine!

*Enter CLOWN.*

*Sir And.* Here comes the fool, i' faith.

*Clo.* How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of "We three"?

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass. 'Now let's have a catch.<sup>7</sup>

*Sir And.* By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.<sup>8</sup> I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. [I sent thee sixpence for thy leman:<sup>9</sup> hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impetico<sup>10</sup> thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock, my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. 31

*Sir To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril<sup>10</sup> of me too: if one knight give a—

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

*Clo.* [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

<sup>6</sup> Stoup, a drinking-vessel.

<sup>7</sup> Catch, a song in which the parts follow one another.

<sup>8</sup> Breast, voice.

<sup>9</sup> Leman, sweetheart.

<sup>10</sup> Testril, tester or sixpence.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;<sup>1</sup>  
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
 Every wise man's son doth know.

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i' faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* [*Sings*]

What is love? 't is not hereafter;  
 Present mirth hath present laughter;  
 What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;  
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.] But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain. Let our catch be, *Thou knave*.

*Clo.* *Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight!* I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

*Sir And.* 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, *Hold thy peace*.

*Clo.* I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing the catch, "Hold thy peace."*]

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a Cataian,<sup>2</sup> we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and [*Sings*] Three merry men be we. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally,<sup>3</sup> lady! [*Sings*] There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* [*Singing uproariously*] O, the twelfth day of December,—

*Mar.* For the love o' God, peace!

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners nor honesty,<sup>4</sup> but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'<sup>5</sup> catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons nor time, in you?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!<sup>6</sup>

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round<sup>7</sup> with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allhed to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* [*Sings*] Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

*Mar.* Nay, good Sir Toby.

*Clo.* [*Sings*] His eyes do show his days are almost done.

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* But I will never die.

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To.* Shall I bid him go?

*Clo.* What an if you do?

*Sir To.* Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

*Clo.* O, no, no, no, you dare not.

*Sir To.* [*To Malvolio*] Out o' tune, sir? ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub

<sup>1</sup> Sweetening, a term of endearment

<sup>2</sup> Cataian, term of reproach

<sup>3</sup> Tillyvally, an expression of contempt and impatience.

<sup>4</sup> Honesty, propriety

<sup>5</sup> Sneek up! go hang!

<sup>6</sup> Coziers', cobblers'.

<sup>7</sup> Round, plain.

your chain with crumbs A stoup of wine,  
Maria<sup>1</sup>

*Mal* Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's  
favour at any thing more than contempt, you  
would not give means for this uncivil rule<sup>1</sup>  
she shall know of it, by this hand [Exit.

*Mar* Go shake your ears<sup>2</sup>

*Sir And* 'T were as good a deed as to drink

when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the  
field, and then to break promise with him, and  
make a fool of him

*Sir To* Do't, knight: I'll write thee a  
challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to  
him by word of mouth 141

*Mar* Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-  
night since the youth of the count's was to-



*Mar* If I do not gull him into a nayword and make him a common recreation do not think  
I have wit enough to be straight in my bed! — (Act II. 3. 147-148)

day with my lady, she is much out of quiet  
For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with  
him if I do not gull him into a nayword,<sup>3</sup>  
and make him a common recreation, do not  
think I have wit enough to be straight in my  
bed! I know I can do it

*Sir To* Possess<sup>4</sup> us, possess us, tell us  
something of him 150

*Mar* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of  
puritan

*Sir And* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him  
like a dog!

<sup>1</sup> Rule, behaviour

<sup>2</sup> Go shake your ears, a common expression of contempt.

<sup>3</sup> Nayword, byword

*Sir To* What, for being a puritan? thy  
exquisite reason, dear knight?

*Sir And* I have no exquisite reason for't,  
but I have reason good enough.

*Mar* The devil a puritan that he is, or any  
thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affec-  
tion'd<sup>5</sup> ass, that cons state without book, and  
utters it by great swarths<sup>6</sup> the best persuaded  
of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks with  
excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith  
that all that look on him love him; and on  
that vice in him will my revenge find notable  
cause to work.

*Sir To* What wilt thou do?

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<sup>5</sup> Affection'd, affected

<sup>6</sup> Swarths, swaths

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure<sup>1</sup> of his eye, forehead and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly<sup>2</sup> personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent! I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have 't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece; and that she 's in love with him. 180

*Mar.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

*Sir And.* And your horse now would make him an ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O, 't will be admirable!

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter. observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Good night, Penthesilea.<sup>3</sup>

*Sir And.* Before me, she 's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

*Sir And.* I was ador'd once too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover<sup>4</sup> your niece, I am a foul way out. 201

*Sir To.* Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me out.<sup>5</sup>

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir To.* Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. *The Duke's palace.*

\* *Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others, with music.*

*Duke.* Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Casario, but that piece of song, That old and antique<sup>6</sup> song we heard last night:

Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it. 10

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out: and play the tune the while. [*Exit Curio. Music plays.*]

[*To Viola.*] Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,

In the sweet pangs of it remember me; For such as I am all true lovers are, Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat 21 Where Love is thron'd.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly: My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves! Hath it not, boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is 't?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.<sup>7</sup>

*Duke.* She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take 30

An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart: For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,<sup>8</sup>

Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

<sup>1</sup> *Expressure*, expression.

<sup>2</sup> *Feelingly*, exactly.

<sup>3</sup> *Penthesilea*, the queen of the Amazons. <sup>4</sup> *Recover*, win.

<sup>5</sup> *Call me out*, a term of abuse; *a cut* was a docked horse.

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<sup>6</sup> *Antique*, i.e. old-fashioned and quaint.

<sup>7</sup> *Complexion*, personal appearance.

<sup>8</sup> *Worn*, i.e. worn out.

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;<sup>1</sup> 33  
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Viola.* And so they are: alas, that they are so;  
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

[*Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN.*]

*Duke.* O, fellow, come, the song we had last night!

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;  
The spinsters<sup>2</sup> and the knitters in the sun  
And the free maids that weave their thread  
with bones,<sup>3</sup>

Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,<sup>4</sup>  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.<sup>5</sup>

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?

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*Duke.* Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*]

*Song.*

*Clo.* Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it  
Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 60  
On my black coffin let there be strown,  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be  
thrown  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

*Duke.* There 's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, sir, I take pleasure in singing, sir. 70

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid,  
one time or another

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect thee;  
and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable  
taffeta,<sup>6</sup> for thy mind is a very opal! I would

have men of such constancy put to sea, that  
their business might be every thing, and their  
intent every where; for that's it that always  
makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt all but Duke and Viola.*]

Once more, Cesario,  
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:  
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;  
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,  
Tell her, I hold as giddily<sup>7</sup> as fortune;  
But 't is that miracle and queen of gems  
That nature pranks<sup>8</sup> her in attracts my soul.

*Viola.* But if she cannot love you, sir! 90

*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.

*Viola.* Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;  
You tell her so; must she not then be an-  
swer'd?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart  
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.  
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,— 100  
No motion of the liver,<sup>9</sup> but the palate,—  
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much: make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

*Viola.* Ay, but I know . . .

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Viola.* Tho well what love women to men may  
owe.

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter lov'd a man, 110  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

*Duke.* And what's her history?

*Viola.* A blank, my lord. She never told  
her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,

<sup>1</sup> Bent, tension      <sup>2</sup> Spinsters, i.e. female spinners

<sup>3</sup> Bones, i.e. hobbits of bone or ivory

<sup>4</sup> Silly sooth, simple truth

<sup>5</sup> The old age, i.e. the primitive age.

<sup>6</sup> Taffeta, a silken fabric

<sup>7</sup> Giddily, negligently

<sup>8</sup> Pranks, decks

<sup>9</sup> Liver, formerly held to be the seat of love.

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
[Women may say more, swear more, but indeed  
Our shows are more than will; for still we  
prove 120

Much in our vows, but little in our love.]

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my  
boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's  
house,  
And all the brothers too: [aside] and yet I  
know not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.  
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,  
My love can give no place, bide no deny.<sup>1</sup>

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Olivia's garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW  
AGUECHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of  
this sport, let me be boil'd to death with  
melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have  
the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by  
some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know he  
brought me out o' favour with my lady about  
a bear-baiting here. 10

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear  
again; and we will fop him black and blue:  
shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our  
lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!<sup>2</sup>

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree:  
Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has  
been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to  
his own shadow this half hour: observe him,  
for the love of mockery; for I know this letter  
will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close,

in the name of jesting! [The others hide them-  
selves.] Lie thou there [throws down a letter];  
for here comes the trout that must be caught  
with tickling. [

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria  
once told me she did affect me: and I have



Duke. Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:  
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.—(Act ii. 4. 83-85.)

heard herself come thus near, that, should she  
fancy, it should be one of my complexion.  
Besides, she uses me with a more exalted  
respect than any one else that follows her.  
What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare  
turkey-cock of him: how he jets<sup>3</sup> under his  
advanced plumes! 37

<sup>1</sup> Denay, denial.

<sup>2</sup> Metal of India, i.e. girl of gold.

<sup>3</sup> Jets, struts.

*Sir And.* 'S light,<sup>1</sup> I could so beat the rogue!

*Sir To.* Peace, I say.

*Mal.* To be Count Malvolio! 40

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace, peace!

*Mal.* There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

*Sir And.* Fie on him, Jezebel!

*Fab.* O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows<sup>2</sup> him.

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,<sup>3</sup> - 50

*Sir To.* O for a stone-bow,<sup>4</sup> to hit him in the eye!

*Mal.* Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd<sup>5</sup> velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,<sup>6</sup> where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace!

*Mal.* And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby, - 61

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace, peace! now, now!

*Mal.* Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me,

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace. 71

*Mal.* I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, -

*Sir To.* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips, then?

*Mal.* Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech;" -

*Sir To.* What, what? 80

*Mal.* "You must amend your drunkenness."

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience; or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,"—

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* "One Sir Andrew?"—

*Sir And.* I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool. 90

*Mal.* What employment have we here?<sup>7</sup>

[Taking up the letter.

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock<sup>8</sup> near the gin.

*Sir To.* O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question,<sup>9</sup> her hand.

*Sir And.* Her C's, her U's, and her T's; why that? 100

*Mal.* [Reads] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases! By your leave, wax Soft<sup>1</sup> and the impressure<sup>10</sup> her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* [Reads]

"Jove knows I love

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know." 110

"No man must know." What follows? the numbers alter'd! "No man must know; if this should be thee, Malvolio?

*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, brock!<sup>11</sup>

*Mal.* [Reads]

"I move command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

*Fab.* A fustian riddle!

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I. 120

*Mal.* "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

— — — — —

<sup>7</sup> i.e. What's to do here?

<sup>8</sup> Woodcock, a common metaphor for fool, the bird being supposed to have no brains.

<sup>9</sup> In contempt of question, past question.

<sup>10</sup> Impressure, impression.

<sup>11</sup> Brock, badger, a term of contempt.

<sup>1</sup> 'S light, a corruption of God's light. <sup>2</sup> Bloes, puffs up.

<sup>3</sup> My state, i.e. my chair of state.

<sup>4</sup> Stone-bow, a cross-bow for throwing stones (Lat. *ballista*). <sup>5</sup> Branch'd, ornamented with leaf patterns.

<sup>6</sup> Day-bed, couch or sofa









TWIFTH NIGHT  
Act II Scene V lines 107 108

*Mal (reid )* Jove knows I love  
But who ?



*Fab.* What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!

*Sir To.* And with what wing the staniel<sup>1</sup> checks at it! ●

*Mal.* "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me, . . . Softly! *M, O, A, I.*

*Sir To.* O, ay, makē up that: he is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter<sup>2</sup> will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

*Mal.* *M*,—Malvolio; *M*,—why, that begins my name. ●

*Fab.* Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.<sup>3</sup> 110

*Mal.* *M*,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation. *A* should follow, but *O* does.

*Fab.* And *O* shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

*Mal.* And then *I* comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you. 120

*Mal.* *M, O, A, I*: this simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[*Reads*] "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them: and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humbleough, and appear fresh. Be opposite<sup>4</sup> with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang<sup>5</sup> arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see

thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortung's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champagne discover not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise<sup>6</sup> the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade<sup>7</sup> me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout,<sup>8</sup> in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads*] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee." Jove, I thank thee! I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.<sup>9</sup>

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device. 200

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.* And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

*Sir And.* Or o' mine either!

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,<sup>10</sup> and become thy bond-slave?

*Sir And.* I' faith, or I either? 210

*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

<sup>1</sup> Staniel, kestrel

<sup>2</sup> Sowter, term contemptuously applied to a hound; a sowter was a cobbler or botcher.

<sup>3</sup> At faults, where the scent is lost

<sup>4</sup> Opposite, contrary.

<sup>5</sup> Tang, rlag with.

<sup>6</sup> Point-devise, precisely

<sup>7</sup> Jade, i.e. make me appear like a jade, ridiculous.

<sup>8</sup> Strange, stout, distant and proud.

<sup>9</sup> Sophy, i.e. Suft, Shah of Persia.

<sup>10</sup> Tray-trip, a game at dice

*Mar.* Nay, but say true; does it work upon him. 215

*Sir To.* Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

*Mar.* If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors, and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon

her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of Tartar,<sup>1</sup> thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I'll make one too. • [Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Olivia's garden.*

*Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor.*

*Vio.* Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by thy tabor?

*Clo.* No, sir, I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a churchman?

*Clo.* No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

[*Vio.* So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church. 11

*Clo.* You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril<sup>2</sup> glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

*Vio.* Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir. 20

*Vio.* Why, man?

*Clo.* Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals, since bonds disgrace'd them.

*Vio.* Thy reason, man?

*Clo.* Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

*Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing. 31

*Clo.* Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for

you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.]

*Vio.* Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, —the husband's the bigger. I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words. 41

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

*Clo.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shins everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon<sup>3</sup> me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee. [Gives him a piece of money.]

*Clo.* Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard! 51

*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for thee; [aside] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

*Clo.* [Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?] [Showing the piece of money.]

*Vio.* Yes, being kept together and put to use

*Clo.* I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

*Vio.* I understand you, sir; 't is well begg'd. 60

*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. ] My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and

what you would are out of my welkin, I might say element, but the word is over-worn [*Exit*]

*Vio* This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,

And to do that well craves a kind of wit  
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of persons, and the time, 70  
Not, like the haggard, check at every feather  
That comes before his eye This is a practice  
As full of labour as a wise man's art  
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit,  
But wise men, folly fallen, quite taint their wit

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUECHEE*

*Sir To* Save you, gentleman

*Vio* And you, sir

*Sir And* *Dieu vous garde, monsieur* 1

*Vio* *Et vous aussi, votre serviteur*

*Sir And* I hope, sir, you are and I am yours 50

*Sir To* Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade<sup>1</sup> be to her

*Vio* I am bound to your niece, sir, I mean, she is the host<sup>1</sup> of my voyage

*Sir To* Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion

*Vio* My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs 90

*Sir To* I mean to go, sir, to enter

*Vio* I will answer you with gut and entrance but we are prevented

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

*Sir And* [*Aside*] That youth's a rare countier "Rain odours," well

*Vio* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant<sup>6</sup> and vouchsafed ear

*Sir And* [*Aside*] "Odours," "pregnant" and "vouchsafed" I'll get 'em all three all ready

*Ol* Let the garden door be shut, and leave

me to my hearing [*Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria*] Give me your hand, sir

*Vio* My duty, madam, and most humble service

*Ol* What is your name?

*Vio* Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess

*Ol* My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world 100

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment  
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth

*Vio* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours

Your servant's servant is your servant in all

*Ol* For him, I think not on him for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks rather than fill'd with me

*Vio* Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts

On his behalf —

*Ol* O, by your leave, I pray you, I bide you never speak again of him

But, would you undertake another suit

I had rather hear you to solicit that 110  
Than music from the spheres

*Vio* Dear lady,

*Ol* Give me leave beseech you I did send, After the last enchantment you did here,

A man in chase of you so did I abuse<sup>8</sup>

Myself my servant and, I fear me, you

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you in a shameful cunning

Which you know none of yours what might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake

And bated it with all the unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving<sup>9</sup> 120

Enough is shown a cyprus,<sup>10</sup> not a bosom,

Hides my heart So, let me hear you speak

*Vio* I pity you

*Ol* That's a degree to love

*Vio* No, not a grace<sup>11</sup> for 'tis a vulgar proof  
That very oft we pity enemies

*Ol* Why, then, methinks 't is time to smile again

<sup>1</sup> "God keep you sir

<sup>2</sup> "And you too your servant

<sup>3</sup> Trade business

<sup>4</sup> Prevented anticipated

<sup>5</sup> Last limit

<sup>6</sup> Pregnant, ready

<sup>7</sup> Lowly feigning affected humility

<sup>8</sup> Abuse deceive

<sup>9</sup> Receiving i.e. ready apprehension

<sup>10</sup> Cyprus, transparent stuff

<sup>11</sup> Grace step

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!  
 If one should be a prey, how much the better  
 To fall before the lion than the wolf! 140  
*[Clock strikes.*  
 The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.  
 Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you.  
 And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man.  
 There lies your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward-ho!  
 Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

*Oli.* Stay!

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.



*Oli.* Stay!

I prithee tell me what thou think'st of me — (Act III. 1. 149, 150)

*Vio.* That you do think you are not what you are. 151

*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you

*Vio.* Then think you right: I am not what I am.

*Oli.* I would you were as I would have you be!

*Vio.* Would it be better, madam, than I am? I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

*Oli.* O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon. 160

Cesario, by the roses of the spring, ●

By maidenhood, honour, truth and every thing,  
 I love thee so, that, maugre<sup>1</sup> all thy pride,  
 Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.  
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;  
 But rather reason thus with reason fetter:  
 Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth, 169

I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,  
 And that no woman has; nor never none  
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

<sup>1</sup> *Maugre*, in spite of.

And so adieu, good madam: never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Oliv.* Yet come again; for thou perhaps  
mayst move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The court-yard of Olivia's house.*

*Enter* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason,  
Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more  
favours to the count's serving-man than ever  
she bestow'd upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy?  
tell me that. 10

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in  
her toward you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon  
the oaths of judgment and reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been grand-jury-  
men since before Noah was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did show favour to the youth in  
your sight only to exasperate you, to awake  
your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart  
and brimstone in your liver. You should  
then have accosted her; and with some excel-  
lent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should  
have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This  
was look'd for at your hand, and this was  
balk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you  
let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into  
the north of my lady's opinion; where you will  
hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard,  
unless you do redeem it by some laudable  
attempt either of valour or policy. 31

*Sir And.* An't be any way, it must be with  
valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a  
Brownist as a politician.

*Sir To.* Why, then, build me thy fortunes  
upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the  
count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in  
eleven places: my niece shall take note of it;  
and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in

the world can more prevail in man's commen-  
dation with woman than report of valour. 41

*Fab.* There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a chal-  
lenge to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand; be  
curst<sup>1</sup> and brief; it is no matter how witty, so  
it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt  
him with the license of ink: if thou "thou'st"  
him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as  
many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper,  
although the sheet were big enough for the  
bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go,  
about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink;  
though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter:  
about it.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*:<sup>2</sup> go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

*Fab.* This is a dear manakin to you, Sir  
Toby.

*Sir Toby.* I have been dear to him, lad,  
some two thousand strong, or so.

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him:  
but you'll not deliver't? 61

*Sir To.* Never trust me, then; and by all  
means stir on the youth to an answer. I think  
oxen and wainropes<sup>3</sup> cannot hale<sup>4</sup> them toge-  
ther. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and  
you find so much blood in his liver as will clog  
the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the ana-  
tomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite,<sup>5</sup> the youth, bears in  
his visage no great presage of cruelty.

*Sir To.* Look, where the youngest wren of  
nine comes.

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen, and will  
laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me.  
Yond gull Malvolio is turn'd heathen, a very  
renegado; for there is no Christian, that means  
to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever be-  
lieve such impossible passages<sup>6</sup> of grossness.  
He's in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-garter'd?

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<sup>1</sup> *Curst*, sharp, petulant

<sup>2</sup> *Cubiculo* (i.e. *cubiculum*), chamber

<sup>3</sup> *Wainropes*, cart-ropes.

<sup>4</sup> *Hale*, draw.

<sup>5</sup> *Opposite* opponent.

<sup>6</sup> *Passages*, acts.



*Mar.* Most villanously; like a pedant<sup>1</sup> that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogg'd him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 't is; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Market Place.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.*

*Seb.* I would not by my will have troubled you,  
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you: my desire,  
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;  
And not all love to see you, though so much  
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,  
But jealousy<sup>2</sup> what might befall your travel,  
Beingskillless in these parts, which, to a stranger,  
Unguided and unfriended, often prove<sup>10</sup>  
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind Antonio,  
I can no other answer make, but thanks,  
And thanks: and, ever oft,<sup>1</sup> good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:  
But, were my worth<sup>4</sup> as is my conscience firm,  
You should find better dealing. What's to do?  
Shall we go see the reliques<sup>3</sup> of this town?

*Ant.* To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.<sup>20</sup>

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 't is long to night:  
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and the things of fame  
That do renown this city.

*Ant.* Would you'd pardon me!  
I do not without danger walk these streets:  
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his  
galleys

I did some service; of such note, indeed,  
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be  
answer'd.

[*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his  
people?

*Ant.* The offence is not of such a bloody nature,<sup>30</sup>

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel  
Might well have given us bloody argument.  
It might have since been answer'd on repaying  
What we took from them; which, for traffic's  
sake,

Most of our city did: only myself stood out;  
For which, if I be lapsed<sup>5</sup> in this place,  
I shall pay dear.]

*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's  
my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,  
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,<sup>40</sup>  
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your  
knowledge

With viewing of the town: there shall you  
have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse?

*Ant.* Haply your eye shall light upon some  
toy

You have desire to purchase; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave  
you for

An hour.

*Ant.* To the Elephant.

*Seb.* I do remember. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Olivia's garden.*

*Enter OLIVIA and Ladies.*

*Oli.* [*Aside*] I have sent after him: he says  
he'll come;

How shall I feast him? what bestow of  
him?

For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or  
borrow'd.<sup>6</sup>

I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio? he is sad<sup>8</sup> and civil,<sup>9</sup>

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:

<sup>1</sup> *Pedant*, i.e. pedagogue.

<sup>2</sup> *Jealousy*, apprehension

<sup>3</sup> *Ever oft*, i.e. with perpetual frequency

<sup>4</sup> *Worth*, wealth.

<sup>5</sup> *Reliques* = monuments.

<sup>6</sup> *Lapsed*, perhaps = 'caught' "taken by surprise" (M note 198).

<sup>7</sup> *Of*, on.

<sup>8</sup> *Sad*, grave

<sup>9</sup> *Civil*, well-mannered.

*Enter MARIA.*

Where is Malvolio?

*Mar.* He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possess'd, madam.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

*Mar.* No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I'm as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be.



*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though, my flow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and criminals shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand. (Act III. 4. 28-31)

*Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO*

How now, Malvolio?

*Mal.* Sweet lady, ho, ho!

*Oli.* Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion 20

*Mal.* Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if 't please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

*Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and

commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand 31

[*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mal.* To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.]

*Oli.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio?

*Mal.* At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady? 41

*Mal.* "Be not afraid of greatness" 't was well writ.

*Oli.* What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* "Some are born great,"—

*Oli.* Ha?

*Mal.* "Some achieve greatness,"—

*Oli.* What say'st thou?

*Mal.* "And some have greatness thrust upon them." 50

*Oli.* Heaven restore thee!

*Mal.* "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,"—

*Oli.* Thy yellow stockings?

*Mal.* "And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd."

*Oli.* Cross-garter'd?

*Mal.* "Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so;"—

*Oli.* Am I made?

*Mal.* "If not, let me see thee a servant still." 60

*Oli.* Why, this is very midsummer madness.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back—he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. 70

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*]

*Mal.* O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; [for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how: as, a sad face, a reverent carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth.] I have lim'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! [And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be look'd to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.<sup>1</sup> Why, every thing adheres

together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous<sup>2</sup> or unsafe circumstance . . . What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.]

*Sir To.* [*Without*] Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Re-enter MARIA with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off; I disdain you: let me enjoy my private.<sup>3</sup> go off. 100

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah, ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to, peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say? 110

*Mar.* La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

[*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise woman.]

*Mar.* Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.]

*Ma.* How now, mistress!

*Mar.* O Lord!

*Sir To.* Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him. 122

*Fab.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock!<sup>4</sup> how dost thou, chuck?

*Mal.* Sir!

[*Sir To.* Ay, Biddy, come with me. What,

<sup>1</sup> Fellow, i.e. companion.

<sup>2</sup> Private, privacy.

<sup>3</sup> My bawcock, my fine fellow.

{man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit  
with Satan hang him, foul collier! ] 130

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers, good Sir  
Toby, get him to pray

*Mal* My prayers, minx!

*Mar* No, I warrant you, he will not hear  
of godliness.

*Mal* Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle  
shallow things! I am not of your element  
you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

*Sir To* Is't possible?

*Fab* If this were play'd upon a stage  
now, I could condemn it as an improbable  
fiction 141



*Mal* How now, mistress  
*Ma* O L E F (A T T 4 118 11)

*Sir To* His very genius hath taken the in-  
fection of the device, an

*Mar* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device  
take an and taint

*Fab* Why, we shall make him mad indeed

• *Mar* The house will be the quieter

*Sir To* Come, we'll have him in a dark room  
and bound! My niece is already in the belief  
that he's mad we may carry it thus for our  
pleasure and his penance, till our very pas-  
time, tired out of breath, prompt us to have  
mercy on him! at which time we will bring the  
device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder  
of madmen! But see, but see

• Enter SIR ANDREW •

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning

*Sir And* Here's the challenge, read it! I  
warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't

*Fab* Is't so sassy?

*Sir And* Ay, is't I warrant him do but read

*Sir To* Give me [Reads] 'Youth! whatso-  
ever thou art! thou art but a scurvy fellow'

*Fab* Good, and valiant

*Sir To* 'Wonder not! nor admire not! in thy  
mind! why I do call thee so! for I will show thee no  
reason for't

*Fab* A good note, that, keeps you from the  
blow of the law 169

*Sir To* Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and  
in my sight she uses thee kindly! but thou hast in  
thy throat that is not the matter! I challenge thee for

*Fab* Very brief, and to exceeding good  
sense—less

*Sir To.* "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* "Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain." 180

*Fab.* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

*Sir To.* "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better; and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,"  
ANDREW AGUECHEEK."

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailly: so soon as ever thou seest him draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away! 200

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing.  
[*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour: and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

*Fab.* Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 220

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*]

*Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.*

{ [*Oli.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone,

And laid mine honour too unchary<sup>1</sup> on't:  
There's something in me that reproves my fault;  
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.

*Vi.* With the same 'haviour that your passion bears

[*Goes on my master's grief*]

*Oli.* Here, wear this jewel<sup>2</sup> for me, 't is my picture:

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you!

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, 230  
That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

*Vi.* Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

*Vi.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.  
[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee!

*Vi.* And you, sir 230

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck,<sup>3</sup> he yare<sup>4</sup> in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

*Vi.* You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man. 250

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

*Vi.* I pray you, sir, what is he?

*Sir To.* He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd<sup>5</sup> rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and

<sup>1</sup> Unchary, recklessly.

<sup>2</sup> Jewel, any trinket.

<sup>3</sup> Dismount thy tuck, draw thy sword. <sup>4</sup> Yare, nimble.

<sup>5</sup> Unhatch'd, unhacked.

bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob nob is his word; give't or take't.<sup>263</sup>

*Vio.* I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct<sup>1</sup> of the lady. I am

no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.<sup>2</sup><sup>263</sup>

*Sir To.* Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on, and give him his desire.



*Fab.* He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria.—(Act III. 4. 292-295.)

Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

• *Vio.* This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my

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*Sir To.* I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?<sup>285</sup>

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find

<sup>1</sup> Conduct, escort.

<sup>2</sup> Quirk, whim.

him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt. 300]

*Re-enter SIR TOBY with SIR ANDREW.*

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a *firago*.<sup>1</sup> I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck<sup>2</sup> in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. 310

*Sir And.* Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. *[Aside]* Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. 319

*Enter FABIAN and VIOLA.*

*[Aside to Fabian]* I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

*Fab.* *[Aside to Sir Toby]* He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To.* *[Aside to Viola]* There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the sup-portance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you. 340

*Vio.* *[Aside]* Pray God defend me! A little

thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. 338

*Fab.* *[Aside to Viola]* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* *[Aside to Sir Andrea]* Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello<sup>3</sup> avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

*Sir And.* *[Aside to Sir Toby]* P'fay God he keep his oath! [Draws.]

*Vio.* *[To Fabian]* I do assure you, 't is against my will. [Draws.]

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* *[To Sir Andrew]* Put up your sword. If this young gentleman  
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:  
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

*Sir To.* You, sir! why, what are you?

*Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker,<sup>4</sup> I am for you. [They draw. 330]

*Fab.* O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

*Sir To.* *[To Antonio]* I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* *[To Sir Andrew]* Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

*Sir And.* Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily, and reins well.

*Enter Officers.*

*First Off.* *[Points to Antonio]* This is the man; to thy office.

*Sec. Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino. 361

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

*First Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour<sup>5</sup> well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away: he knows I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey.—*[To Viola]* This comes with seeking you:

<sup>3</sup> Duello, the laws of the duel.

<sup>4</sup> Undertaker, intermeddler.

<sup>5</sup> Favour, face.

<sup>1</sup> *Firago*, corruption of *virago*.

<sup>2</sup> *Stuck*, corruption of *stocardo*, a thrust in fencing.

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.  
 What will you do, now my necessity  
 Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me  
 Much more for what I cannot do for you  
 Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;  
 But be of comfort. 372

*Sec. Off.* Come, sir, away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money, sir?

For the fair kirtiness you have show'd me here,  
 And, part, being prompted by your present  
 trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability  
 I'll lend you something; my having<sup>1</sup> is not much;  
 I'll make division of my present<sup>2</sup> with you:  
 Hold, there's half my coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now?  
 Is't possible that my deserts to you  
 Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,  
 Lest that it makes me so unsound a man  
 As to upbraid you with those kindnesses  
 That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none;  
 Nor know I you by voice or any feature:  
 I hate ingratitude more in a man 388  
 Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,  
 Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption  
 Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* O heavens themselves!

*Sec. Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth that  
 you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,  
 Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,  
 And to his image, which methought did promise  
 Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

*First Off.* What's that to us? The time goes  
 by: away! 398

*Ant.* But O how vile an idol proves this god!

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.  
 In nature there's no blemish but the mind;  
 None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:  
 Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil<sup>3</sup>  
 Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

*First Off.* The man grows mad: away with  
 him!—Come, come, sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*]

*Vio.* Methinks his words do from such pas-  
 sion fly,

That he believes himself: so do not I.  
 Prove true, imagination, O prove true, 409  
 That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight; come hither,  
 Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet<sup>4</sup> or two  
 of most sage saws. [*They go apart.*]

*Vio.* He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know  
 Yet living in my glass; even such and so  
 In favour was my brother; and he went  
 Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,  
 For him I imitate. O, if it prove,  
 Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit. Sir Toby, Fabian, and Sir  
 Andrew come forward.*]

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and  
 more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty  
 appears in leaving his friend here in necessity  
 and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask  
 Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, reli-  
 gious in it.

*Sir And.* 'S lid, I'll, after him again, and  
 beat him.

*Sir To.* Do; cuff him soundly, but never  
 draw thy sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not, [*Exit.*]

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event. 431

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money 't will be  
 nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. Before Olivia's house.

*Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.*

*Clo.* Will you make me believe that I am  
 not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:  
 Let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not  
 know you; nor I am not sent to you by my  
 lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor

<sup>1</sup> Having, property      <sup>2</sup> Present, i.e. my present having  
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<sup>3</sup> Evil, i.e. persons of evil nature  
 225

<sup>4</sup> Couplet, couple.  
 117



your name is not Master Cesario; nor is this not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

*Seb.* I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me. 11

*Clo.* Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great

lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee, now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment. 21



*Seb.* [Beating Sir Andrew] Why, there's for thee, and there's, and there's!—(Act IV. 1. 28.)

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

*Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.*

*Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [Striking Sebastian.]

*Seb.* [Beating Sir Andrew] Why, there's for thee, and there, and there!

Are all the people mad? [Draws his dagger.]

*Sir To.* [Holding Sebastian] Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. 31

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight: I

would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [Exit.]

*Sir To.* Come on, sir; hold.

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand. 40

*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on.

*Seb.* I'll be free from thee. [Frees himself.] What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. *[Draws.]*

*Sir To.* What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. *[Draws.]*

*Enter OLIVIA.*

*Oli.* Hold, Toby, on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

*Sir To.* Madam! 50

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby,<sup>1</sup> be gone! *[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.]*

I prithee, gentle friend, let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway in this uncivil and unjust extent<sup>2</sup>

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house, And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go: 61

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

*Seb.* *[Aside]* What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream: Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep; If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

*Oli.* Nay, come, I prithee: would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O, say so, and so be! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Olivia's house. On one side the dark room, in which MALVOLIO is seen, bound: on the other side another room, into which enter MARIA and CLOWN.*

*Mari.* Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. *[Exit.]*

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that

ever dissembled in such a gown. *[Putting on gown and beard.]* I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student: [but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors<sup>3</sup> enter.]

*Re-enter MARIA with SIR TOBY.*

*Sir To.* Jove bless thee, master Parson.

*Clo.* *Bonos dies,*<sup>4</sup> Sir Toby: [for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is is," so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?]

*Sir To.* To him, Sir Topas. 20

*Clo.* *[In a feigned voice to Malvolio]* What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

*[Opening door between rooms.]*

*Sir To.* *[Aside to Maria]* The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

*Mal.* *[Within the dark room]* Who calls there? 25

*Clo.* Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

*Clo.* Out, hyperbolic fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies? 30

*Sir To.* Well said, master Parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: say'st thou that house is dark?

*Mal.* As hell, Sir Topas. 35

*Clo.* Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

*Mal.* I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

<sup>1</sup> Rudesby, blusterer.

<sup>2</sup> Extent, legal seizure; hence, attack.

<sup>3</sup> Competitors, confederates

<sup>4</sup> Bonos dies, good day.

<sup>5</sup> Malvolio speaks from the inner or dark room all through this scene.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

*Mal.* I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant<sup>1</sup> question.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Clo.* What think'st thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. 60

*Clo.* Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

*Sir To.* My most exquisite Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters.

*Mar.* Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not. 70

*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exit with Maria.*]

*Clo.* [*Advances and sings*]

"Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does."

*Mal.* Fool! 80

*Clo.* "My lady is unkind, perdy."<sup>2</sup>

*Mal.* Fool!

*Clo.* "Alas, why is she so!"

*Mal.* Fool, I say!

*Clo.* "She loves another" - Who calls, ha?

*Mal.* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

*Clo.* Master Malvolio?

*Mal.* Ay, good fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

*Clo.* But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have here property'd<sup>3</sup> me; keep me in darkness, send ministers<sup>4</sup> to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say; the minister is here. [*As Sir Topas*] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bible-babble.

*Mal.* Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow. [*As Clown*] Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas! [*As Sir Topas*] Murry, amen. [*As Clown*] I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, fool, fool, I say! 110

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent<sup>4</sup> for speaking to you.

*Mal.* Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

*Mal.* By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

*Mal.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

*Clo.* [*Sings*].

I am gone, sir, 120  
And anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again,

<sup>1</sup> Constant, consistent, logical

<sup>2</sup> Perdy, a corruption of *pardieu*, a common French oath

<sup>3</sup> Property'd, made a property of, as a thing having no will of its own.

<sup>4</sup> Shent, reproved.

In a trice,  
Like to the old Vice,  
Your need to sustain;  
[Who, with dagger of lath,  
In his rage and his wrath,  
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:  
Like a mad lad,  
Pare thy nails, dad;  
Adieu, Goodman Devil.]

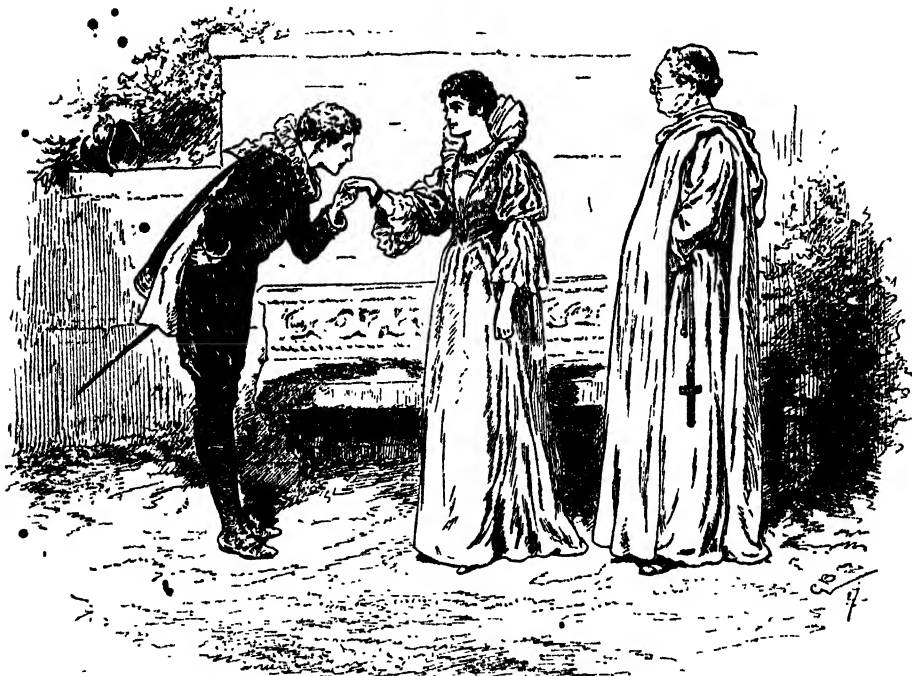
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SCENE III. *Olivia's garden.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* This is the air; that is the glorious sun;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't:  
And though 't is wonder that enwraps methus,  
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?

[*Exit.*



*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you,  
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true — (Act iv. 3. 32, 33.)

I could not find him at the Elephant;  
Yet there he was; and there I found this  
credit,<sup>1</sup>  
That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service,  
For though my soul disputes well with my  
sense  
That this may be some error, but no madness,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance,<sup>2</sup> all discourse,<sup>3</sup>

That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades  
me  
To any other trust but that I am mad,—  
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 't were so,  
She could not sway her house, command her  
followers,  
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch  
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing,  
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't  
That is deceivable.<sup>4</sup> But here the lady comes.

<sup>1</sup> Credit, intelligence.

<sup>2</sup> Instance, precedent.

<sup>3</sup> Discourse, reason.

<sup>4</sup> Deceivable, deceptive.

*Enter Olivia and Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,  
Now go with me and with this holy man  
Into the chantry by: there, before him,  
And underneath that consecrated roof,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith:  
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
May live at peace. He shall conceal it

Whiles<sup>1</sup> you are willing it shall come to note,  
What time we will our celebration keep 30  
According to my birth. What do you say?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good father, and heavens so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE 1. *Before Olivia's house.*

*Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.*

*Fab.* Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

*Clo.* Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

*Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIQ, and Lords.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

*Clo.* Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well: how doest thou, my good fellow? 12

*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends { I am abused: [so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.]

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold. 31

[*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put your grace,<sup>2</sup> in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind: one, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: ] if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. [I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but,] as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

*Enter ANTONIO and Officers.*

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well;

Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war

<sup>1</sup> Whiles, until.

<sup>2</sup> Grace, virtue.

[A bawbling<sup>1</sup> vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;<sup>2</sup>  
With which<sup>3</sup> such scathful<sup>3</sup> grapple did he  
make

With the most noble bottom of our fleet, 60  
That very envy and the tongue of loss  
Jest fame and honour on him. What's the  
matter? ]

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio  
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from  
Candy; •

And this is he that did the Tiger board,  
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.  
{ Here in the streets, desperate of shame and  
state,

In private brabble<sup>4</sup> did we apprehend him. ]

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my  
side;

But in conclusion put strange speech upon  
me,— 70

I know not what 't was but distraction.<sup>5</sup>

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their  
mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,<sup>6</sup>  
Hast made thine enemies!

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,  
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you  
• give me:

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,  
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,  
Orsino's enemy A witchcraft drew me hither:  
That most ingrateful boy there by your side  
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth  
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:  
{ His life I gave him, and [ did thereto add  
{ My love, without retention or restraint,  
{ All his in dedication; ] for his sake  
Did I expose myself, pure<sup>7</sup> for his love,  
Into the danger of this adverse town;  
Drew to defend him when he was beset:  
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,  
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing 92

While one would wink; denied me mine own  
purse,

Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord: and for three months  
before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,  
Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven  
walks on earth. 100

But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are  
madness:

[ Three months this youth hath tended upon  
me;

But more of that anon. Take him aside. ] {

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.*

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may  
not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my  
lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes  
me. 110

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,  
It is as fat<sup>8</sup> and fulsome to mine ear

As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil  
lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd  
out

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall  
become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to  
do it, 120

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,  
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy

That sometime savours nobly. But hear me  
this:

<sup>1</sup> *Bawbling*, like a bauble, insignificant

<sup>2</sup> *Unprizable*, invaluable.

<sup>3</sup> *Scathful*, harmful.

<sup>4</sup> *Brabble*, brawl.

<sup>5</sup> *Distraction*, madness; pronounced as a quadrasyllable.

<sup>6</sup> *Dear*, heart-felt.

<sup>7</sup> *Pure* = purely.

<sup>8</sup> *Fat*, dull, cloying.

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your  
favour,

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;  
But this your minion,<sup>1</sup> whom I know you love,  
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender<sup>2</sup> dearly,  
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, 130  
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.  
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in  
mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

[*Going.*

*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
'To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[*Following.*

*Oli.* [*Staying Viola*] Where goes Cesario?

*Vio.* After him I love

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.  
If I do feign, you witnesses above 140  
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

*Oli.* Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do  
you wrong?

*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?  
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*

*Duke.* [*To Viola*] Come away!

*Oli.* Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband,  
stay.

*Duke.* Husband!

*Oli.* Ay, husband: can he that deny?

*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah!

*Vio.* No, my lord, not I.

*Oli.* [*Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear*  
{ That makes thee strangle thy propriety:<sup>3</sup> } 150  
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou  
art

As great as that thou fear'st.

*Enter Priest.*

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold, though lately we intended

<sup>1</sup> Minion (*Fr. mignon*), darling, favourite

<sup>2</sup> Tender, cherish

<sup>3</sup> Strangle thy propriety i.e. disown what thou really

To keep in darkness what occasion now  
Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know  
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips, 161  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings,  
And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony;  
[Since when, my watch hath toke me, toward  
my grave

I have travell'd but two hours.]

*Duke.* O thou dissembling cub! what wilt  
thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?<sup>4</sup>

[Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow

That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?]

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest—

*Oli.* O, do not swear!  
Hold little<sup>5</sup> faith, though thou hast too much  
fear.

*Enter SIR ANDREW with his head broken.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God, a surgeon!  
Send one presently to Sir Toby.

*Oli.* What's the matter?

*Sir And.* He has broke my head across, and  
has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for  
the love of God, your help! I had rather than  
forty pound I were at home. 181

*Oli.* Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* The count's gentleman, one Cesario:  
we took him for a coward, but he's the very  
devil incarnate.

*Duke.* My gentleman Cesario?

*Sir And.* 'Od's lifelings,<sup>6</sup> here he is! [*To*  
*Viola*] You broke my head for nothing; and  
that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt  
you: 190

You drew your sword upon me without cause,  
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt,  
you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by  
a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby

<sup>4</sup> Case, skin

<sup>5</sup> Little, i.e. a little.

<sup>6</sup> 'Od's lifelings, corruption and diminutive of God's life.

halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates<sup>1</sup> than he did

*Enter SIR TOBY with his head broke, and CLOWN.*

*Duke.* How now, gentleman! how is't with you? 200

*Sir To.* That's all one, 'has hurt me, and there's the end on t Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot? •

*Clo* O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago his eyes were set at eight i' the morning

*Sir To* Then he's a rogue and a passy measures pavin I hate a drunken rogue

*Ol.* Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

*Sir And* I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together 211

*Sir To.* Will you help? an ass head and a coxcomb and a knave! a thin faced knave, a gull!

*Ol.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to

*[Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew]*

*Enter SEBASTIAN*

*[All start at sight of Sebastian]*

*Seb* I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman,

But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety  
[You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that

I do perceive it hath offended you 220

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

[We made each other but so late ago]

*Duke* [Points to Sebastian and Viola] One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons!

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

*Seb.* Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, Since I have lost thee!

*Ant.* Sebastian are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself? *[Points to Viola.]*

An apple cleft in two, is not more twin 230  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

*Ol.* Most wonderful!

*Seb* Do I stand there? I never had a brother; Nor can there be that deity in my nature,



*Enter Sir Toby with his head broke and Clown — (Act V 1 189)*

Of here and every where I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd

*[To Viola]* Of charity, what kin are you to me? What countryman? what name? what parentage?

*Vio* Of Messaline Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too; 240

<sup>1</sup> Othergates, otherwise



So went he suited<sup>1</sup> to his watery tomb:

[If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us.]

*Seb.*

[A spirit I am indeed,

But am in that dimension grossly clad  
Which from the womb I did participate.]

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say, "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!"

[*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine. 250

*Vio.* And died that day when Viola from  
her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

*Seb.* O, that record<sup>2</sup> is lively in my soul!

He finished, indeed, his mortal act

[That day that made my sister thirteen years.]

*Vio.* If nothing lets<sup>3</sup> to make us happy both  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,  
Do not embrace me till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump<sup>4</sup>  
That I am Viola: [which to confirm, 260

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,

Where lie my maiden weeds;<sup>5</sup> by whose gentle  
help

I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

*Seb.* [To *Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have  
been mistook:

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid;

Now are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.]

*Duke.* [Be not amaz'd; right noble is his  
blood.] 271

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

[To *Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thou-  
sand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear,  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul  
As doth that orb'd continent<sup>6</sup> the fire  
That severs day from night.

*Duke.*

Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*Vio.* The captain that did bring me first on  
shore 281

Hath my maid's garments; he upon some action

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio  
hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

[A most extracting frenzy of mine own

From my remembrance clearly banish'd 1

*Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN.*

[To *Clown*] How does he, sirrah? 290

*Clow.* Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at  
the stave's end as well as a man in his case  
may do: 'has here writ a letter to you; [I should  
have given't you to-day morning, but as a  
madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills<sup>7</sup>  
not much when they are deliver'd.]

*Oli.* Open't, and read it.

*Clow.* Look, then, to be well edified when the  
fool delivers the madman. [Shouting] "By the  
Lord, madam!" 300

*Oli.* How now! art thou mad?

*Clow.* No, madam, I do but read madness: [an  
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be,  
you must allow *Vox*.<sup>8</sup>

*Oli.* Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

*Clow.* So I do, madonna; but to read his  
right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend,<sup>9</sup>  
my princess, and give ear.]

*Oli.* [To *Fabian*] Read it you, sirrah.

*Fab.* [Reads] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong  
me, and the world shall know it. Though you have  
put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin  
rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as  
well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that  
induced me to the semblance I put on; with the  
which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or  
you much shame. Think of me as you please. I  
leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out  
of my injury. THE MADLY-US'D MALVOLIO."

*Oli.* Did he write this? 320

*Clow.* Ay, madam.

*Duke.* This savours not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him  
hither. [Exit *Fabian*.

<sup>1</sup> Suited, dressed

<sup>2</sup> Record, remembrance.

<sup>3</sup> Lets, hinders

<sup>4</sup> Jump, agree.

<sup>5</sup> Weeds, garments. <sup>6</sup> That orb'd continent, i.e. the sun.

<sup>7</sup> Skills, matters

<sup>8</sup> Vox, i.e. a voice in keeping; a loud and frantic tone.

<sup>9</sup> Perpend, consider.

My lord, so please you, these things further  
thought on, 324

To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so  
please you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost.<sup>1</sup>

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt to embrace  
your offer.

[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and, for  
your service done him,

[So much against the mettle of your sex, 330  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me master for so long,]  
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

*Oli.*

A sister! you are she.



*Ci* [*Sings*] When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain (Act V. 1. 398, 399)

*Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.*

*Duke.* Is this the madman?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio? no.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse  
that letter: 338

You must not now deny it is your hand:  
Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;  
Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention:  
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,  
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,  
Why you have given me such clear lights of  
favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,  
To put on yellow stockings and to frown  
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;

And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
And made the most notorious geck<sup>2</sup> and gull  
That e'er invention play'd on? Tell me why.

*Oli.* Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
Though, I confess, much like the character:  
But out of question 't is Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she  
First told me thou wast mad: then cam'st<sup>3</sup>  
in smiling,

And in such forms which here were presup-  
pos'd

Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:  
This practice<sup>4</sup> hath most shrewdly pass'd upon  
thee; 300

But, when we know the grounds and authors  
of it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
Of thine own cause.

<sup>1</sup> My proper cost, my own expense.

<sup>2</sup> Geck, dupe    <sup>3</sup> Cam'st = thou cam'st    <sup>4</sup> Practice, trick.

*Fab.* Good madam, hear me speak;  
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
Taint the condition of this present hour, 363  
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,  
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
Set this device against Malvolio here,  
Upon<sup>1</sup> some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ  
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;<sup>2</sup>  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.  
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
May rather pluck on<sup>3</sup> laughter than revenge,  
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd  
That have on both sides pass'd.

*Oli.* Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled<sup>4</sup>  
thee!

*Clo.* Why, "some are born great, some  
achieve greatness, and some have greatness  
thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this  
interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all  
one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad!"  
But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh  
you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not,  
he's gagged." And thus the whillogig of time  
brings in his revenges.

*Mal.* I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of  
you. *[Exit.]*

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abus'd

<sup>1</sup> Upon, in consequence of

<sup>2</sup> Importance, importunity.

<sup>3</sup> Pluck on, excite

<sup>4</sup> Baffled, treated contemptuously

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace,  
He hath not told us of the captain yet: 399  
When that is known, and golden time con-  
vents,<sup>5</sup>

A solemn combination shall be made  
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,  
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;  
For so you shall be, while you are a man;  
But when in other habits you are seen,  
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's<sup>6</sup> queen.

*[Exeunt all, except Clown.]*

*Cl. [Sings]*

When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy, 400  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas, to wive,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

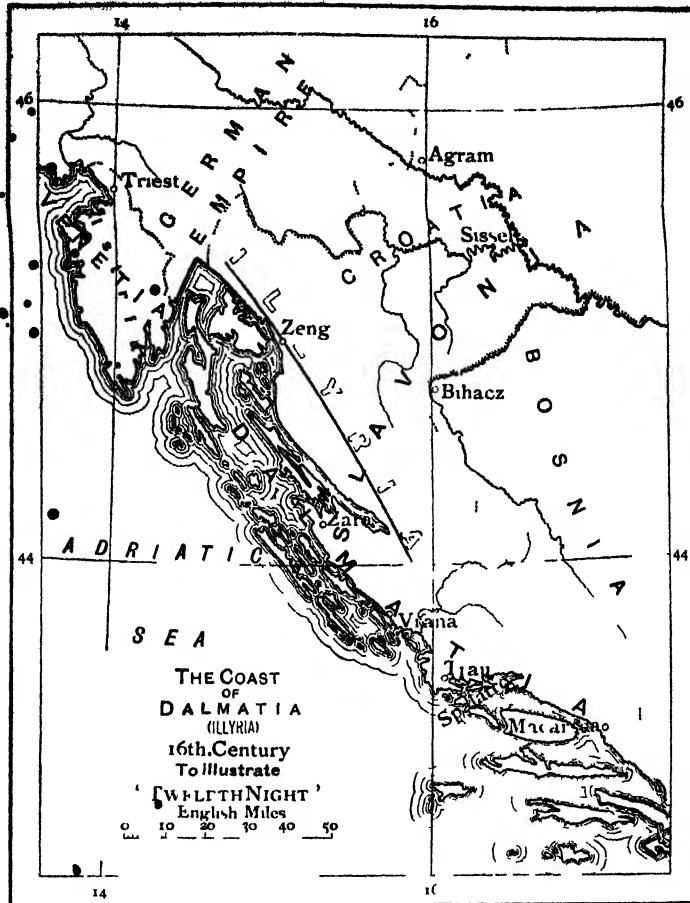
But when I came unto my beds, 410  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.

*[Exit.]*

<sup>5</sup> Convents, suits (or invites).

<sup>6</sup> Fancy's, love a



## • NOTES TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

### • ACT I SCENE I

1. Line 5 *O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound*—So in *FF* Pope substituted *south*, and has been followed by Dyce, Cowden Clarke, Singer and many editors. Surely this is a very unnecessary emendation. "*Sound*," as Grant White remarks, "appears in the authentic text, and, to say the least, is comprehensible and appropriate, and is therefore not to be disturbed, except by those who think that Shakespeare must have written that which they think best. But we may go further than this, and contend that *sound* is decidedly superior to *south*. The allusion to the *sound* or murmur of the breeze as it passes over the flowers is dexterously combined with a reference to the odours caught and carried from the flowers by the

breeze the metonymy by which it is apparently the *sound* that steals and gives the odours is thoroughly Shakespearean

2 Line 21 *That instant was I turn'd into a HART*—The play on sound is sufficiently obvious, it may be compared with the melancholy punning of the dying Gaunt on his own name (*Rich II* ii 1 73 87)—both little flights of fancy by which a sad man strives to blunt the edge of his sorrow. The allusion in the next two lines is of course to the story of Diana and Actaeon, suggested, possibly as Malone thinks, by a sonnet of Daniel's (*Sonnets to Delia*, 1594, No v "My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death"), who in turn may have derived his comparison from Whitney's Emblems, 1598, and Whitney his from

the dedication of Adlington's Translation of the Golden Ass of Apuleius, 1566.

3. Line 26: *The element itself, till seven years' heat*.—Rowe altered *heat* into *hence*, and his reading is adopted and defended by Dyce. Schmidt explains the word as a substantive meaning a course at a race; i.e. "till seven years have run their course." Johnson would understand *heat* as a participle, signifying "heated" (compare King John, iv. 1. 61: "though *heat* red-hot"), which gives but indifferent sense. It is best to take it in its simplest sense—"till seven years' heat have passed."

4. Line 27: *Shall not behold her face at ample view*.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 89, where "at ample point" is used for "in full measure."

5. Lines 35, 36:

*How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else.*

Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 169, 170:

*I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,  
By his best arrow with the golden head*

See note 30 on that play. The allusion to the gold and leaden tipped arrows of Cupid is a common one, particularly in Massinger.

6. Line 36: *the flock of all affections*. Cf. Sidney's Arcadia, book first: "*the flocks of unspeakable vertues* laid up delightfully in that best builded folde" (ed. 1590, leaf 2, verso).

7. Lines 37-39:

*when liver, brain, and heart,  
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd  
Her sweet perfections, with one self king!*

F. reads:

*When Liver, Braine, and Heart,  
These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd  
Her sweet perfections with one selfe king*

The words, *her sweet perfections*, are usually taken as an exclamatory parenthesis, referring to *thrones*. Capell substituted *perfection*, taking the word to mean her husband (compare King John, ii. 1. 440, and the passages quoted from Froissart, Overbury, and Donne in Rolfe). The Cambridge edd. insert a comma after *supplied*, which is a step in the right direction. Furnivall and Stone, in their Old-Spelling Shakespeare, add another comma after *perfections*, which may be accepted as the simplest, clearest, and most probable conjecture yet made. Pointed in this way, the sense of the passage is, "when these sovereign thrones are supplied, and her sweet perfections filled, with one self king." For *self* compare Lear, iv. 3. 36, 37:

*Else one self mate and mate could not beget  
Such different issues.*

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

8. Line 2: *This is ILLYRIA, lady*.—Peter Heylyn gives a detailed account of *Illyria* in his Cosmographie, 1652, bk. ii. p. 92. I extract a few sentences: "Contado di Zara, or the Countrie of Zara, called anciently Liburnia, and *Illyria* specially so named, is bounded on the East with Dalmatia, on the West with Histria, on the North with Croatia, and on the South with the Adriatick Sea, or Golfe of Venice. It took this latter name (the former being

long discontinued) from Zara, the chief town thereof, the Jadera of Ptolemie and the Ancients; a Roman Colonie at that time, now an Archbishops See; enjoying a safe and large Port, situate on a low Chersonese thrusting out like a Promontorie into the Adriatick; belonging to the State of Venice, by whom well fenced and fortified against forein invasions. . . . The ancient name of this Countrey was Liburnia, as before is said, but extending more Northwards beyond the mountains of Ardium or Scardonio; this and Dalmatia being then the Membra dividenda of the whole Illyricum."

9. Line 6: *It is "PERCHANCE" that you yourself were saved*.—Following the Old-Spelling Shakespeare I have put *perchance* in inverted commas, to show better the play upon words—*perchance* here meaning "by chance."

10. Line 10: *THOSE poor number*.—Changed by Capell to *this*. The alteration is unnecessary. Shakespeare evidently regarded *number* as plural.

11. Line 14: *a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea*.—Compare the phrase still used of a vessel: "No boat could *live* in such a sea." Aldis Wright quotes Admiral Smyth, The Sailor's Wordbook: "To *Live* To be able to withstand the fury of the elements; said of a boat or ship," &c. (Clarendon Press ed. p. 81).

12. Line 15. *like Arion on the dolphin's back*.—Ff., by an obvious misprint, read *Orion*. The allusion is to the story of the poet and musician Arion, who, having gained much treasure in a musical contest in Sicily, was in fear of death from the sailors as he returned on board ship to Corinth; but obtaining leave for one last song, he, as soon as it was finished, threw himself into the sea, and was borne to land on the back of one of the dolphins who had gathered round for delight in his music.

13. Line 39: *for whose dear LOVE*.—Walker unnecessarily altered *love* to *loss*, and Dyce unreasonably declared, in adopting the emendation, that it was "*made certain* by other passages of Shakespeare," which he gives.

14. Lines 40, 41:

*she hath abjur'd the COMPANY  
AND SIGHT of men.*

Hammer's emendation, adopted by most editors. The Ff. read:

*she hath abjur'd the sight  
And company of men*

15. Lines 43, 44:

*T.' I had made mine own occasion mellow  
What my estate is!*

So Ff. Most editors introduce a comma after *mellow*, and understand, with Johnson, "I wish I might not be made public to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design;" or, with Clarke, "till I have myself prepared the occasion for declaring what my condition really is." The Old-Spelling editors retain the reading of the Ff., taking *mellow* as a verb, and understanding, "till I had made my service improve my present bad condition."

16. Line 56: *Thou shalt present me as an EUNUCH to him*.—As Malone notes, "Viola was presented to the

duke as a *page*, not as a *eunuch*, which would have been inconsistent with the course of the play."

17. Line 59: *That will ALLOW me very worth his service.*—Shakespeare often uses *allow* in the sense of "acknowledge," but only here with the meaning, "cause to be acknowledged," or approve.

## ACT I. SCENE 3.

18. Line 5: *your COUSIN, my lady.*—*Cousin* was frequently used in the general sense of relation (see the list of Shakespeare references in Schmidt). Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders *cousin* by *consanguineus*.

19. Line 7: *except before excepted.*—This is a legal phrase (*exceptio exceptiendi*), which Halliwell illustrates from West's Symbolography, 1694 (part i. book 2, sect. 444): "and the said R. . . shall and may peaceably & quietly have, hold, occupy, and enjoy all the said Church, Rectorie, and Parsonage, mansion house, cottage, glebe landes, tithes, and all other the demised tenementes and premisses with the appurtenances (*except before excepted*) according to the true meaning of these presentes" (edn. 1594, vol. i. leaf E E, 4).

20. Line 30: *almost natural.*—Dyce reads *all most natural*, and gives as authorities Upton and Collier's MS. Corrector. It is a needless change, and a change for the worse. The meaning is "almost naturally," in its double sense of by nature and like a natural, or idiot.

21. Line 43: *coyntril.*—"Properly, an inferior groom, or a lad employed by the esquire to carry the knight's arms and other necessities. Probably from *convallier*, Old French, of the same signification. See Cotgrave. It is surely not a corruption of *kestrel*, as Mr. Todd and others have supposed. —Nares' Glossary, 1867, s.v. "*Coyntril*, or *Coystril*." Cotgrave has: "*Coynstiller* M. An Esquire of the bodie; an Armourbearer unto a Knight; the servant of a man at Armes; also, a groomer of a stable, a horse-keeper." Above he has: "*Coustiller* f. A kind of long Pouniard, used heretofore by Esquires." A *Coustiller* is perhaps one who bears a *coustille*. See the note in the Clarendon Press edition of Twelfth Night, pp. 84, 85.

22. Line 44: *like a pa-pah-top.*—"A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, when they could not work" (Steevens).

23. Line 45: *Castiliano vulgo!*—"Spanish of Sir Toby's own making, good enough to impose on Maria and Sir Andrew, and very unnecessarily changed to *Castiliano vollo* by some modern editors" (Schmidt). Warburton, who proposed the reading *volto*, took the phrase to mean: "Put on your Castilian countenance, i. e. grave serious looks;" the Spaniards being famed for a solemnity which was thought to carry craftiness enough beneath it. Aldis Wright compares, "for a similar bacchanalian shout, Marlowe, Jew of Malta, iv. 5: 'Hey, Rivo Castiliano! a mande a man' (Works, ed. Dyce, 1862, p. 172); and I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 124: 'Rivo! says the drunkard' (Clarendon Press ed. p. 85).

24. Line 52: *Accost.*—Cotgrave has: "*Accoster*. 'To accost, or joine side to side; to approach or draw neere unto; also, to wax acquainted, or grow familiar with.'"

25. Line 78: "*thought is free.*"—An allusion to Lyly's *Euphues*, 1581: "A noble man in Sienna, disposed to test with a gentlewoman of meane birth, yet excellent qualities, between game and earnest gan thus to salute hir. 'I know not how I shold commend your beaultie, because it is somewhat too brown, nor your stature being somewhat to low, and of your wit I can not fudge' 'no,' quoth she, 'I beleuee you, for none can iudge of wit, but they that haue it,' 'why then,' quoth he, 'doest thou thinke me a foole,' 'thought is free my Lord,' quoth she, 'I will not take you at your word' (Arber's Reprint, p. 281). The phrase is found in Gower. See *Confession Amantis*, book v.:

I haue heard said, that *thought is free*

—Ld. Pauli, il. 277

26. Line 74: *bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.*—"A proverbial phrase among forward Abigails, to ask at once for a kiss and a present" (Dr. Kenrick).

27. Line 77: *It's dry, sir.*—A dry hand was formerly considered a sign of bodily weakness, or of a disposition not prone to love. Compare *Othello*, iii. 4. 36-38:

*Oth* Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady

*Des* It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow

*Oth* This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart

28. Line 90: *I am a great EATER OF BEEF.*—Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 1. 14: "thou mongrel beef witted lord!" It seems, from the passages cited by Halliwell and Aldis Wright, that beef was considered both a "gross diet, and one tending to melancholy. See the latter part of note 160 to the Taming of the Shrew.

29. Line 100: *Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.*—The joke is an allusion to Sir Andrew's previous remark, "I would that I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing," &c. Sir Toby's imagination "seizes upon Sir Andrew's tongues and converts them into *tongs*—culling-tongs the very article required in Sir Andrew's toilet to 'mend' his hair withal, which, without their assistance, hung 'like flax on a distaff,' and most persistently and stubbornly refused to 'curl by nature'." (Joseph Crosby, article on Shakespeare's Puns in the American Bibliopolist, June 1875)

30. Line 105: *curl by nature.* This is Theobald's emendation. The Ff read *coole my nature*.

31. Line 122: *Art thou good at these KICKSHAWSES, knight?*—Some editors read *kickshawes*; but the plural seems to add a point to the fooling. It is used again in the Ff. of II. Henry IV. v. 1. 29. The word is a corruption of *quelque chose*, and it is spelt by Cotgrave, s.v. "*Fricandeaux*," *Quelkchoses*. In F. 1 it is printed *kicke-chawes*.

32. Line 126: *and yet I will not compare with AN OLD MAN.*—Theobald proposed to read a *nobleman*, understanding the allusion to be to Orsino ("It's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woo's her," lines 112-114, above). The change is quite unjustifiable. Of the phrase as it stands, Clarke's is perhaps the

best attempt at explanation: "We take its signification to be, that the knight by the term 'an old man' means 'a man of experience,' just as he has before deferred to 'his betters;' while the use of the word 'old' gives precisely that absurd effect of refraining from competing in dancing, fencing, etc., with exactly the antagonist incapacitated by age, over whom even Sir Andrew might hope to prove his superiority" (Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare, *ad loc.*).

33. Line 128: *What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight!*—Aldis Wright (Clarendon Press ed. p. 87) quotes Barnaby Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession (p. 4, Shakespeare Soc. ed.): "Our galliardes are so curious, that thei are not for my daunsyng, for thei are so full of trickes and tournes, that he which hath no more but the plaine sinquepace, is no better accompted of them then a verie bungler."

34. Line 131: *back-trick*.—A caper backwards in dancing; perhaps a quibble; the trick of going back in a fight (Schmidt).

35. Line 135: *Mistress Mall's picture*.—"No doubt a mere impersonation, like 'my lady's eldest son' in *Much Ado About Nothing*, ii. 1. 10. She is merely a type of any lady solicitous for the preservation of her *chamars* even when transferred to canvas" (Singer). Schmidt gives the rather far-fetched suggestion that "perhaps Sir Toby means only to say: like a picture intended for a beauty but in fact representing Mall the kitchen wench." That no allusion can be intended to Mall (utpurse (Mary Frith, born 1580), the notorious heroine of Day's lost comedy of 1610, and Middleton and Dekker's *Roaring Girl*, 1611, is evident from the date of the play (1601 probably).

36. Line 145: a DAM'D-COLOURED stock. So Fl. Rowe suggested *flame-coloured* (cf. "*flame-coloured taffeta*," 1. Henry IV. i. 2. 11), and his reading has been generally adopted; Knight reads *dunash-coloured*, and is followed by Delius. The Old Spelling Shakespeare preserves the reading of the F., from which I see no reason to deviate. Sir Andrew is a little peculiar in his phrases, and it would be a pity to reduce him to a mere respectable level of verbal propriety. Probably he got his word, more or less consciously, from the French. Cotgrave has "*souleur d'enfer*, a darke and smonkie browne."

37. Line 146: *Taurus*.—"In that classic annual, *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, may still be seen the ancient astronomical figure of the human body with lines radiating from its various parts to the symbols of the zodiacal signs; and in the column devoted to the 'moon's place' in the calendar pages the names of the parts of the body are given instead of the corresponding signs. It is to be noted that Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are both wrong in the parts they assign to *Taurus*. The latter either burlesques the other's ignorance, or takes advantage of it for the sake of argument. *Taurus* was supposed to govern the neck and throat' (Rolfe). Compare Chaucer, *Astrolobe*: "and enerich of thise 12 signes hath respecte to a certain parcell of the body of a man and hath it in gouernance; as aries hath thin head, and *taurus* thy nekke and thy throte | geuyn | thyn armholes and thyn armes, and so forth" (Early English Text Society ed. p. 13).

## ACT I. SCENE 4.

38. Line 9: *Here comes the COUNT*.—Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that in 1. 2. 25 he has called Orsino a duke; and as *count* he appears in the rest of the play.

39. Lines 13, 14:

*I have unclaspt  
To thee the book even of my secret soul.*

This metaphor, which is pretty obvious, is found several times in Shakespeare. Browning uses a very similar expression in *The Inn Album*, i. p. 93:

I'll so far open you the locked and shelved  
Volume, my soul, that you desire to see

40. Line 28: *Than in a NUNCIOS of more grave aspect*.—Theobald, with needless grammatical precision, reads *nuncio*.

41. Lines 32, 33:

*thy small PIPE  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound.*

Compare Coriolanus, iii. 2. 112-115:

my throat of war be to 'nd,  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe,  
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulls asleep!

Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "Puellatorius, a, um, childishly, maidenly. Thibia puellatoria, a shrill pipe."

## ACT I. SCENE 5.

[This scene is scene 1 of act ii in the acting-version.—F. A. M.]

42. Line 6: *fear no colours*. Probably a military term meaning to fear no enemy. Cotgrave has: "*Adventuroux*, hazardous, adventurous, that *feares no colours*." The phrase is often used by the Elizabethan dramatists.

43. Line 9: *A good LENTEN answer*.—That is, dry and scanty, like luten fare. Compare "*lenten entertainment*," *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 321.

44. Line 24: *on two POINTS, &c*.—Points were tagged laces, used to tie the breeches (*gaskins*, or galligaskins) to the doublet. The play on words is very obvious. It is used again in 1. Henry IV. ii. 4. 238.

45. Line 34: *you were best*.—Compare Julius Caesar, iii. 3. 13: "Ay and truly, *you were best*." The construction (like that in "if you please") was very common; compare Whetstone, *Promos* and *Cassandra*, iv. 1. 9: "Be packing both, and that betymes, *you are best*."

46. Line 39: *Quinapalus*.—The clown is not the only humorist who, for variety, will father his wit or his wisdom upon an apocryphal philosopher—*Quinapalus* or *Sauerteig*.

47. Line 62: *that's as much to say as*.—So Fl. Many editors read "that's as much as to say," unnecessarily, as both forms were used in Shakespeare's time, and by Shakespeare (e.g. II. Henry VI. iv. 2. 18: "which is *as much to say as*," &c.).

48. Line 66: *Dexteriously*.—So in F. 1. The mispronunciation is no doubt intentional, though some editors have been careful to smoothen it over, after the fashion of

F. 4, which reads *dexterously*. Aldis Wright (Clarendon Press ed. p. 28) quotes two examples (one from Bacon) of the word actually being printed *dexterously*.

45. Line 69: *good my MOUSE of virtue*.—*Mouse* was used as a term of endearment. Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 183: "call you his *mouse*." The French colloquial use of *mon chat* is very similar. Compare Guy de Maupassant, *La Maison Tellier*, p. 288: "Il lui demanda d'une voix très douce . . . Elle répondit:—'Où, mon chat.'"

50. Lines 94-96: *I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies*.—Capell, preferring grammar to Shakespeare, would read (for no better) to be no better. *Zany* is derived from the Italian *zane*, which Florio renders: "Zane, the name of Iohn (i.e. in the Venetian dialect). Also a sillie Iohn, a gull, a noddle. Used also for a simple vice, clowne, foole, or simple fellowe in a plaie or comedie." Cotgrave has: "Zanit: m. A Vice to a Tumbler, &c, or in a Play." The Clarendon Press editor quotes Ben Jonson, *Every Man Out of His Humour*, iv. 1:

He s'like a tumbler,

That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh,

and Cynthia's Revels, ii. 1: "The other gallant is his *zany*, and doth most of these tricks after him." Shakespeare uses the word only here and in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 463: "some please-man, some slight *zany*."

51. Line 96: *no better*.—Capell, preferring grammar to Shakespeare, would read *to be no better*.

52. Lines 103, 106: *Mercury endue thee with leasing; i.e. give thee the gift of lying*. Compare Chaucer, *Knightes Tale*, 1069:

Charmes and force, *lesynges* and flatterye

Aldis Wright remarks with dry humour: "Warburton, who was afterwards a bishop, read '*pleasing*.' But Mercury, as the patron of thieves and cheating, may be supposed to have had the power of endowing his devotees with a faculty which was of the first importance to them" (Clarendon Press ed. p. 35).

53. Line 115: *he speaks nothing but madnan*.—Compare Henry V. v. 2. 156: "I speak to thee plain soldier."

54. Lines 122, 123: *for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak pia mater*.—The Fl. read: "for here he comes. One of thy kin has a most weak *Pia-mater*." The reading in the text is that of the Old Spelling editors; *has* of course = *who has*; as *desires* in line 108 above. The Cambridge edd. read: "For,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has," &c. Rolfe adopts the emendation; Dyce, who omits *he*, observes that the reading "would have surprised Shakespeare." *Pia mater* is referred to again in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 1. 77; also, probably, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2. 71. Aldis Wright quotes from Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part i. sec. i. mem. 2, sub. 5: "Nature hath covered it [the brain] with a skull of hard bone, and two skins or membranes, whereof the one is called *dura mater*, or *meninx*, the other *pia mater*. The *dura mater* is next to the skull, above the other, which includes and protects the brain. When this is taken away, the *pia mater* is to be seen, a thin membrane, the next and immediate cover of the brain, and not covering only, but entering into it."

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55. Line 129: *these pickle-herring*.—This is an example of the singular form used in the plural, as in *trout*, *deer*, &c.

56. Line 140: *above HEAT*.—That is, says Schmidt, *thirst*. Compare King John, iii. 1. 341, 342:

A rage whose heat hath this condition

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood.

Steevens understands it as the proper degree of warmth.

57. Line 142: *Go thou and seek the CROWNER*.—*Crowner* for *coroner* is employed again in the churchyard scene in Hamlet, v. 1. 4; and, below, line 24, "*crowner's quest law*." "*Crowner's quest*" is still used in the country for coroner's inquest.

58. Line 157: *sheriff's post*. This was the name given to painted posts set up at the sheriffs' doors, to which notices and proclamations were affixed. Warburton quotes Ben Jonson, *Every Man Out of His Humour*, iii. 3:

How long should I be ere I should put off

To the lord chancellor's tomb, or the *sheriff's posts*?

59. Line 168: *IN standing water*.—Capell, followed by Dyce, &c., reads *e'en*. The meaning is, between ebb and flow.

60. Line 211: *If you be NOT mad*.—So Fl. Mason proposed to omit *not*, and is followed by many editors. In defence of the F. reading Clarke says: "We believe Shakespeare means Olivia to say, 'If you are not quite without reason, begone; if you have some reason, be brief, that you may soon be gone,' giving the effect of antithetical construction without actually being so."

61. Line 218: *Some mollification for your GIANT, sweet lady*. Maria was a little person, as pert waiting-maids usually are. See below, ll. 5. 16: "Here comes the little villain;" and iii. 2. 70: "Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes." The transposition of sense is quite enough for the purpose (as Falstaff, II. Henry IV. 1. 2. 1, addresses his page, "Sirrah, you *giant*"); but, perhaps, as some have thought, there is a further allusion to the household giants in old romances, who acted as guardians of the heroines.

62. Lines 219, 220. *Viola . . . Tell me your mind. I am a messenger*.—So Fl. Warburton, followed by many editors, gives the earlier clause to Olivia, and prints thus:

O! Tell me your mind

For I am a messenger

"Viola, I think," Mr. W. G. Stone writes me, "speaks impatiently, eager to hear Olivia's mind, and discharge the irksome part of messenger; a duty which is retarded by Maria's resolve to be pleasant. The connection in Viola's mind between Maria's obstruction and the wished-for answer from Olivia is, I fancy, so close as to warrant us in following the F's arrangement of the sentence."

63. Line 252: *such a one I was THIS PRESENT*.—So Fl.; and to be understood, "*this* (i.e. woman) *present*, i.e. before you" (Old Spelling Shakespeare). Many emendations have been proposed.

64. Line 261: *And leave the world no copy*.—This thought is developed in the 3rd, 9th, and 13th of Shakespeare's sonnets

65. Line 274: *With adorations, fertile tears*.—So Fl.



Pope reads: "With adorations, with fertile tears;" and his reading is accepted by most editors, though not by the Cambridge or the Old-Spelling. Possibly, as the former suggest, something is lost before *adorations*; with, if admitted, would force us to say *adorations*.

66. Line 289: *Write loyal CANTONS of condemned love*. *Cantons* has been needlessly altered by Capell to *canzons*, by Rowe to *cantos*. Heywood describes his Troia Britannica, or, Great Brittaines Troy, 1609, as "a Poem divided into xvii severall cantons;" and on the second page of the address "to the two-fold Readers" he says: "I have taskt my selfe to such succinctnesse and breuitie, that in the iudiciall perusall of these fewe Cantons (with the Scolles annexed) as little time shall bee hazzarded, as profite from them be any way expected." Compare The London Prodigal, 1605, lii. 2: "What do you call him, bath it there in his third canton" (Tauchnitz ed. p. 247).

67. Line 291: *Hailoo your name to the REVERBERATE hills*.—*Reverberate* is here obviously used in the sense of "reverberant." For an instance of a participle similarly formed compare Coriolanus, i. 1. 106: "mutually *participate* [- participant]." Stevens cites a precisely similar use of *reverberate* from Ben Jonson, The Masque of Blackness:

which skill Pythagoras  
I first taught to men by a *reverberate* glass.

68. Line 313: *Unless the master were the man*. A vague and unfinished phrase, meaning, "If only the master were the man!" or something to that effect.

69. Line 320. *The COUNTY'S man*. This is Capell's emendation. F. 1 has *countes*, the other Ff. *counts*.

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

[This scene, in the acting version, becomes scene 2 of act iii; thus the action of the play is rendered more consecutive. F. A. M.]

\* 70. Line 12. *my determinate voyage is mere EXTRAVAGANCY*.—This is the only instance of the word *extravagancy* (that is, vagrancy) in Shakespeare; but he uses *extravagant*, in the same sense, in Othello, i. 1. 136-138:

Lying her lute beauty, wit and fortunes  
In an *extravagant* and wheeling strange  
Of here and every where,

in Hamlet, i. 1. 154:

The *extravagant* and erring spirit,

and, probably in the same sense, in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 68: "a foolish *extravagant* spirit."

71. Line 18. *Messaline*.—A place unknown in prose geography, possibly intended for *Mitylene*, as Capell conjectured.

72. Lines 23, 29: *but, though I could not, with such ESTIMABLE WONDER, overfar believe that*.—"I suppose," Mr. Stone writes me, "that Sebastian, modestly depreciating his good looks, means that he could not regard himself with wonder (cf. *Scots* ed. Olyseey, xi. 286 said of a beautiful woman) of such high estimation as beauty deserves."

73. Line 36. *If you will not murder me for my love*.—"Knight," says Aldis Wright, "suggests that Shakespeare in this may have referred to a superstition of which Scott

makes use in The Pirate, that any one who was saved from drowning would do his preserver a capital injury. But Antonio seems only to appeal to Sebastian not to kill him as a reward for his love by abandoning him" (Clarendon Press ed. 104).

74. Line 41. *the manners of my mother*.—Compare Henry V. iv. 6. 31, 32:

And all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears.

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

75. Line 13: *She took THE ring of me*.—Malone substituted *no*, and is followed by Dyce and other editors. Such a substitution quite spoils the idea. Viola, with quick-witted consideration, accepts the fiction of the ring, and so avoids exposing Olivia's fond deception to her steward.

76. Line 16. *there it lies in YOUR EYE; i.e. "in your sight."* Compare Hamlet, iv. 4. 5, 6:

If it his majesty would aught with us,  
We shall express our duty in *his eye*;

and Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 211; 212:

Her gentlewoman, like the Nereides,  
So in my merriments, tended her *the eyes*.

77. Line 21. *That methought her eyes had lost her tongue*.—So Ff. Most editors follow the reading of F. 2: "that *sure* methought." Dyce would read "that *as* methought." No alteration is necessary, for the line as it stands is quite rhythmical, like Chaucer's "In a gowne of faldyng to the kne" (Canterbury Tales, Prologue, 391). Such lines not unfrequently occur in Shakespeare (cf. *inf.* iii. 1. 122 and 183).

78. Lines 30, 31

*How easy is it for the proper-faith  
In women's wazen hearts to set their forms!*

Had not Johnson thought well to misunderstand this passage, it would scarcely have seemed necessary to say that its meaning is, "How easy is it for handsome and deceitful persons to make an impression, or to fix their image, in the yielding hearts of women!"

79. Line 32: *OUR frailty*.—So F. 2, and all modern editors. F. 1. reads *O*.

80. Line 33. *For such as we are made OF, such we be*.—Ff. "For as ch as we are made, if such we be." The reading in the text is Tyrwhitt's conjecture, universally received.

81. Line 34. *How will this FADGE?*—Boswell quotes Florio: "*Andar* a vango, to fadge, to prosper with, to go as one would have it." Skeat derives the word from A.S. *fagan*, to fit (see Love's Labour's Lost, note 162).

82. Line 36. *AND she, &c.*—Dyce would read, "*as she*," with only a comma after *him*. This would make excellent sense, but so does the reading of the Folio; and why change?

## ACT II. SCENE 3.

83. Line 10: *Does not our LIFE consist of the four ELEMENTS?*—Ff. print *lives*. The reading in the text is the emendation of Rowe, justified by it in Sir Andrew's an-

swar; it is followed by most modern editors. The allusion is to the absurd medical theory of the four elements in the human frame, cholera being ascribed to fire, blood to air, phlegm to water, and melancholy to earth. 'And there is none, let him have the humors never so well balanced within him, but is subject unto anxiety of mind sometimes, for while we are composed of *four differing Elements*, wherewith the humours within us symbolise we must have perpetual ebblings and flowings of mirth and melancholy, which leave their alternatife turnes in us as naturally as it is for the night to succede the day' (Howell, Instructions for Kyrilline Travell, 1642 Arber's Reprint, p. 24). Compare Antony and Cleopatra, v. 202. 293

I am fire and air my other *elements*  
I give to baser life

84. Line 14 MARIAN, I say! Some editors with over-precision, read *Maria*. Marian is only another form of Mary or Maria.

85. Line 17 *did you never see THE PICTURE OF WE THREE*?—An allusion to a common old sign representing two fools or *loggheads* under which was inscribed 'We three *Loggheads* be the spectator being the third. There is at the present day a public house in Upper Red Cross Street Leicester which has the same figure and device on its sign board. Dekker (The Gull a Hornbook, ch. vi. How a Gallant should behave himself in a Playhouse) says, speaking of the boys whose fancy it was to sit on the stage "Assure yourself by continual residence you are the first and principal man in election to begin the number of *We three*."

86. Line 19 *the fool has an excellent BREAST* Breast for voice, is often met with in early literature. Warton cites the statutes of Stoke College which said queristers, after their *breasts* (i.e. voices) are broken and wildes Life of Wolsey singing men well *breasted*.

87. Line 20 *I had rather than forty shillings* Compare Merry Wives i. 1. 208. 'I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here' and Henry VIII. i. 3. 39. "forty pence no."

88. Lines 23-25 *Pigrogonistus the Vapian passing the equinoctial of Queubus*. These Rabelaisian sounding freaks of nomenclature are attributed by Mr. Swinburne to the direct influence of Rabelais. We cannot but recognize on what far travels in what good company Feste the jester had but lately been on that night of 'very gracious fooling' when he was pleased to enlighten the forgetful mind of Sir Andrew as to the history of Pigrogonistus, and of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus. (A Study of Shakespeare pp. 155-156)

89. Lines 27-29 *I did impetuous thy gratuity* &c. Inentional nonsense upon which it is amusing to see grave commentators bending their spectacles. *Impetuous thy gratuity* very likely means so far as it means any thing, "impeticoat (or impocket) thy gratuity" as John son suggested.

90. Line 34 *There is a TESTRIL of me too*—A *testril*, or *tester* (which is used in II Henry IV. iii. 2. 206), was the name of a coin worth at different times from twelve pence to 2½d. The word is a corruption of the French *teston*,

which Colgrave defines as "a piece of silver coyn worth xviijd sterling."

91. Line 35 *if one knight give a—* F 1 has no stop after a which comes at the end of a line the later Ff add a dash. The hiatus may or may not be intentional, but the sense may very likely be (as Singer proposes) 'if one knight give another should.' Mr. Marshall writes me 'I think it is quite clear that a portion of a line (*no other knight should*) has been left out here in printing. There is no sign of Sir Andrew being interrupted by the clown. Dramatically speaking an interruption here would be out of place. Sir Andrew would take a little time to get the coin out of his pocket the completion of the sentence would give him that time. I should certainly myself not scruple to print a *no other [knight] should* according to Singer's suggestion.

92. Line 40 *O mistress mine* &c. This tune is contained in both the editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons*, 1599 and 1611. It is also in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book arranged by Boyd. As it is to be found in print in 1599 it proves either that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was written in or before that year or that in accordance with the then prevailing custom *O mistress mine* was an old song introduced into the play. [The latter supposition is doubtless the true one.] (Happell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* vol. i. p. 200 see ed. (by 1880))

93. Line 44 *Journeys end in lovers meeting* Warburton followed by Dyce &c. reads *lovers meeting*.

94. Line 61 *a catch that will draw three souls out of an weaver*. (Compare Much Ado ii. 3. 60-62. "Is it not strange that sheeps guts should *hale* souls out of mens bodies? Weavers were supposed to be good singers compare I Henry IV. ii. 4. 147. 'I would I were a *weaver* I could sing psalms or any thing. Many of them were Calvinistic refugees from the Netherlands hence their predilection for psalm singing. The whole phrase is no doubt a picturesque equivalent of thrice delightful.

95. Line 64 *I am not at a catch*. A familiar phrase of the time meaning to be apt at anything. Some editors unnecessarily alter with Ff 2 in l. 3 to *a d*, which is used in Two Gent of Verona iv. 4. 14. 'to be as it were a dog at all things.' Compare Middleton Women beware Women i. 2. 'I'm dog at a hole.

96. Line 65 *By lady*. With reference to this corruption of By our Lady so frequently met with in the dramatists I can corroborate the statement given in note 145 to A Midsummer Night's Dream that the oath is still occasionally (not I think commonly) used by the lower classes at Atherstone in Warwickshire. The word is pronounced more like *be lady* than *be lady*.

97. Line 68 *Iet us catch be Thou knave*. This catch is to be found in 'Pammelia Musickes Miscellanie or mixed Varietie of pleasant Roundelays and delightful catches of 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Parts in one' 2nd ed. 1618. It is extant says Dyce in Ravenscroft's Deuteromelia, 1609. The words are

Hold thy peace, and I pray thee hold thy peace  
Thou knave thou knave! hold thy peace thou knave!

"It appears to be so contrived," says Sir John Hawkins, "as that each of the singers calls the other *knave* in turn."

98. Line 80: *Cataian*.—A native of Cathay, or China; that is, as we should say now, "a heathen Chinese." Nares says the word "was used to signify a sharper, from the dexterous thieving of those people; which quality is ascribed to them in many old books of travel." Shakespeare uses it again in *Merry Wives*, ii. 1. 148: "I will not believe such a *Cataian*, though the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man." Compare Dekker, *Honest Whore*, Part II. iv. 1: "I'll make a wild *Cataian* of forty such."

99. Line 81: *Peg-a-Ramsey*.—There are two tunes that go under the name of *Peg-a-Ramsey*, both as old as the time of Shakespeare. The oldest is found in William Ballet's *Lute Book*, and this, according to Sir John Hawkins, is the one referred to here. The words of the original ballad have not come down to us; but in Duffey's *Wit and Mirth*, or *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719, vol. v. p. 139), there is a song called "Bonnie Peggie Ramsey."

"Three merry men be we."—"The tune [by W. Lawes] is contained in a MS. commonplace book, in the handwriting of John Playford, the publisher of *The Dancing Master*" (*Happell's Popular Music*, p. 216). See Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1673. The words are quoted as follows in Peele, *Old Wives Tale*, 1595:

Three merrie men and three merrie men,  
And three merrie men be we,  
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,  
And Jacke sleepes in the tree

—Works, ed. Dyce, 1861, p. 445

The song is found again in Dekker and Webster's *Westward Ho*, v. 4; in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, ii. 5; and *The Bloody Brother*, iii. 2; and in *Ram Alley*, ii. 1 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. x. p. 298).

100. Line 83: *Tillyally*.—"Is not this house, quoth he, as nigh heaven as my own?" To whom she after her accustomed homely fashion, not liking such talk, answered, *Tylle-valle*, *Tylle-valle* (*Roper's Life of Sir Thomas Moore*, p. 79 ed. 1822, cited by Nares). Compare II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 90: "*Tilly-fally*, Sir John."

101. Line 84: *There dwell a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* From the old ballad of *Susanna*, licensed by T. Colwell in 1562, under the title of *The Goodly and Constant Wyfe Susanna*. Probably quoted again in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 151, where Mercutio mocks the nurse with, "*lady, lady, lady*."

102. Line 90: *O, the twelfth day of December*.—Probably the opening of a ballad now lost to us. Aldis Wright (*Clarendon Press* ed. p. 111) compares the beginning of the ballad of *Brave Lord Willoughby*: "The fifteenth day of July."

103. Line 94: *to gabble like tinkers*.—"Proverbial tipplers and would-be politicians" (Schmidt). Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 19-21: "I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any *tinker* in his own language during my life." I should like to add, in reference to the latter passage, the very curious fact

that Shakespeare seems to have been aware of the language peculiar to the tinkers, and known as *Sheila*, or, as the Gipsies call it, "*Mumper's talk*." This is a language perfectly distinct from *Romany*, or from common slang. Mr. Leland was the first to give some account of it, with a partial vocabulary, in his book *The Gypsies* (Trübner, 1882), where he notes the remarkable fact that the single reference to this language found in print during three centuries is to be found in the pages of Shakespeare.

104. Line 98: *COZIER'S catches*.—*Minahel* has, "A *Cozier* or *sowter*, from the Spanish word *coser*, i.e. to sew. Vide *Botcher*, *Souter*, or *Cobler*."

105. Line 101: *Snuck up!*—"This was a scoffing interjection, tantamount to 'Go hang!' and here has the added humorous effect of a hiccup" (Clarke). Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, iii. 2: "Give him his money, George, and let him go *snuck up*" (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 86, col. 1); and see the quotations given in the *Variorum Shakespeare*, *ad loc.*

106. Line 110: *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone*.—This line, and those which follow, are taken, with a good many alterations, from Corydon's *Farewell* to *Phillis*, in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delights*, reprinted in *Percy's Reliques* (1857, vol. i. p. 222). Halliwell-Phillips (*Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, 5th edn. pp. 520, 521) says: "The song 'Farewell, dear love' first appeared in the *Book of Ayres* composed by Robert Jones, fol., London, 1601. Jones does not profess to be the author of the words of this song. . . . As the tune and ballad were evidently familiar to Shakespeare, the original of the portion to which he refers in the comedy is here given,—

Farewel, deir love, since thou wilt needs be gon,  
Mine eies do shew my life is almost done,  
Nay, I will never die,  
so long as I can spie;  
There be many mo,  
though that she do go  
There be many mo, I feare not,  
Why, then, let her goe, I care not  
Farewel, furewell, since this I find it true,  
I will not spend more time in wooing you;  
But I will seeke elswhere,  
if I may find her there  
Shall I bid her goe?  
what and if I doe?  
Shall I bid her go and spare not?  
Oh, no, no, no, I dare not.

107. Line 12: *Out o' tune, sir*.—So the Cambridge edd. Ff. have *Out o' tune, sir, ye lie*. Many editors read *Out o' time, sir* (Theobald's emendation). Various explanations have been suggested; and some have supposed the words are addressed to the clown. It seems to me that the whole speech is addressed to Malvollio, and that Sir Toby is still harping on Malvollio's offensive remark about "sneaking out your cozier's catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice." He has already replied, playing on Malvollio's "Is there no respect of place, persons nor *time*, in you?"—"We did keep *time*, sir, in our catches;" and now, after his parenthesis in song, he returns, still profoundly aggrieved, and with the drunkard's recurrent memory, to the injurious insinuation.

109. Line 129: *rub your chain with crumbs*.—Stewards formerly wore *chains* of silver or gold as a badge of office. Crumbs were much used for cleaning them. See the passage quoted by Steevens from Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, iii. 2:

4th Off. Well, let him go.

1st Off. Yes, and the clippings of the buttery fly after him, to *scour his girdle chain*.

Algis Wright (Clarendon Press ed. p. 113) gives references to six other parallel passages from dramatists of the period.

109. Line 131: *this unwill RULE*; i.e. "behaviour." See A *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 170.

110. Line 134: *'Twere as good a deed as to drink*.—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 1. 32, 43: "An't were not as good deed as *drink*, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain."

111. Line 136: *challenge him THE FIELD*.—So Ff. Rowe would read *to the field*; Schmidt, *to field*

112. Line 146: *a nayword*.—Ff. an *ayword*. Rowe's emendation is almost universally adopted. *Nayword* is used in Merry Wives, ii. 2. 131 and v. 2. 5 for a password; here it evidently means a byword

113. Line 149: SIR TO. *Possess us, &c.*—Dyce would give this speech to *Sir Andrew*, quoting Walker: "Surely Sir Toby needed no information respecting Malvolio." But there is nothing unnatural in the remark coming from Sir Toby. It was not so much that he "wanted information" as that he wanted to hear what the sharp-tongued Maria had to say of Malvolio, and what handle she could find against him.

114. Line 164: *his GROUNDS of faith*.—So F. 1. Later Ff. read *ground*, and are followed by some editors.

115. Line 183: SIR AND. *And your horse, &c.*—Dyce, following Tyrwhitt's conjecture, gives this to Sir Toby. The change is worse than unnecessary; the infinitesimal witticism is not a hair's-breadth above Sir Andrew's capacity.

116. Line 184: ASS, *I doubt not*.—Walker would see a pun here: "As I doubt not;" compare Hamlet, v. 2. 43: "And many suchlike *'As'es* of great charge."

117. Line 195: *She's a beagle, true-bred*.—A kennel metaphor, quite in the style of the Sir Tobys of to-day.

118. Line 203: *call me CUT*.—Steevens suggests that *cut* is used here for gelding; but it is probably no more than an abbreviation of *curtal*, a docked horse. *Cut* or *curtal* was often used as a term of abuse. Compare The London Prodigal, ii. 4: "An I do not meet him, chill give you leave to call me *cut*" (Tauchnitz ed. p. 238).

119. Line 206: *I'll go burn some sack*.—See I. Henry IV. note 41, for a long note on *sack*.

#### ACT II. SCENE 4.

[With this scene, in the acting-edition, act iii. commences.—F. A. M.]

120. Line 5: *recollected terms*.—"Studied" (Warburton), "repeated" (Johnson), "refined" or "trifling" (Schmidt). "I incline," Mr. W. G. Stone tells me, "to accept Warburton's explanation, that *recollected*=studied. The old

simple language (*terfina*), which pleased Orsino, is opposed to a highly artificial composition, in which invention and memory are strained to gather together new and uncommon phrases."

121. Line 22: *Thou dost speak masterly*.—Clarke observes that this is "one of the few instances in which Shakespeare indirectly (and of course unconsciously) comments upon himself. Certainly there never was more masterly speaking on the effect produced by music upon a nature sensitively alive to its finest influences than Viola's few but intensely expressive words."

122. Line 35: *sooner lost and worn*.—So Ff. Hamner proposed to read *won*, and the reading has been adopted by Johnson and others. But *worn* in the sense of *worn out* is supported by II. Henry VI. ii. 4. 69: "These few days' wonder will be quickly *worn*."

123. Line 53: *in sad CYPRESS let me be laid*.—By *cypress* Warton understood a shroud of the crape known as *cypress*, Malone a coffin of *cypress*-wood. The words *let me be laid* seem to confirm Malone's explanation, as does also the epithet *sad*. Although *cyprius* was, like modern crape, made both black and white, the black seems to have been always used as an emblem of mourning (See Nares *sub Cyprius*.) Douce (Illustrations of Shakespeare, p. 56) says, on the authority of Gough's Introduction to Sepulchral Monuments, p. lxxvi, that *cyprius*-wood was used for *coffins*. Note also that the *shroud* is expressly mentioned in line 56 below.

124. Line 54: *Fly away, fly away, breath*.—Ff print *Fye away, fie away breath*. The reading in the text is Rowe's obvious emendation

125. Line 66: *Sad TRUE LOVER*.—So Ff. Some editors read *true-love*, which certainly makes a smoother line, but there is no authority for the change.

126. Line 74: *Give me now leave to leave thee*.—A courteous form of dismissal, as Dyce notes. Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 20: "You have good leave to leave us."

127. Line 76: *changeable taffeta*.—*Taffeta* denoted a sort of thin silk. Compare Chaucer, Prologue, line 440:

In cangwin and in pers he clad was al,  
I mied with *taffeta* and with sendal

*Changeable taffeta* apparently means some sort of shot-silk. Compare Taylor the Water Poet: "No *tuffaty* more *changeable* than they" (Works, 1630, ii. 40, quoted by Halliwell).

128. Line 77: *a very OPAL*. Compare Drayton, The Muses Elizium, 1630, 9th Nymphall (p. 72):

With *Opalls*, more then any one,  
We'll deck thine Altar fuller,  
For that of every precious stone,  
It doth retene some colour

129. Line 89: *pranks*.—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 10: "Most goddess-like *pran*'d up."

130. Line 91: *I cannot be so answer'd*.—Hamner's emendation. Ff read: "It cannot"

131. Lines 117, 118:

She sat like *Patience* on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

Compare Pericles, v. 1. 138-140:

yet thou dost look  
Like *Patience* gazing on kings' graves, and *smiling*  
Extremity out of act.

132. Line 127: *denay*.—Compare II. Henry VI. i. 3. 107:  
Then let him be *denay'd* the regentship.

### ACT II. SCENE 5.

133. Line 6: *sheep-biter*.—Originally a cant term for a thief, as in Taylor the Water-Poet:

And in some places I have heard and scene  
That curish *sheep-biters* have hang'd beene

It came to mean, as Schmidt understands it, a surly malicious fellow. Compare Scot, Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 215: "They comfort in vain, and therefore they went awaie like sheepe, &c. If anie *sheep-biter* or witch-monger will follow them, they shall go alone for me." Shakespeare has *sheep-biting* in Measure for Measure, v. 1. 359: "your *sheep-biting* face."

134. Line 17: *How now, my METAL of India!*—F. 1 reads *nettle*; F. 2 *nettle*. Many editors follow the Second Folio, supposing that by *nettle of India* is meant the *Urtica marina*, a plant of itching properties; but the reading of F. 1 is at least as good, and quite as likely to come from Sir Toby.

135. Line 25: *here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling*.—"This fish of nature loveth flatterie: for, being in the water, it will suffer itselfe to be rubbed and clawed, and so to be taken" (Cogan, Haven of Health, 1505, cited by Steevens) [This mode of taking fish is still practised with great success in mountain streams, especially when the water is low, and the fish are compelled to take refuge in the "dubs" or deep holes. Last year (1887) two youths in Westmoreland, in one day, took 75 trout out of one stream by *tickling*.—F. A. M.]

136. Line 36: *jets*.—Compare Cymbeline, iii. 3. 5: "arch'd so high that giants may jet through;" Pericles, i. 4. 26:  
Whose men and dames so *jetted* and adorned,  
and see Richard III. note 287.

137. Line 45: *the lady of the STRACHY married the yeoman of the wardrobe*.—This is one of the insoluble puzzles in Shakespeare. Payne Knight conjectured that *Strachy* is a corruption of *Straticus*, a title anciently given to governors of Messina; and that the phrase therefore means, "the governor's lady." Halliwell derives it from a Russian word (which he supposes Shakespeare to have met with in some novel or play) meaning judge or lawyer. Such names as *Strozzi*, *Stracci*, *Stratarch*, &c., have been suggested. Prof. Dowden, in his Shakespeare Primer, pp. 116, 117, observes: "It has been suggested (see Hunter, New Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. i. p. 380) that Shakespeare ridicules, in the scene between the clown, as Sir Topas, and Malvolio, the exorcisms by Puritan ministers, in the case of a family named *Starcky* (1596-99), and that the difficult word *Strachy* was a hint to the audience to expect subsequent allusion to the *Starcky* affair. But all this is highly doubtful." "The solution of the mystery contained in this name probably lies hid," says the Clarendon Press ed. (p. 123), "in some forgotten novel or play. The incident of a lady of high

rank marrying a servant is the subject of Webster's Dutchess of Malfi, who married the steward of her household, and would thus have supplied Malvolio with the exact parallel to his own case of which he was in search."

[The story on which the Dutchess of Malfi is founded was published in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, and in Beard's Theatre of God's Judgments, both of which books were printed before this comedy was written.\* If in any story or play relating to this subject of a lady marrying her servant, such a title as *the yeoman of the wardrobe* were given to the latter, it would afford a strong clue to the source of Malvolio's allusion.—F. A. M.]

138. Line 51: *O for a STONE-BOW, to hit him in the eye!*—Cotgrave has "Arbaleste à bowlet. A *Stone-bow*." Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives it as the equivalent of *balista*. The Clarendon Press ed. (p. 123) compares Wisdom, v. 22: "And hailstones full of wrath shall be cast as out of a *stone bow* (in :)

139. Line 54: *my BRANCH'D velvet gown*.—Boyer, French Dictionary, has "Branched velvet, *Velours à ramage*, *Velours figuré*, ou en feuillage." Cotgrave renders *Velours figuré*. "branched velvet."

140. Line 55: *a day-bed*.—Compare the Qq. of Richard III. iii. 7. 72, where the Ff. read *love-bed*. A *day-bed* was an old and excellent name for a couch or sofa. Compare Richard III. note 423.

141. Line 66: *play with MY—SOME RICH JEWEL*.—F. 1 reads *my some rich jewel*. F. 3 and F. 4 omit *my*. The dash was inserted by Collier. The meaning is no doubt what Dr. Brinsley Nicholson has suggested, that Malvolio was about to say "my chain," but remembering that he would no longer be a steward, nor wearing the chain of office, he changes his phrase, in his own lofty way, into *some rich jewel*.

142. Line 71: *with care*.—So F. 1; later Folios, *with cares*. *Carts*, *cords*, &c., have been suggested. Hamner would read by *th' ears* (pronounced "bith ears," easily corrupted into *with care*), and is followed by Dyce and others. Whether or not it is true, as Steevens asserted, that *cars* and *carts* have the same meaning (compare Two Gent. of Verona, iii. 1. 285: "a team of horses shall not pluck that from me"), I see no reason why the F. reading should be changed. I fancy it should be taken as a mere piece of impromptu extravagance, Fabian of course having in mind such a phrase as I have just quoted.

143. Line 72, &c.—Singer remarks on the resemblance of this situation to that of Alnaschar in the Arabian Nights. He adds: "Some of the expressions too are very similar. Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any version of the Arabian Nights had appeared. In the Dialogues of Creatures Moralized, black letter, printed early in the sixteenth century, a story similar to that of Alnaschar is related."

144. Line 96: *these be her very C's, her U's, and here T's*.—Ritson suggests that the full direction of the letter may have been "To the Unknown Beloved, this, and my good wishes, with Care Present."

145. Line 114: *Narry, hang thee, brock!*—Boyer, French Dictionary, has "Brock (or Badger), *Blereau, Tausson*." The term was frequently used in contempt. Compare Day's *Ile of Gulls*, v. 1. (p. 101, ed. Bullen): "I faith, olde brocke, haue I tane you in the maner!"

146. Line 123: *What dish o' poison*, &c.—This and the following speech are followed in Ff. by a note of interrogation. The meaning obviously is, "What a dish," &c.

147. Line 124: *staniel*.—The Ff. by an obvious misprint read *stallion*. The correction, which is generally adopted, is Hammer's. *Check* is defined by Dyce as "a term in falconry applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight."

148. Line 135: *Sowter*.—Boyer, French Dictionary, ed. 1702, has "Sowter (an obsolete Word for a Shoo-maker or Cobler) V. Shoo-maker, &c."

149. Line 154: *every one of these letters ARE in my name*.—Compare Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 33:

The posture of your blows are yet unknown

150. Line 157: *some are BORN great*—Ff. print *become*. The correction, which is Rowe's, is confirmed by the recurrence of the same phrase in iii. 4. 45, where the Ff. properly read *born*.

151. Line 166: *yellow stockings*—These were much in use at the time, and the fashion still survives in the saffron-coloured stockings of the Blue-Coat boys, who preserve unchanged the costume worn at the time of the foundation of Christ's Hospital in the reign of Edward VI. "They appear," says the Clarendon Press ed. (p. 128), "to have been specially worn by the young, if any importance is to be attached to the burden of a song set to the tune of Peg a Ramsey (Chappell, Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 218), in which a married man laments the freedom of his bachelor days:

Give me my yellow hose again,  
Give me my yellow hose!"

The passage quoted by Steevens from Dekker's *Honest Whore*, Part ii. 1. 1, is scarcely to the point, I think, in proving the fashionableness of yellow stockings, for we see by the context that there is a special allusion to yellow as the colour of jealousy. Lodovico says to Infelice: "What *stockings* have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not *yellow*, change them; that paper is a letter from some wench to your husband." And Infelice replies: "O sir, you cannot make me jealous."

152. Line 167: *cross-garter'd*.—This was another fashion of the time. Steevens cites Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, 1629: "As rare a youth as ever walk'd *cross-gartered*." Singer suggests that Olivia's dislike of these fashions arose from thinking them coxcombical. Rather the reverse, one would think, from the allusion in iii. 2. 80 to a *pedant*.

153. Line 176: *point-devise*.—See *Love's Labour's Lost*,

154. Line 185: *I will be STRANGE, STOUT*.—That is, distant and proud. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, ii. 2. 112: "look *strange* and frown;" and II. Henry VI. i. 1. 187:

As *stout* and proud as he were lord of all.

155. Line 192: *dear my sweet*.—So all editors, I believe, but the Old-Spelling, who, following Mr. P. A. Daniel's conjecture, read "Therefore in my presence still smile, *dear!* O my *sweete*, I *prethes!*" This seems to me very far-fetched. The F reads *deero my sweete*. Surely the o is an obvious misprint for e, and could never have been intended for an exclamatory O. *Deer my sweet* is just such a phrase as "good my mouse," i. 5. 69 above.

156. Line 198: *a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy*—For the word *Sophy* compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 1. 25: "the *Sophy*, and a Persian prince;" and see note 114 of that play. There is probably some allusion to Sir Robert Shirley, who had just returned from an embassy to Persia, greatly enriched by the liberality of the Shah. See Day, Kowley and Wilkins' indifferent play, *The Travels of the Three English Brothers*, a *rifacimento* of scenes developed from the apocryphal accounts of the Shirley brothers' biographer.

157. Line 208: *tray-trip*—A game at dice, which depended upon throwing a *tray* or *trous*. Tyrwhitt thinks it was something in the nature of draughts. See the long quotation from Machiavel's *Dogge*, 1617, in Malone's Var. Ed. vol. xi. p. 428.

#### ACT III. SCENE 1.

[In the acting-edition, this scene forms a continuation of the previous one, and concludes act iii. The arrangement is perfectly justifiable, as the events of act ii. scenes 4 and 5, and of acts iii. iv. and v. all take place on the same day. For stage purposes such a division of the acts is preferable, as, with Olivia's declaration of love to the supposed Cæsar, an important step in the more serious interest of the play is reached. F A M.]

158. Line 2: *tabor*.—An instrument much used by professional fools, perhaps in imitation of Tarleton, the celebrated jester, who appears with one in his hands in a print prefixed to his *Jests*, 1611.

159. Line 8: *lies*.—So Ff. Some editors have altered *lies* into *lives*. But the word was often used in the sense of "dwells" or "lodges."

160. Line 13: *cheveril*.—Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 87: "O, here's a wit of *cheveril*, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad." Steevens cites a proverb in Ray's *Collection*: "He hath a conscience like a *cheveril's* skin." Boyer, in his French dictionary, has "Cheveril Conscience, (made of stretching Leather) *Une Conscience large, une Conscienceur qui prtte*."

161. Line 39: *fools are as like husbands as PILCHARDS are to HERRINGS*.—Pilchards are often sold as small herrings, and many people are unable to distinguish between them. Ff. spell *pilchers*, which in Shakespeare's time was an alternative spelling of the word.

162. Line 43: *Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere*.—Dyce prefers to insert a semicolon after *orb*, thus re-writing Shakespeare's sentence for him.

163. Line 49: *there's EXPENSES*.—No doubt a *pour-boire*, or drinking-money. Dr. Badam (cited in Dyce) would read *sixpence!*

164. Line 55: *have bred*—Malone believes that Shakespeare wrote *have breed*, but does not introduce it into his text.

165. Line 62: *Cressida was a beggar*.—Malone cites Henryson, Testament of Cressid (ed. Laing, p. 86):

And greet penurite  
Thow suffer sail, and as ane beggar die.

166. Line 63: *I will CONSTRUE to them*.—Ff. spell *conster*, which was simply a variant of *construe*.

167. Line 71: *NOT, like the haggard*.—Ff. have *and*; the reading in the text was suggested by Johnson. "The wise clown is discriminative in his jests: he does not play the fool with everybody and on all occasions, like a hawk which (I quote Bailey's Dictionary, 1753, s. v. 'Chick') 'forsakes her natural flight to follow Rooks, or other Birds, when they come in view.' If we read *and*, where is the contrast?" (W. G. Stone). For *haggard*, see Much Ado, note 170.

168. Line 75: *But wise men, FOLLY-FALL'N, quite taunt their wit*—So Capell, after Theobald and Tyrwhitt's conjecture. F. 1 reads *wisemens* [F. 2 *wise mens*] *folly fulne*, quite *taunt their wit*. Hammer and Warburton would read *wise men's folly shewn*. Rolfe adopts this reading. The reading in the text is that most generally adopted, and seems the nearest to the Ff. It means, of course, "wise men, fallen into folly." The Clarendon Press editor quotes, very appositely, Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 75-78:

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note  
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote,  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply  
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity

169. Line 78: *SIR AND. Dieu vous garde, &c.*—Theobald gives the French to Sir Toby, and the *Save you, gentleman*, to Sir Andrew, because in l. 3. 96 the latter did not know the meaning of *pourquoi*. But as Malone remarks: "The words, *Save you, gentleman*, which [Theobald] has taken from Sir Toby, and given to Sir Andrew, are again used by Sir Toby in a subsequent scene; a circumstance which renders it the more probable that they were intended to be attributed to him here also. With respect to the improbability that Sir Andrew should understand French here, after having betrayed his ignorance in a former scene, it appears from a subsequent passage that he was a picker-up of phrases, and might have learned by rote from Sir Toby the few French words here spoken. If we are to believe Sir Toby, Sir Andrew 'could speak three or four languages word for word without book.'"

170. Line 83: *if your TRADE be to her*.—Compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 346: "Have you any further trade with us?"

171. Line 86: *she is the LIST of my voyage*.—Compare l. Henry IV. iv. 1. 51, 52:

The very LIST, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes;

and Hamlet, iv. 5. 99:

The ocean, overpeering of his LIST.

172. Line 87: *TASTE your legs*.—Steevens cites Aristophanes, Frogs, 402: *γίγνωμι τὰς ὀρέας, taste the door, i.e. knock gently at it; but I suppose he did not attribute to Shakespeare a familiarity with the Greek of Aristophanes?*

173. Line 89: *My legs do better UNDER-stand me*.—I have printed this word as a compound, to show the pun at a glance.

174. Line 94: *But we are PREVENTED*.—*Prevented*, in the sense of "anticipated," is familiar to all from its use in the Bible, e.g. "Mine eyes prevent the night-watches" (Psalm cxix 148).

175. Line 102: *I'll get 'em all three ALL READY*.—F. 1 has *already*. The reading in the text is Malone's, who says: "The editor of the 3rd Folio reformed the passage by reading only *ready*. But omissions ought always to be avoided if possible. The repetition of the word *all* is not improper in the mouth of Sir Andrew."

176. Line 122: *beseech you*.—So F. 1; F. 3 and F. 4 insert *I*, and Steevens, Dyce, &c., follow them. But *I* is frequently omitted in Shakespeare, and the line certainly reads better without it.

177. Line 123: *After the last enchantment you DID HERE*.—Ff. *did hear*; and some editors would read, with no small violence to the sense, *did hear*. The emendation is Warburton's. Malone cites instances of *here* being spelt *heare* from the Qq and Ff of Shakespeare, and adds: "Throughout the first edition of our author's Rape of Lucrece, 1594, which was probably printed under his own inspection, the word we now spell *here*, is constantly written *heare*."

178. Lines 132, 133: *a CYPRUS, not a bosom,*

*Hides my heart*

Compare il. 4. 53 above (and note 123), and Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 221:

*Cyprus* black as 'er was crow

The *cyprus* or *cypriss* here is of course the crape. Halliwell quotes the Ballad of Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John:

Her riding-suit was of sable-hew black,  
*Cypriss* over her face  
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush  
All with a comely grace

Aldis Wright (Clarendon Press Ed. pp. 135-137) gives an exhaustive note on the subject, chiefly on the etymology of the word.

179. Line 133: *Hides my heart*.—So F. 1; F. 2: *hides my poor heart*. Many editors follow this reading. The line is perfectly good without the interpolation. It must be read with a heavy accent on the first syllable, as in line 122 "Give me leave, beseech you I did send."

180. Line 135: *No, not a GRISE*.—*Grise* is from the Latin *grævus*, through Old French *grise*, a step. It is used again in Othello, i. 3. 200: "Which, as a *grise* or step;" and in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 16, 17:

every *grise* of fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below.

181. Line 146: *Westward-ho!*—A cry of the watermen on the Thames. Used by Webster and Dekker as the name of a comedy (1607) it is referred to in Peele's *Edward 1st* (first printed in 1593), in a stage-direction [*Make a noise, WESTWARD HO!* (Dyce's Peele, 2nd edn vol. i p. 132). The village of that name, and Kingsley's novel, render *Westward-ho* very familiar to our ears.

182. Line 147: *Grace and good disposition ATTEND your ladyship!*—Many editors adopt Steevens' reading of 'tend,' and the Cambridge edd. alter (and spoil) the arrangement of the lines. The line as it stands is perfectly rhythmical.

183. Line 162: *maidhood*.—This form of "maidenhood" occurs again in Othello, i. 1. 172-174:

- Is there not charms
- By which the property of youth and maidhood
- May be abused?

### ACT III. SCENE 2.

[In the ~~adding~~ edition this and the following scene are transposed, forming scenes 1 and 2 respectively of act iv. —F. A. M.]

184. Line 9: *Did she see THEE the whole?*—F. 1 and F. 2 omit *thee*, which was added in F. 3

185. Line 23: *FIRE-NEW from the mint* — Brand-new. Cf. Richard III. i. 3. 256:

Your *fire-new* stamp of honour is scarce current,  
and see Love's Labour's Lost, note 12

186. Line 34: *Brownist*.—A Puritan sect, the frequent butt of dramatic ridicule. They obtained their name from Robert Browne, a noted separatist of the time. Steevens cites mocking references to the sect from L. Barry's Ram-Alley, 1611, and Sir W. D'Avenant's Love and Honour, 1649. Aldis Wright (Clarendon Press ed. p. 139) quotes Earle's Micro-cosmographia (ed. Arber, p. 64), where, speaking of "A shee precise Hypocrite," the author says: "No thing angers her so much as that Woemen cannot Preach, and in this point onely thinks the *Brownist* erroneous."

187. Line 46: *curst*.—Generally used of women, in the sense of shrewish (compare Taming of Shrew, *passim*).

188. Line 48: *if thou "THOU'ST" him some thrice*.—To *thou* anyone was a mark of disrespect. Compare the French *tutoyer*, which Cotgrave renders "to *thou* one."

189. Line 51: *the bed of Ware*.—This hugest of beds (capable of holding twelve persons) was ten feet nine inches square and seven feet and a half high. It was formerly at the Saracen's Head Inn at Ware, and is now, says the Clarendon Press editor, to be seen at the Rye-House. A cut of it is given in Halliwell's folio ed. and Knight's Pictorial, as well as in Chambers's Book of Days, vol. i. p. 229.

190. Line 70: *the youngest wren of NINE*.—So Theobald. Ft. read *mine*. "The wren generally lays *nine* or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood" (Steevens).

191. Line 72: *If you desire the SPLEEN, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me*.—See note 174 to Love's Labour's Lost. Aldis Wright (Clarendon Press ed. p. 140) quotes Holland's Pliny, xi. 37 (vol. i. p. 346d): "For sure it is, that intemperate laughers have alwaies great *Splenes*."

192. Line 81: *that keeps a school i' the church*.—This appears to have been no very unusual custom. The Clarendon Press editor (p. 141) refers to Fosbroke, Encyclopædia of Antiquities (ed. 1825), pp. 396 and 452. It is there mentioned that in 1447 several clergymen in London

petitioned Parliament for leave to open school in their parish churches. Halliwell states that the grammar-school at Stratford was kept in the adjacent chapel of the Guild, at intervals, during the time of Shakespeare.

193. Lines 84, 85: *he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map* — Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 465: "That smiles his cheek in years," and see note 197 to that play. I have come across a curious parallel passage, or confirmation of Shakespeare's observation, in Stendhal, La Chartreuse de Parme (ed. Michel Lévy, 1869, pp. 103, 104): "La marquise Balbi, jeune femme de vingt-cinq ans . . . vue de près, sa peau était parsemée d'un nombre infini de petits rides fines, qui faisaient de la marquise comme une jeune vieille . . . Elle prétendait à une finesse sans bornes, et toujours souriait avec malice . . . Le comte Mosca disait que c'étaient ces sourires continus, tandis qu'elle baillait intérieurement, qui lui donnaient tant de rides."

194. Line 85: *the new map with the augmentation of the Indies*.—"The editors have generally followed Steevens in seeing here an allusion to a map engraved for Linschoten's Voyages, an English translation of which was published in 1698. Knight has a cut (not perfectly accurate in its details) showing the multilineal character of the map. But, as Mr. (C. H.) Coote has proved [in a paper read before the New Shakspeare Society, June 14, 1873], this map was not a *new* one, but 'a feebly reduced copy of an old one, the latest geographical information to be found on it when T. N. appeared being at least thirty years old,' and 'it showed no portion of the great Indian peninsula.' The true *new map* was pretty certainly one which Hallam in his Literature of Europe calls 'the best map of the 16th century,' and which he says is 'found in a few copies of the first edition of Hakluyt's Voyages.' This edition, however, was published in 1599, while the map records discoveries made at least seven years later. 'The truth,' as Mr. Coote remarks, 'seems to be that it was a separate map well known at the time, made in all probability for the convenience of the purchasers of either one or the other of the two editions of Hakluyt' [the 2nd was published in 1598-1600]. The author of the map was probably Mr. Emmerie Mollineux of Lambeth, who was also the first Englishman to make a terrestrial globe.

"The augmentation of the Indies on this map consists in 'a marked development of the geography of India proper, then known as the land of the Mogores or Mogol, the island of Ceylon, and the two peninsulas of Cochinchina and the Corea.' . . . It may be added that this map has *more lines* than the one in Linschoten's Voyages, there being sixteen sets of rhumb-lines on the former to twelve in the latter" (Rolfe).

### ACT III. SCENE 3.

195. Line 15: *And thanks: and, ever oft, good turns*.—F. 1 reads, and thanks: and ever oft good turns. Theobald's emendation is followed by some edd.: *and thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns*. The reading in the text is that of the Old-Spelling Shakespeare, and the explanation given in the foot-note is due to Furni-



vall and Stone. The Camb. edd. treat the line as hopelessly corrupt and print *and thanks; and ever . . . oft good turns*.

196. Line 17: *worth*.—For *worth* in the sense of wealth or fortune, see *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 6. 32:

They are but beggars that can count their *worth*, &c

M. Mason quotes Ben Jonson, *Cynthia's Revels*, iii. 2:

Such as the satirist paints truly torth,  
That only to his crimes owes all his *worth*

—Works, vol. ii. p. 283

197. Line 26: *the count his galleys*.—This was frequently the form of the genitive in Shakespeare's time, owing to a mistaken notion that the "s" of the genitive was merely a contraction of the possessive pronoun *his*. Malone, however, thinks the right reading may have been *the county's* [=count's] *galleys*. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 191.

198. Line 36: *lapsed*.—Schmidt explains as "surprised, taken in the action," and refers to a passage in *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 107, of doubtful interpretation. *Straying* has also been suggested by Clarke, and *transgressing* by Singer.

199. Lines 47, 48:

*I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for  
An hour.*

F. 1 reads:

I'll be your purse bearer, and leave you  
For an hour

Most editors print as in text; the Cambridge edd. follow the F. precisely; some print as prose.

#### ACT III. SCENE 4.

200. Line 1. *he says he'll come*.—This is of course hypothetical: "suppose him to say . . ."

201. Line 2: *what bestow of him?*—Compare *All's Well*, iii. 5. 103:

I will bestow some precepts of [I . . .] this virgin

202. Line 5: *Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil*.—*Sad* means here grave, serious; there is a play upon the two meanings of *sad* in the sense of grave is found in *Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra*, part ii. 1. 9 (stage-direction after line 30): "During the first parte of the song, the King fainteth to talke *sadie* with some of his Counsell."

203. Lines 24, 25: *it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."* A ballad of this name was entered on the Stationers' Registers in January 1591-92. It is entitled "A prettie new ballad, intituled: The Crowe sits vpon the wall, Please one and please all. To the tune of, Please one and please all." The initials at the end, "R. T.," are perhaps those of Richard Tarleton, the actor. The ballad is printed in Staunton's edition of Shakespeare. *Sonnet*, in Shakespeare's time, was often used loosely for a short song or poem. Compare the second title of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, "*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musicke*"—not one *sonnet*, in the proper sense of the word, being contained in that part of the book. Cotgrave gives: "*Sonnet: m. A sonnet, a canzone, a song (most commonly) of 14 verses*"

204. Line 28.—Ff. have *Mal. for Oli*.

205. Line 46: *Ha!*—So Ff. Most editors change the note of interrogation into a note of exclamation; but the word is probably, as the Old-Spelling edd. suggest—"eh?"

206. Line 59: *Am I MAD?*—Some, who believe *Manningham's* hasty and preposterous conjecture that *Olivia* was a widow, would read *maid*. Clarke explains the sentence as an expression of surprise on the part of the wealthy *Olivia* that she should be supposed to have a chance of making her fortune, of becoming a *made woman*. Compare *Winter's Tale*, iii. 3. 124: "You're a *made* old man."

207. Line 61: *midsummer madness*—Steevens cites from *Ray's Proverbs*: "'Tis *midsummer's* moon with you," i.e. you are mad; and Halliwell refers to *Poor Richard's Almanack*: "Some people about *midsummer moon* are affected in their brain."

208. Lines 67-70.—"Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to" refers to *Malvolio*; the latter part of the speech to *Viola*. "I would not have *him* miscarry" is explained by the Old-Spelling edd. "*him* (*Viola*) *miscarry*, &c. through *Toby's* violence." *Malvolio* understands it all as applying to him, and is mightily gratified.

209. Line 78: *tang with*.—F. 1 has *langer with*. Some editors omit *with* in order to make the phrase precisely uniform with the first version of it; but these little variations are very natural.

210. Line 82: *but it is JOVE'S doing, and JOVE make me thankful*. Here, and in one or two other places, it is probable that Shakespeare wrote *God's* and *God*, and that in printing it was changed on account of the act of James I. against the stage use of the name of God. Halliwell reads *God's* and *God* in his edition.

211. Line 86: *no dram of a scruple*.—Compare a similar pun in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 146: "but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some *dram of a scruple*, or indeed a scruple itself."

212. Line 114: *Carry his water to the wise woman*.—Compare II. Henry IV. i. 2. 2, and *Macbeth*, v. 3. 51. See note 61 to the former play. Douce says, speaking of the present passage: "Here may be a direct allusion to one of the two old ladies of this description mentioned in the following passage from Heywood's play of *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, ii. 1: "You have heard of *Mother Nottingham*, who in her time, was prettily well skill'd in casting of Waters; and after her, *Mother Bombye*" (*Works*, vol. v. p. 292).

213. Line 128: *Ay, BIDDY, come with me*.—Malone says that "Come, *Bid*, come, are words of endearment used by children to chickens." In Cornwall, and perhaps in other parts of the country, children will speak of or to a chicken as *ticky-biddy*.

214. Line 129: *to play at CHERRY-PIT*.—This was a game in which cherry-stones were pitched into a small hole. Steevens cites *Day, Isle of Gulls*, 1606: "If she were here, I would have a bout at *chynut* or *cherry-pit*."

215. Line 130: *collier*.—The devil was called so for his

traditional attribute of blackness: "Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier" ( proverb cited by Johnson). *Collier* was a frequent and most obnoxious term of reproach in Shakespeare's time. See *Romeo and Juliet*, note 4.

216. Line 154: *a finder of madmen*.—"Finders of madmen must have been those who acted under the writ 'De lunatico inquirendo;' in virtue whereof they found the *mad-mad* (Ritson).

217. Line 156: *More matter for a MAY MORNING*.—This is an allusion to the festive celebration of *May-day*, when it was customary to have the morris-dance, comic interludes, &c. The Clarendon Press editor quotes from Stow's *Survey of London*, 1603, p. 9: "I find also that in the month of May, the Citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every Parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their severall mayings, and did fetch in Maypoles, with diuerse warlike shewes, with good Archers, Morrice dauncers and other deuices for pastime all the day long, and towards the Euening they had stage playes, and Bonifiers in the streetes." "Merry England" is getting too sober for that sort of thing now; but at least the children do not forget to keep up *May-day*. In Shakespeare's county it is customary for them to go round in the morning, carrying sticks wreathed and crowned with flowers, and singing a song or hymn about "the merry month of May" at all the doors where pennies are likely to be forthcoming. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 29.

218. Line 168: *A good note, that; keeps you, &c*.—This is the reading of the Old-Spelling Shakespeare. There is no special authority for the punctuation, but it seems to me vigorous, and I have adopted it. The customary reading is *A good note that keeps you*. Ff. have simply a comma after note.

219. Line 185: *He may have mercy upon MINE*.—Johnson would read *thine*, but as Mason remarks: "The present reading is more humorous than that suggested by Johnson. The man on whose soul he hopes that God will have mercy, is the one that he supposes will fall in the combat: but Sir Andrew hopes to escape unhurt, and to have no present occasion for that blessing." Compare Henry V. ii. 3. 20-23: "Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet."

220. Lines 215, 216: *they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices*.—See II. Henry VI. note 185.

221. Line 222: *And LAID mine honour too unchary ON 'T*.—So Ff. Theobald's emendation of *out* is very frequently adopted by modern edd. Schmidt takes *laid* in the sense of *staked*. Compare Hamlet, v. 2. 174: "he hath *laid* on twelve for nine."

222. Line 227: *GOES on my master's GRIEF*.—This is Rowe's emendation. Ff. have *greafes*. Some editors read "Go on my master's *griefs*."

223. Line 244: *DISMOUNT thy TUCK*.—Cotgrave has "Verdun, m. *The little Rapier, called a Tucke*." Boyer (French Dictionary) gives "Tuck, *subst. (or Rapier) Estoc*,

*longue Epee*." It is from *estoc* that the word came into English. The Clarendon Press editor very aptly remarks: "The hangers or straps by which the rapier was attached to the sword belt are called in the affected language of Oaric the 'carriages' (Hamlet, v. 2. 158, &c.), and Sir Toby's 'dismount' is in keeping with this phraseology" (p. 149).

224. Line 257: *dubb'd with UNHATCH'D rapier*.—Some editors (after Pope) read *unhacked*. In either case the sense is the same, and, as Singer remarks, we have still the word *hatch* in the technical term *cross hatching* used of engravings. Mr. P. A. Daniel has four illustrations of the word *unhatched* in his Notes and Conjectural Emendations of certain Doubtful Passages in Shakespeare's Plays, 1870. One of these illustrations is quite pat:

Unharden'd with relentless thoughts, *unhatch'd*  
With blood and bloody practice

—Fletcher, Knight of Malta, iv. 5

Another illustration (from Fletcher's Tragedy of Valentinian, II. 3) refers to "swords, *hatch'd* with the blood of many nations"

225. Line 258: *on carpet consideration = a carpet-knight*. There is a long quotation in the Variorum Ed. (vol. xi. pp. 458, 459) concerning carpet-knights from Francis Markham's *Booke of Honour*, 1625. "*Carpet knights*" are explained as being "men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of peace by the imposition or laying on of the king's sword." The word came to have a sense worse than that of mere idleness and absence from active service. Cotgrave gives "Mignon de couchette: *A Carpet-Knight, one that ever loves to be in womens chambers*." Compare the expression *carpet-mongers*, in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 31, and see note 374 thereon.

226. Line 262: *HOB NOB is his word*.—This is said to be a corruption of *hab or nab*, have or have not, hit or miss. Malone cites Hollinshed's History of Ireland: "The Citizens in their rage . . . shot *habbe or nabbe* at randon." Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "Hab-nab, *temere, sine consilio*," and Cotgrave renders "Conjecturalement. Conjecturally, by ghesse, or conecture, habnab, *hittie-missie*."

227. Line 268: *quirk*.—Compare All's Well, iii. 2. 51:

I've felt so many *quirks* of joy and grief;

and Pericles, iv. 6. 8: "she has me her *quirks*, her reasons."

228. Line 275: *MEDDLE you must*.—Malone compares the common phrase, "I'll not make nor *meddle* with it." Schmidt explains *meddle* as "have to do."

229. Line 298: *I am one that had rather go with SIR priest than ar knight*.—Sir (the English equivalent of the Latin *dominus*) was a title customarily given to the clergy as well as to those of the rank of knights. Compare "Sir Topas the curate," iv. 2. 2 below. See Richard III. note 345.

230. Line 300: *Re-enter Sir Toby*.—Dyce begins a new scene (5) with this entry. I give his remarks, acknowledging their justice, but not making any change in the text because of the practical inconvenience of doing so. "Higher up in the same page, Sir Toby, before going out,

has desired Fabian to 'stay by this gentleman' (Viola) till his return from talking with Sir Andrew; a little while after, Fabian says to Viola, 'Will you walk towards him' (Sir Andrew)? and accordingly makes his exit with her. Sir Toby now enters accompanied by Sir Andrew; and though the F. does not mark a new scene, it is certain that, previous to the entrance of the two knights, the audience of Shakespeare's days (who had no painted movable scenery before their eyes) were to suppose a change of scene. Presently Antonio enters, draws his sword in defence of Viola (whom he mistakes for Sebastian), and is arrested by the Officers: and from the speech of the First Officer in v. 1. 67, 68, we learn distinctly where his arrest took place:

Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,  
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Sir Andrew, then, was waiting for the pretended page 'at the corner of the orchard' (iii. 4. 194), 'at the orchard-end' (iii. 4. 244), that is, in the street at the extremity of Olivia's orchard or garden; there Sir Toby had joined him, and thither Fabian and Viola walk.

[In the acting-edition of this play, as prepared for the Lyceum Theatre, scene 4 of act iv commences here, the place being *The Orchard End*. There can be no doubt that a change of scene is necessary here.—F. A. M.]

231. Line 302: *frago*.—A corruption of *virago*; "the expression," says Schmidt, "is used at random by Sir Toby to frighten Sir Andrew, who 'has not bestowed his time in the tongues'"

232. Line 303: *stuck*.—*Stuck* or *stock* is the same thing as *stoccado* or *stoccata*, a thrust in fencing. Compare Hamlet, iv. 7. 102: "your venom'd *stuck*;" Marston, Antonio's Revenge, 1602: "I would pass on him with a mortal *stock*."

233. Line 322: *He is as* HORRIBLY CONCEITED *of him*.—"That is, he has as horrid an idea or conception of him" (Malone). *To conceit* is used three times in Shakespeare in the sense, "to form an idea" (Julius Cæsar, i. 3. 162; iii. 1. 192; Othello, iii. 3. 149)

234. Line 326: *for's OATH SAKE*.—Compare "for conscience sake." The change made, after Capell, by some modern edd. (*oath's sake*), is quite needless.

235. Line 349: *undertaker*.—The Old-Spelling edd. cite Cotgrave: "Entrepreneur. An . . . *undertaker*; also a Broker, Pettifogger or intermedier in other mens controversies."

236. Line 380: *Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness*.—Ff have *Then lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness*. Editors are almost equally divided as to whether this line should be read as in the text or connecting *lying vainness* and *babbling drunkenness*.

237. Line 404: *empty trunks o'erflowish'd*.—An allusion to the ornamental chests, richly decorated with carving and scroll work, which in Shakespeare's time were part of the furniture of handsome houses.

238. Line 412: *complet*.—This word, meaning "cattle" is used by Shakespeare only here and in Hamlet, v. i. 800, 810:

patient as the female dove,  
When that her golden *complets* are disclosed.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

[In the acting-edition this scene forms part of the preceding one.—F. A. M.]

239. Lines 14, 15: *I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney*.—"That is, affectation and foppery will overspread the world" (Johnson). Douce would read, "this great lubberly word" (i.e. *vent*), and various far-fetched explanations have been put forward by ingenious persons who are not content with a straightforward meaning. Shakespeare has used the word *cockney* again in Lear, ii. 4. 123, 124: "Cry to it, nuncle, as the *cockney* did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive."

240. Line 19: *foolish Greek*.—*Merry Greek* was a sort of slang term for a jolly companion. *Mathew Merrygreeke* is the name of one of the characters in Roister Doister. Coles has "*Pergreco*, ari., to revel, to play the merry Greek, or boon companion." Compare Trolius and Cressida, i. 2. 118: "Then she's a *merry Greek* indeed;" and iv. 4. 58:

A woeful Cressid 'mongst the *merry Greeks*!

241. Line 24: *after FOURTEEN years' purchase*; i.e. at a high rate, the current price in Shakespeare's time being twelve years' purchase.

242. Line 28: *Why, there's for thee, and there, and there!*—So Ff. Capell added, in order to make the line complete, a third *and there*. It does not seem certain, though it is probable enough, that Shakespeare left the line imperfect, as in Ff, so I have not altered the text.

243. Line 43: *you are well FLESH'D*.—Schmidt explains *flesh'd* as "made fierce and eager for combat (as a dog fed with flesh only)," and compares Henry V. iii. 3. 11: "the *flesh'd* soldier, &c. See Day, Ile of Gulls, ii. 2 (ed. Bullen, p. 33): "he expects your presence to see the *fleshing* of a couple of Spartane hounds in the wasting blood of the spent Deare."

244. Line 55: *RUDESBY, be gone!* This word is used again in Taming of the Shrew, iii. 2. 10: "a mad-brain *rudesby* full of spleen." Nares gives no example except these two Shakespearean ones.

245. Line 57: *extent*.—"I conjecture that, by a bold metaphor, Sir Toby is said to make an '*extent*' (the writ so called) upon Viola's peace; depriving her of it who is or in great measure. In Phillips's New World of Words, ed. Kersey, 1720, s.v. '*Extent*,' it is said that in 'Common Law an *Extent* signifies 1. a Writ or Commission to the Sheriff for the valuing of Lands or Tenements; 2. the Sheriff's Act upon that Writ; 3. the Estimate or Valuation of such Lands; which when done to the utmost Value, was said to be *to the full extent*.' Shakspeare was fond of legalities" (W. G. Stone).

246. Line 62: *BESHREW his soul for me*.—See note 187 to A Midsummer Night's Dream.

247. Line 64: *What relish is in this!*—"How does this taste? What judgment am I to make of it?" (Johnson).

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

248. Line 2: *SIR TOPAS the curate*.—See note 229 above. The name of *Sir Topas* is a little compliment to Chaucer; see Chaucer's tale of *Sir Thopas* in the *Canterbury Tales*.

249. Line 7: *I am not TALL enough to become the function well*.—The innocent word *tall* has been a stumbling-block to some editors, whose ideas of the clerical profession are not to be harmonized with *tall*. Farmer would read *fat*, and Tyrwhitt *pale*. Perhaps the Clown plays upon the double sense of the word *tall*, which is commonly used as =bold, sturdy.

250. Line 8: *student*.—*St.* print *student*, as in *Merry Wives*, iii. 1. 38. The Clarendon Press editor thinks that perhaps the misspelling is intentional, common as it is to the Clown and to Justice Shallow.

251. Line 15: *the old hermit of Prague*.—Douce says that by this is meant, "not the celebrated heresiarch, Jerome of Prague, but another of that name, born likewise at Prague, and called the *hermit of Camaldoli* in Tuscany."

252. Line 16: *King Gorboduc*.—An ancient British king, the hero of the first English tragedy, *Gorboduc*, or *Ferrex and Porrex*, written by Sackville and Norton, and represented in 1562.

253. Line 41: *barricadoes*.—*Barricado* was the unnaturalized form of this word in Shakespeare's time. It is used again in *Winters Tale*, i. 2. 204, and as a verb in *All's Well*, i. 1. 124. Cotgrave has "*Barriquade: f. A barricado; a defence of barrels, timber, pales, &c.*"

254. Line 41: *clear stories*.—*F* 1 has *cleere stores*, *F* 2 *cleare stones*. The reading in the text (Blakeway's conjecture in Boswell) is the most generally accepted, and seems to me far the best. *Clear-story* or *clerestory* is the name given to the windows above the arches of the nave of a Gothic church.

255. Lines 54, 55. *What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?*—Compare *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 131 and *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 187, and see note 285 to the former play.

256. Line 68: *I am F9R ALL WATERS*.—Malone interprets: "I can turn my hand to anything; I can assume any character I please; like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters." He quotes Nash's *Lenten Stuffe*, 1599, "Not a sloop of a rope halter they send forth to the Queene's ships, but hee is first broken to the Sea in the Herring manes Skiffe or Cockboate, where hauing learned to brooke all waters, and eate poor Iohn out of swuttle platters, there is no ho with him but once harmed thus, he will needes be a man of warre, or a Tobacco taker, and weare a siluer whistle."

257. Line 78: "*Hey, Robin*," &c.—This song is printed in *Percy's Reliques* (ed. 1794, vol. i. p. 194). It begins:

A Robyn

Jolly Robyn,

Tell me how thy leman doeth,

And thou shalt knowe of myn.

"My lady is unkind perdy."

Alack! why is she so?

"She loueth another better than me,  
And yet she will say no."

258. Line 92: *Alas, sir, how fell you BESIDES your FIVE wits?*—The *five wits*, we learn from Stephen Hawes' poem, the *Graunde Amoure*, ch. xlv. (cited by Malone), were: "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory."—*Besides* was often used as a preposition. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2. 78-81, where the phrase "*besides myself or thyself*" occurs three times.

259. Line 99: *They have here PROPRIETED me*.—Compare *King John*, v. 2. 79-82:

I am too high-born to be *proprietied*,

To be a secondary at control,

Or useful serving-man, and instrument,

To any sovereign state throughout the world."

260. Line 104: *endeavour thyself*.—Halliwell cites Latimer, *Sermons*: "The devil, with no less diligence, *endeavoureth himself* to let and stop our prayers;" and Hollinshed, *Chronicles*: "He *endeavored himself* to answer the expectation of his people, which hoped for great wealth to ensue by his noble and prudent governance."

261. Line 134: *Like to the old Vice*.—The *Vice* was the clown of the old moralities. "He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, a long coat, and a dagger of lath. One of his chief employments was to make sport with the devil, leaping on his back and belabouring him with his dagger till he made him roar. The devil, however, always carried him off in the end" (Singer). Compare *Henry V* iv. 4. 74-77: "Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil!" the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger." See note 305 to *Richard III*.

262. Line 141: *goodman devil*.—*F* 1 has *good man diuell*, *F* 2 *good man Diuell*, *F* 3 and *F* 4 *good man Devil*. Rowe suggested *goodman drivell*, and so many modern eds. read.

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

[In the acting-edition this scene is the first scene of act v.—*F* A. M.]

263. Line 6: *credit*.—According to some this means merely "current belief," according to others, "oral intelligence." Singer quotes from a letter of Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton among the *Conway Papers*: "This heror came from you with great spede. . . . We haue heard his *credit* & fynd your carefulness and diligence very great."

264. Line 12: *discourse*.—Singer quotes from Granville: "The act of the mind which connects propositions, and deduceth conclusions from them, the schools call *discourse*, and we shall not miscall it if we name it *reason*." Compare *Hamlet*, i. 2. 150: "a beast, that wants *discourse* of reason."

265. Lines 20, 21:

*there's something in't*

That is DECEIVABLE

*Deceivable* is again used in the sense of deceptive in *Richard II* ii. 3. 84, 85:

Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knees,  
Whose duty is *deceivable* and false

266. Line 24: *chantry*.—A private chapel endowed with revenues for priests to chant masses for the souls of their donors.

267. Line 26: *Plight me*, &c.—Douce has shown that this was not a marriage, but a betrothal, formerly known as *expousals*, a term which has come to be applied to the marriage ceremony.

268. Line 27: *jealous*.—This is spelt in F. 1 *iealous*. In Arden of Feversham the word is always a trisyllable, and in Q. 1 it is usually spelt "Jelious."

269. Line 28: *May live at peace. He shall conceal it*.—Hammer reads "henceforth live," to fill up the missing foot in the metre. The interpolation does not commend itself to my mind.

270. Line 29. *WHILES you are willing it shall come to note*.—*While* is used again in the sense of "until" in Macbeth, III. 1. 44. Schmidt compares Euphuus Golden Legacy (ed. Collier), p. 47: "and stood there while the next morning;" p. 89: "to pass away the night while bedtime."

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

271. Line 23: *conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives*.—Farmer cites Lust's Dominion, l. 1:

Queen Come, let's kiss

Moor Away, away

Queen No, no, says, ay and twice away, says stay

—Hazlitt & Doddsley vol. xiv p. 98

272. Line 30: *grace*.—Compare Rape of Lucrece, 712: "Desire doth fight with Grace" (i.e. virtue).

273. Line 30: *PRIMO, SECUNDO, TERTIO, is a good play*.—See Scot, Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 198: "I omit to speake any thing of the lots comprised in verses, concerning the lucke ensuing, either of *Vergil*, *Homer*, or any other, wherein fortune is gathered by the sudden turning unto them: because it is a childish and ridiculous toie, and like unto children's playe at *Primus secundus*, or the game called The philosopher's table." On this Dr Nicholson remarks (p. 549 of his reprint) "This goes far to show—proves, I think—that the Clown's '*Primo, secundo, tertio*' is a good play" (Twelfth Night, v. 1), a passage on which no commentator known to me has touched, thinking it merely a jocular remark, is, in fact, taken from a well-known play or game. What the game was is unknown to me, but children still use various numerals, provincial or otherwise, mingled with rhyme, to settle anything, as, for instance, who shall hide in the game of hide and seek."

274. Line 43: *the bells of SAINT BENNET*.—This church, according to Halliwell, was *St Bennet's*, Paul's Wharf, London, destroyed in the great fire of 1666.

275. Line 46: *at this throw*.—The allusion is, of course, to a throw at dice. Some, however, would take *throw* to be from Anglo-Saxon *thrað*, *thraq*, "a half space of time," "a truce." Compare Chaucer, The Man of Lawes Tale, 5373:

Now let us sturte of custunce but a throw

276. Lines 57, 58:

A RAWBLING vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk UNPRIZABLE

*Rawbling* is used here for insignificant, as *bonable* in Trolius and Cressida, I. 3. 34-37:

the sea being smooth,  
How many shallow *bonable* boats dreare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making the way  
With those of nobler bulk!

*Unprizable* is used for invaluable, not, as some have taken it, "what is without value." Boyer (French Dictionary) has "Unprisable, *Adj* (or unvaluable) *inestimable*, *fr'on ne peut assez estimer*; "Coles renders the word by *inestimabilis*, and Cotgrave gives "Impreciable . . . *unprisable*, *unvaluable* [i.e. invaluable]."

277. Line 68. *In private BRABBLE did we apprehend him*.—Compare Titus Andronicus, II. 1. 42:

This petty *brabble* will undo us all

The word occurs four times in Merry Wives as *prabbles*, the Welsh mispronunciation of Evans and Fluellen. Boyer (French Dictionary) has "Brabble, *S. Dispute, querelle, Debat, Chamaillus*."

278. Line 74: *dear*.—Heart-felt, touching the heart, used of disagreeable as well as agreeable affections (Schmidt). Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 87:

Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,

and see note 223 on that passage, and Richard II. note 78.

279. Line 82: *wreck*.—FI., here as always, spell *wracke*

280. Lines 85-87:

for his sake  
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,  
INTO the danger of this adverse town.

Compare Henry V. i. 2. 102.

Look back into your mighty ancestors,

and All's Well, i. 3. 250, 260:

I'll stay at home,  
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt

281. Line 97 *three months*.—Compare i. 4. 3: "he hath known you but *three days*." Shakespeare seems to have overlooked the contradiction: the *three days* were necessary for stage purposes, the *three months* would be nearer the probabilities of things.

282. Line 117: *My soul the faithfulst offerings HATH breath'd out*. *Hath* is Capell's emendation; FI. print *have*, which may have been written by Shakespeare. Similar instances are not uncommon of a plural verb being used by attraction from a substantive in the plural immediately before it.

283. Line 121 *Like to the Egyptian thief at point of*.—FI. print "pointed out that Shakespeare here refers to the story of Theagenes and Chariclea in the Ethiopica of Heliodorus. The hero and heroine were carried off by Thyamis, an Egyptian pirate, who fell in love with Chariclea, and being pursued by his enemies, shut her up in a cage with his treasure. When escape seemed impossible, he was determined that she should not survive him, and going to the cave, thrust her through, as he thought, with his sword. 'If y<sup>e</sup> barbarous people,' says the Greek novelist, 'be once in despair of their owne safetie, they haue a custome to kill all these by whome they set much, and whose companie they desire after death (fol. 20, ed. 1587). There was an English

translation of Heliodorus by Thomas Underdowne, which was licensed to Francis Coldocke in 1588-9, and of which a copy, without date, is in the Bodleian Library. Another edition appeared in 1587, and Shakespeare may very well have read it, as it was a popular book" (Clarendon Press ed. p. 104).

284. *Since 129: tender dearly.*—Schmidt explains the verb *tender*, as "to regard or treat with kindness: to like; to hold dear; to take care of." Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 132: "so much we tender him."

285. Lines 149, 150:

*Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear*

*That makes thee STRANGE THY PROPRIETY.*

*Strange thy propriety* is a somewhat forced expression for "disown what thou really art." Compare Henry VIII. v. 1. 157, 158:

He has *strangled*

His language in his tears.

And for *propriety*, in the sense here used, compare Othello, ii. 3. 175, 176:

Silent that dreadful bell, it frights the tale  
From her *propriety*

286. Line 159: *A contract of eternal bond of love.*—So Ff. and most editors. Dyce (following a conjecture of Malone) reads *and*.

287. Line 160: *Confirm'd by mutual JOINER of your hands*—*Joinder* occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare, but *rejoindre* is used in Trolius and Cressida, iv. 4. 37, 38:

rudely beguiles our lips  
(Of all *rejoindre*)

288. Line 162: *Interchangement of your rings.*—Douce (Illustrations of Shakespeare, 1839, pp. 67-72) held that the ceremony which the priest describes was a betrothal, not a marriage (compare what Olivia says in iv. 3. 29-31). In the note which Douce has written on this subject he does not quote any real authority for the interchange of rings between the parties. He says (pp. 67, 68): "The form of betrothing at church in this country has not been handed down to us in any of its ancient ecclesiastical service books; but it is to be remembered that Shakespeare is here making use of foreign materials, and the ceremony is preserved in a few of the French and Italian rituals."—[Douce's long note on this passage is, in the main, correct; but a great deal of confusion appears to exist in the minds of many persons as to the exact nature of the Betrothal, or Espousal, as it is called in the Catholic Church, and of the relations which it bears to the ceremony of marriage. As has been stated in Much Ado, note 259, many of the ceremonies observed in the Service of Matrimony, as it now exists in the Roman Catholic Church, belonged originally to the Betrothal; and what Douce does not clearly state in his note is that the Church of Rome has always, from the earliest times, held the Betrothal or Espousal of two persons to be as binding as marriage itself. Such a solemn contract, as that described in the text, entered into between two adults, whether in the presence of a priest or not, and whether confirmed by the interchange of rings or not, would be held binding—provided there were no impediment to the marriage of the two persons—till such an

engagement had been dissolved by mutual consent. Co-habitation could not lawfully take place without the sacrament of Matrimony; but neither would he free to contract any other marriage as long as such Betrothal or Espousal remained in force. There is at present, as far as I can find out, no extant ritual in the Church of Rome for the ceremony of Espousal. In the Greek Church the ceremony of Espousal always precedes that of marriage, and in this ceremony "two rings, one of gold and another of silver, are placed on the altar and given by the priest to bridegroom and bride respectively" (Addis and Arnold's Catholic Dictionary, *sub voce* Marriage). The giving of "the ring, or *annulus pronubus*, was used to plight troth before Christian time by the Romans" (*ut supra*). The joining of hands accompanied by a kiss is alluded to by Tertullian (De Virg. Veland. 11). Another ceremony, not mentioned here, but still observed in the Order of Matrimony in the Church of Rome, is the giving to the bride by the bridegroom of a gold and a silver coin; and this ceremony, curiously enough, is also of ante-Christian origin; it having existed among the Franks as well as among the Jews. The ceremony of placing the ring on the fourth finger of the left hand of the bride is retained in the order of Matrimony both by the Church of Rome and by the Church of England F A M.]

289. Line 168: *When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy CASE.*—Malone cites Cary, Present State of England, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight, named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies? He answered, as I like my silver-haired combs at home: the cases are far better than the bodies." The Clarendon Press editor (p. 160) quotes Chapman, Bussy d'Ambois: "And why not? as well as the Asse, stalking in the Lion's case, bore himself like a Lion, braying all the huger beasts out of the Forrest?" (Works, ii. 19).

290. Line 176. *Send one.*—So F. 1; F. 3 and one. Dyce combines both readings, and prints *and send one*.

291. Line 198. *othergates; i.e. otherwise.* The word is still used, provincially, in the North. Nares quotes Hudibras, part I. canto iii. line 42:

When Hudibras, about to enter  
Upon an *othergates* adventure.

In Walker's Dictionary (ed. 1837) the word is given, but marked "obsolete."

292. Line 206: *a panny measures* PAVIN.—F. 1 *panyn*, F. 2 *pavin*. Halliwell says that the *panny measures pavin* is described in an early MS. list of dances [printed in the Old Shakespeare Soc.'s Papers, vol. i. p. 24] as "The passing measure *Pavyon*, 2 singles & a double forward, & 2 singles syde. Reprynce back." *Panny measure* is a corruption of the Italian *passamezzo* ("a *passa-measure* in dancing, a cinque pace," Florio, 1598); "a slow dance, differing little from the action of walking" (Sir John Hawkins). Sir John derives *pavin* (or *pavan*) from *pavo*, a peacock; it was a grave Spanish dance, many allusions to which (*e.g.* "a doleful *pavin*," Davenant) are given in the Variorum Ed. There is a curious allusion to the dance and its Spanish origin in Dekker's Old Fortunatus, iii. 1, where the Spanish lord Insultado says, "Oyerer la a pavan española; sea vuestra musica y gravedad, y na-

jested"—i.e. "You shall hear the Spanish pavan; let your music be grave and majestic." After Insultado has danced, Agrippyne says: "The Spaniard's dance is as his deeds are, full of pride." The meaning of the phrase in the text is, according to Malone, "that the surgeon is a rogue, and a grave solemn coxcomb." A metaphor derived from dances comes very characteristically from Sir Toby.

293. Line 212: *Will you help?* &c.—Ff. have *Will you helpe an Asse-head, and a coxcombe, & a knave: a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?* The pointing in the text is Malone's, which is generally accepted. Stevens follows the reading of the F., understanding these reproaches to be addressed to Sir Andrew.

294. Line 224: *perspective*.—"A glass cut in such a manner as to produce an optical delusion" (Schmidt). Compare Richard II. ii. 2. 13-20 (and see note 150 on the passage):

*Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon  
Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry  
Distinguish form.*

Tollet quotes from Humane Industry, 1661, pp. 66, 67: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, men make one picture to represent several faces—that being viewed from one place or standing, did show the head of a Spaniard, and from another, the head of an ass. . . . A picture of a chancellor of France presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces; but if one did look on it through a *perspective*, there appeared only the single portraiture of the chancellor himself."

295. Lines 258-260:

*Does not embrace me till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and JUMP  
That I am Viola.*

Compare Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 195:

*Both our inventions meet and jump in one.*

*Jump* is sometimes used joined to *with* (as in Merchant of Venice, ii. 9. 32), and sometimes as an adverb (as in Hamlet, i. 1. 65), meaning always "to agree precisely with, to be just so and so." Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders "To jump with" by *cum altero sentire*.

296. Line 262: *Where lie my MAIDEN WEEDS*.—Theobald changed *maiden* to *maid's*, and preserved in the next line to *preferred*. Both readings are followed by Dyce. For *weeds* in the sense of garments, compare Lucretius, 196: "love's modest snow-white weed." Milton in his translation of the fifth ode of the first book of Horace renders *vidua vestimenta*, "dank and dropping weeds."

297. Line 267: *But nature to her bias drew in that*.—A metaphor taken from the game of bowls. Compare Taming of Shrew, iv. 5. 24, 25:

*thus the bowl should run,  
And not unluckily against the bias.*

298. Line 272: *the glass*.—*The glass* perhaps refers to the *perspective*, line 224 above.

299. Line 288: *extracting*.—So F. 1; F. 2 *exacting*. Schmidt explains *extracting* as "drawing other thoughts from my mind." The metaphor in the word is very forcible, and there is no reason in the world why it should

be toned down to the F. 2 *exacting*, or Hammer's *distracting*.

300. Line 290: *Re-enter Clown, &c.*—This entry occurs in Ff. and most editors after line 287. The Old-Spelling edd. make the transposition which I follow in the text. It seems to me very desirable.

301. Line 292: *at the slave's end*.—Halliwell quotes Withals, Dictionary: "To hold off, keepe aloofe, as they say, *at the slaves end*."

302. Line 308: *therefore PERPEND, my princess, and give ear*.—See note to Hamlet, vi. 2. 105.

303. Line 313: *your drunken COUSIN*.—*Cousin* was used for any kinsman (see Richard III. note 242); Rowe's emendation of *uncle* is therefore unnecessary as well as unjustified.

304. Line 326: *the alliance ON 'T*.—Dyce reads *on 's*, and Heath conjectured *an't so please you*. But compare II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 270: "grow till you come unto it."

305. Line 351: *geek*.—Used by Shakespeare only in one other passage, viz. in Cymbeline, v. 4. 61, 28:

*And to become the geek and scorn  
O' th' other's villany.*

306. Line 370: *against*.—So Ff. I am tempted to adopt Tyrwhitt's conjecture *in*, which would simplify both metre and sense. But there is a meaning in *against*. Mr. Stone writes: "The emendation '*in*' gives a much clearer sense, and '*against*' may have been, as you suggest, caught from line 368. The metre does not seem to me to be affected by the reading '*against*.' If this reading is to stand, we must suppose an ellipsis of 'to be' before '*against*;' and may compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 297, 298: 'I will chide no breather in the world but myself, *against* whom I know most faults'."

307. Lines 370-372:

*Maria writ*

*The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;  
In recompense whereof he hath married her.*

*Importance*, meaning "importunity," is used again in King John, ii. 1. 7:

*At our importance hither he is come.*

Daniel seems to have found it singular that Fabian should here say that Maria writ "the letter at" Sir Toby's "great importance," when it originated entirely with her. But he evidently says it to shield her. Sir Toby, Olivia's kinsman, could bear the blame of the mischief better than a mere serving-maid, who might get her dismissed for it. Not that this would have mattered if it is true that Sir Toby married her. But is this true, or is it another of Fabian's fables? Daniel, in his "time-analysis" of the play, asks: "When could Sir Toby have found time for the marriage ceremony on this morning, which has been so fully occupied by the plots on Malvolio and Sir Andrew Aguecheek? It could not have been since he last left the stage, for he was then drunk and wounded, and sent off to bed to have his hurts looked to." Were it not for Sir Toby's remark in ii. 5. 200, "I could marry this wench for this device," I should quite suppose the marriage to have been a mere fiction; nor is it very

strongly confirmed by even this line, which may seem to point to it. If Sir Toby really is supposed to marry Maria, & fancy the hasty marriage must have been thrown in to end the play merrily and in good humour, without much thought of its likelihood or much care in providing for its possibility. (Neither Sir Toby nor Maria are on the stage in this last scene (at least not after line 214). It may be noted that no *Exit* is marked for the Friar or Priest, if he were to go off with Sir Toby and Fabian after line 214, we might suppose a hasty stage marriage to take place in the interval before Fabian's re-entrance at line 335 — F. A. M. L.

306 Line 374 *pluck on* — Compare Richard III iv 2 63 "sin will pluck on sin".

309 Line 377 *poor fool* The term is often used by Shakespeare as a term of endearment and pity. Compare Much Ado, ii 1 326, "Yea, my lord, I thank it (my heart), *poor fool*, it keeps on the windy side of care. As You Like It, i 1 22 "the *poor* dappled *fools*," and, most prominently of all, Lear's allusion to Cordelia (Lear, v 3 305) "And my *poor fool* is hang'd."

310 Line 380 *thrown* Thobald reads *thrust*, and is followed by Dyce, who takes *thrown* to have been either an oversight of the author or a printer's error. Staunton very properly replied "We believe it to be neither one nor the other, but a purposed variation common to Shakespeare in cases of repetition, possibly from his

knowing, by professional experience, the difficulty of quoting with perfect accuracy."

311 Line 393 *Of our dear souls Meantime sweet sister* — Hamner reads, for the metre, in the *meantime* Walker indulges in the delightful supposition that Shakespeare may have written *sister in law* — by anticipation.

312 Line 398 *When that I was AND a little tiny boy* — AND is often used redundantly in old ballads. Compare the fragment of much the same song in Lear, iii 2 74-77.

He that has and a little tiny wit

With hey ho the wind and the rain —

Must make content with his fortunes fit

For the rain it raineth every day

The words and the music are given by Chappell, Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 225.

313 Lines 404, 410, 412 *knave and thieves and beds* and *heads* (the readings of FF) have been changed by many modern editors to *knave and thief bed and head*. I take them to have been intentional doggerel.

Very different opinions are held as to the merit of this song by way of epilogue. Knight holds it to be the most philosophical clown's song upon record and is of opinion that a treatise (of which he supplies the heads) might be written upon its wisdom. Staunton describes this "philosophical song as 'evidently one of those jigs with which it was the rude custom of the clown to gratify the groundlings upon the conclusion of a play. It is doubtless an old song altered.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TWELFTH NIGHT

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb. adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line
Accost	i	3	52	Breast*	ii	3	22	*Clear stories	iv	2	41	(Cubiculo) <sup>11</sup>	iii	2	55
Affectioned	ii	3	159	Bristle* (sub.)	i	5	3	(Lodpole)	iii	4	209	Curly (verb. intr.)	i	3	106
Affirmatives	v	2	25	Brock	ii	5	114	Cloistress	i	1	28	Dam'd coloured	i	3	146
Alphabetical	ii	5	130	Bum barley	iii	4	194	Cloyment	ii	4	102	Decay <sup>12</sup> (verb. tr.)	i	5	82
Alter <sup>1</sup>	ii	5	171	*Buttery bar	i	3	74	Codling	i	5	167	Dedication <sup>13</sup>	v	1	85
Augmentation	iii	2	85	'Can (sub.)	ii	3	7	Coffin <sup>14</sup>	iii	4	381	Denay (sub.)	ii	4	127
Back trick	i	3	131	*Cannon bullets	i	5	101	Comptible	i	5	187	Determinate <sup>15</sup> (adj.)	ii	1	11
Barful	i	4	41	Cantons	i	5	289	Consanguineous	ii	3	82	Dexteriously	i	5	67
Bawbling	v	1	57	Caper* (sub.)	i	3	129	Constant*	iv	2	58	Dissemble <sup>16</sup>	iv	2	5
*Bay windows	iv	2	40	Changeable <sup>7</sup>	ii	4	78	(Convents (verb.) <sup>10</sup>	v	1	301				
Biddy	iii	4	128	Chapter	i	5	242	Cowardship	iii	4	423				
Blank* (sub.)	ii	4	113	Cherry pit	iii	4	129	Cozlers	ii	3	97				
Bounteously	i	2	62	Clause	iii	1	165	*Cross gartered	181, 180, 220						
*Box-tree	ii	5	18						iii	4	56				
Branded	ii	5	54												
Breach <sup>8</sup>	ii	1	28												

<sup>1</sup> — in exchange

<sup>2</sup> — a blank sheet of paper

<sup>3</sup> — the breaking of waves, surf

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<sup>4</sup> — voice

<sup>5</sup> Venus and Adonis 625

<sup>6</sup> — a pickled caper, used in a punning sense, *caper* — a leap (in dancing) occurs in As You Like It, ii 4 58 and Pericles, iv 2 16

<sup>7</sup> — varying in colour used elsewhere in sense of *inconstant*

<sup>8</sup> Used figuratively for money

<sup>9</sup> the contents of a coffer

<sup>10</sup> — constant logical

<sup>11</sup> here — suits, or perhaps in

<sup>12</sup> vites — Used three times else-

<sup>13</sup> where — to summon

<sup>11</sup> Used by Sir Toby as — apart from really the relative of Latin *cubiculum* a bedroom

<sup>12</sup> Sonnet lxxv 8, and compare Cymb. i 5 56, where it means

<sup>13</sup> to destroy

<sup>14</sup> — devotedness Used absolutely here the word occurs in different senses Timon i 1 19, Winter's Tale, iv 4 577

<sup>15</sup> Sonnet lxxviii 4

<sup>16</sup> — to disguise Used by the

clown in this sense, it is used

transitively also (in a figurative

sense) several times



# WORDS PECULIAR TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line
Distractedly <sup>1</sup> ...	ii.	2	22	Impetico <sup>11</sup> ...	ii.	3	26	Othergates...	v.	1	198	Stable (adj.)...	iv.	3	19
Dormouse (adj.)...	iii.	2	21	Impetuosity...	iii.	4	214	Overfar...	ii.	1	29	Staniel...	ii.	5	126
*Double-dealing...	v.	1	32	Implacable...	iii.	4	260	*Over-swear...	v.	1	276	Stitches...	iii.	2	78
Draught <sup>2</sup> ...	v.	1	58	Improbable...	iii.	4	140					Stone-bow...	ii.	5	51
Endure <sup>3</sup> ...	ii.	3	53	Incardinate <sup>12</sup> ...	v.	1	185	*Parish-top...	i.	3	45	Straps...	i.	3	14
Enwraps...	iv.	3	3	Incensement...	iii.	4	259	Participate (verb)...	v.	1	245	Subtractors...	i.	3	37
Epistles...	ii.	3	169	Interceptor...	iii.	4	242	Passy (measures)...	v.	1	206	Supportance <sup>20</sup> ...	iii.	4	322
	v.	1	295	Interchangement...	v.	1	102	Peevishly...	ii.	2	14	Swags...	ii.	3	161
Equinoctial...	ii.	3	27	Inure <sup>13</sup> ...	ii.	5	169	Pepper (sub.)...	iii.	4	158	Sweetings...	v.	1	277
Expressure <sup>4</sup> ...	ii.	3	171	Inventoried...	i.	5	204	Perverseness...	v.	1	115	Syllolism...	i.	3	55
Extravagancy...	ii.	1	12	Joinder...	v.	1	160	*Pickle-herring...	i.	5	129				
Eye-offending...	i.	1	30	Knitters...	ii.	4	45	Pilchards...	iii.	1	39	Tang (verb)...	ii.	5	168
Fall <sup>5</sup> (sub.)...	i.	1	4					Pistol (verb)...	ii.	5	42	Taxation <sup>20</sup> ...	i.	5	225
Firago <sup>6</sup> ...	iii.	4	302	Labelled...	i.	5	205	*Point-devise <sup>22</sup> ...	ii.	5	176	Tegtril...	ii.	3	34
Fivefold...	i.	5	312	Legitimate <sup>14</sup> ...	iii.	2	15	Position <sup>23</sup> ...	ii.	5	130	*Thin-faced...	v.	1	283
Foamy...	v.	1	81	Lifelings...	v.	1	187	Presupposed...	v.	1	368	Thouest (verb)...	iii.	2	48
*Folly-fallen...	iii.	1	75	Lived <sup>15</sup> ...	i.	2	14	*Proper-false...	ii.	2	30	Thrifless <sup>21</sup> ...	ii.	2	40
Fond (verb)...	ii.	2	35	Love-broker...	iii.	2	39	*Purse-bearer...	iii.	3	47	Toss-pots...	v.	1	417
Foreknowledge...	i.	5	150	Love-thoughts...	i.	1	41	Quarreller...	i.	3	81	Tray-trip...	ii.	5	208
*Fortunate-unhappy...	ii.	5	172					Rank <sup>24</sup> (adj.)...	ii.	5	138	Trip (sub.)...	v.	1	170
Gagged...	i.	5	94	Mald <sup>16</sup> ...	v.	1	270	Reins (verb intr.)...	iii.	4	357	Triplex...	v.	1	41
	v.	1	384	Malignancy...	ii.	1	4	Renegado...	iii.	2	75	*Twanged...	iii.	4	198
Gaskins...	i.	5	27	Manakin...	iii.	2	56	Reverberate (adj.)...	i.	5	201	Twirl (adj.)...	v.	1	230
Giddy-paced...	ii.	4	6	Marble-breasted...	v.	1	127	Rubious...	i.	4	32				
Goose-pen...	iii.	2	52	Mellifluous...	ii.	3	54	Saucy <sup>25</sup> ...	iii.	4	159	Unauspicious...	v.	1	116
Gospels...	v.	1	295	Misdeceivous...	ii.	3	108	Scathful...	v.	1	59	Unchary...	iii.	4	222
*Grand-jurymen...	iii.	2	17	Mollification...	i.	5	213	Scoundrels...	i.	3	36	Uncourteous...	v.	1	369
Gratillity <sup>7</sup> ...	ii.	3	20	Murmur <sup>17</sup> ...	i.	2	32	Scout <sup>26</sup> (verb)...	iii.	4	193	Ungird...	iv.	1	16
Grizzle...	v.	1	108	Natural <sup>18</sup> ...	i.	3	30	Sea-cap...	iii.	4	364	Unhatched <sup>24</sup> ...	iii.	4	257
Grossness <sup>8</sup> ...	iii.	2	77	Natural <sup>19</sup> ...	ii.	3	89	Semblative...	i.	4	34	Unhospitable...	iii.	3	11
*Gull-catcher...	ii.	5	205	Nayword...	ii.	3	146	Shackles...	ii.	5	62	Unprizable <sup>22</sup> ...	v.	1	58
Gust <sup>9</sup> (sub.)...	i.	3	33	Negatives (sub)...	v.	1	24	Sheep-biter...	ii.	5	6	Unprofited...	i.	4	22
Halloo (verb tr.)...	i.	5	291	Nob <sup>20</sup> ...	iii.	4	202	Shrewishly...	i.	5	169	Unsound...	iii.	4	384
High-fantastical...	i.	1	15	Non-regardance...	v.	1	124	Simulation...	ii.	5	151				
Hob <sup>10</sup> ...	iii.	4	202	Notoriously...	iv.	2	94	Sink-a-pace <sup>27</sup> ...	i.	3	140	Viol-de-gamboys...	i.	3	27
				Nuncio...	i.	4	28	*Slight...	ii.	5	33	Vox...	v.	1	304
				O'erflourished...	iii.	4	404	*Slight...	iii.	2	14	Wainropes...	iii.	2	64
				Opal <sup>21</sup> ...	ii.	4	77	Sneak <sup>28</sup> ...	ii.	3	101	Wears <sup>24</sup> (intr.)...	ii.	4	31

1 Lover's Complaint, 28.

2 Of a ship.

3 = to last. Venus and Adonis,

597; Sonn. ciii. 6.

4 = accurate description; occurs in other senses twice; in Troilus, iii. 3. 204, and Merry Wives, v. 5. 71. 5 = a cadence.

6 Sir Toby's form of *strago*.

7 A coined word, used by the Clown.

8 Used figuratively = stupidity; used five times in other senses.

9 = taste, relish. Sonn. cxiv.

10 In the phrase *hob nob*. See note 208.

11 A word coined by the Clown. 12 Sir Andrew's blunder for *ignominate*.

13 Lucrece, 321.

14 = logical.

15 = floated.

16 Used of a man.

17 Figuratively = a rumour.

18 = idiotic.

19 Used adverbially.

20 In the phrase *hob nob*. See note 208.

21 Lover's Complaint, 215.

22 Used adverbially.

23 = place; used three times = assertion.

24 = strong-scented; and used figuratively in the same sense, Hamlet, iii. 3. 36.

25 = pungent; frequently used by Shakespeare in other senses.

26 = to keep a look out; = to sneer at. Tempest, iii. 2. 130.

27 This is merely the anglicized form of *cinq-pace*, which occurs twice in Much Ado.

28 In the exclamation *sneak up!* See note 108.

29 Used figuratively; occurs in its literal sense of "support" in Rich. II. iii. 4. 32.

30 = demand, claim. Used several times in its fiscal sense, and once = censure, As You Like It, i. 2. 91.

31 = unprofitable. Sonn. ii. 8.

32 = not blunted by blows.

33 = valueless.

34 Used with *to* = "becomes gradually fitted."

35 Venus and Adonis, 471.





